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STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY



KNIGHTS TILTING.

STORIES

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

BY

LOUISE CREIGHTON

AUTHOR OF 'A FIRST HISTORY OF ENGLAND,' 'A FIRST HISTORY OF FRANCE,
'LIFE OF THE BLACK PRINCE,' ETC. ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE.

IN these stories from English History no attempt has been made to increase the interest by incorporating imaginary conversations or adding fanciful illustrations. The stories are either extracted from Chronicles or woven together from well-authenticated historical facts. They are intended to serve as an amplification of the ordinary Child's History, where considerations of space and a due attention to the relative importance of events must often make it impossible to tell with full details those very facts most likely to interest children. It is hoped that, if used as a reading-book, these stories may serve to awaken an intelligent interest in English History, and also to impress events upon the mind of the reader.

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. These Illustrations, from authentic sources, are by M. C. Vyvyan.

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

I.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH.

A. D. 579.

WHEN our English forefathers first came to Britain they were heathens and did not know the true God. The Britons had learned about God from the Romans; and there were many churches in the land, and many true and holy Christians; but the fierce English conquered the Britons and destroyed their churches, and the land became heathen again. The different English kings often fought against one another, and when they took prisoners in battle they used to sell them as slaves. Poor English boys and girls were sometimes taken far far away from their own homes, to be sold as slaves in strange lands. So it came about that some English boys with long fair hair and fair skins were offered for sale one day in the slave-market at Rome. As they stood there waiting for some one to buy them, a good priest came by, who was called Gregory. Charmed by their lovely faces and their fair hair,

which made them look very different from the little brown-skinned, black-haired Italian boys, he stopped to look at them, and he asked whether they were Christians or heathens. He was told that they were heathens, and he felt sad to think that those fair boys had not been taught to love God. He asked again what was their nation, and when he was told that they were Angles, he said, "Angles! they have the faces of angels; they should be made like the angels in heaven." Then he asked who was their king, and he was told that their king was called Ella. "Ælla," he said; "then Alleluia should be sung in their land." The sight of these boys filled Gregory with pity for the heathen Angles, and he went to the Pope, who was the head of the Christian Church, and asked to be allowed to go to England to preach the Gospel there. The Pope was willing, but the people of Rome loved Gregory so dearly that they would not let him go away from among them.

Several years passed by; the Pope died, and the good Gregory was chosen Pope in his place. He had not forgotten the fair-haired English boys, and one of the first things that he did was to send a good and holy friend of his, called Augustine, to preach the Gospel in England. Augustine started with a band of monks to help him in his labours. But after they had journeyed a little way the monks were seized with a sudden fear at the thought of all the difficulties and dangers that lay before them, in going so long a journey to teach such fierce men. So they sent back Augustine humbly to beg Pope Gregory to allow them to come home again; but

Gregory bade Augustine go back to them, and sent them a letter, in which he told them to trust in God's help and fear no dangers, but finish the good work they had begun, and obey Augustine in all things. So they were cheered by Gregory's words, and went on with their journey.

There was at that time a great king in Kent called Ethelbert, and it was to his kingdom that Augustine came. He landed in the Isle of Thanet, the most eastern part of Kent, with his band of followers. They were forty in number now, and amongst them were some Franks whom Augustine had brought over from France, because they could understand his speech and could themselves speak the same tongue as the English. These Franks were to translate Augustine's words to the English till he himself had learnt the English tongue.

Augustine, as soon as he drew near to land, sent messengers to Ethelbert to tell him that he had come from Rome, and brought a joyful message, which would open to those who listened to it the endless joys of heaven. Ethelbert had heard before of the Christian faith, for he had married a Christian wife, Bertha, daughter of the king of the Franks, so that very likely he was quite willing to be friendly to the Christians. He sent word to Augustine, bidding him stay in the Island of Thanet where he had landed, and promised that he and those who were with him should have all that they needed, till he had made up his mind what to do with them.

Some days after Ethelbert came to the island, and, sitting in the open air on the chalk-down within sight of the sea, he bade Augustine and his monks come before him. They

came bearing a silver cross and the image of our Saviour painted on a board ; and as they came they sang a litany, and prayed God that He would save them and those to whom they had come. Ethelbert listened patiently to all they had to say, and then he answered, "Your words and your promises are very fair ; yet, as they are new to us and their meaning is difficult, I cannot believe them all at once and leave all that I and the whole English people have followed so long. But, as you have come from so far to my kingdom, and wish to teach us those things which you think the most true and the most good, we will not harm you, but will take care to give you all that you need ; and we do not forbid you to preach and gain as many as you can to your religion." He then told them that they might go and live in Canterbury, the chief city in his kingdom. They marched to the city, carrying their silver cross and their image, and as they drew near to it they sang, "We pray Thee, O Lord, let Thy anger and Thy wrath be turned away from this city, and from Thy holy house, because we have sinned. Alleluia !"

They went to the house set apart for them, and here they lived a simple and godly life. There was still standing in the city a Christian church which had been built by the Romans, and here Queen Bertha had gone to pray ever since she came to England. In this church Augustine and his monks began to sing and pray and preach, and baptize those who wished to become Christians. Their way of living was pure and holy, like the words which they spoke, and after a while the sight of their goodness and the joyful news that they

taught made the king himself willing to be baptized. After his baptism he allowed them to build up again the churches all over his lands, and many of his subjects were baptized also ; but King Ethelbert wished that none should be baptized save those who came willingly. In time the whole kingdom of Kent became Christian. Pope Gregory made Augustine Bishop of Canterbury, and ever since those days the Bishop or Archbishop of Canterbury has been the head over all the English Church.

II.

CÆDMON, THE FIRST ENGLISH POET.

A.D. 680.

OUR forefathers loved to meet together and make merry with feasting and drinking, and often when the feasting was over the guests were called upon in turn to sing a song for the amusement of the company. There was once a man named Cædmon, who, as he had to work hard for his livelihood, had never been able to learn to read or to make verses. For in those days only very few who could afford to give their lives to study knew how to read. Others were content to learn by heart songs and stories that were repeated to them ; then when they were called upon after the feasts, they could sing or say something which they had learned. But Cædmon had never

been able to learn any songs, and when he was at a feast, and saw that his turn to sing was coming round, he would get up and go out, that he might not suffer shame by having to say that he could not sing.

One day he had left a feast for this reason, and he went to a stable where he had to stay all night to take care of the horses. When the night time came, he settled himself amongst the hay and went to sleep. Then it seemed to him that in his sleep a man came to him and stood before him and said, "Cædmon, sing some song to me." He answered, "I cannot sing; that was the reason why I left the feast and came to this place, because I could not sing." But the man replied, "All the same you shall sing." Then Cædmon asked, "What shall I sing?" And the man answered, "Sing the beginning of created things." It seemed to Cædmon that he at once did as he was bidden, and began to sing verses which he had never heard before, to the praise of God. When he awoke from his sleep he remembered the verses which he had sung, and was even able to sing others in the same strain.

In the morning he went to the steward under whom he worked, and told him how in his sleep God had taught him to make verses. The steward went to the abbess Hilda, a wise and holy lady, who ruled over a great monastery at Whitby, where dwelt many learned and God-fearing men, and told her how God in a dream had put verses into the heart of the ignorant peasant Cædmon. So Hilda called Cædmon to come before her, and there were many learned men with her; she bade Cædmon tell them his dream, and repeat the verses which

he had made. When they heard the verses, they all declared that it must have been God Himself who had taught him. They then explained to him a part of the Bible, and bade him put it into verse, and afterwards tell them the verses.

Cædmon went away and came back the next morning, and told them some very beautiful verses which he had made, as they had bidden. Then Hilda said that as God had given him this gift, he must become one of the brothers in her monastery, that he might spend his days in making verses. Cædmon was quite willing, and he became a monk at Whitby. There those brothers who could read taught Cædmon what was in the Bible, and he pondered over what he had heard and turned it into verse. He sang it to the monks so sweetly that they who had been his masters were willing in their turn to sit at his feet and feel that he was their master. There was in those days no English Bible which all men could read. The monks only had the Bible in Latin, and those who were learned enough to read the Latin Bible used to teach others what they had read. But now Cædmon sang in English verses how God had made all created things, and he sang the lives of the holy men of old, and the life and death and resurrection of Jesus, and the teaching of the Apostles. These verses all men could understand, and it was easy to remember them ; so Cædmon helped to give every one the teaching of the Bible. In his verses he bade men turn from sin and love good works ; for he was a good man himself, and wished to make others good. He lived humbly and quietly in the monastery all his life. When he felt himself dying he gathered the monks around his bed and spoke loving words to

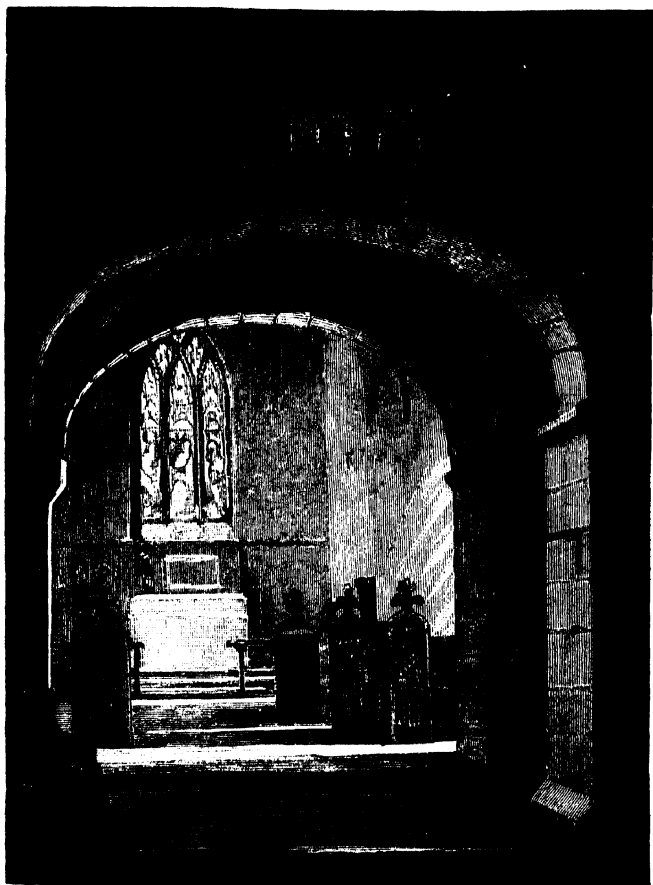
them ; then he laid his head upon his pillow and fell asleep like a little child ; and as he slept his sweet spirit passed quietly away.

III.

THE DEATH OF THE HOLY BEDE.

A.D. 754.

THE first great English scholar was the holy Bede, who lived about twelve hundred years ago. He spent his life as a monk at Jarrow in Northumberland ; and he himself has told us how his days were passed. His chief attention was given to the study of the Bible ; but he had to sing the services in the church, and to help the other monks in doing the work of the convent. He liked to take exercise in winnowing and threshing the corn, and he would carry milk to the lambs and the calves, and help to bake the bread, and work in the garden ; for all these things were part of the work of the monks. All the spare time he could get he spent in learning, or teaching, or writing. In the course of his busy life he wrote a surprising number of books, most of which have come down to us ; and his writings have taught us much about the things which happened in England in his day. All who knew Bede loved and honoured him, and many young men gathered round him to learn of him and help him with his writing. He loved learning so deeply that even on his deathbed he could not be



PART OF THE CHURCH AT JARROW, CONTAINING BEDE'S ANCIENT CHAIR.

idle. He lay ill for some weeks ; and he used to gather his pupils round his bed and read lessons with them, and sing psalms day and night, always giving thanks to God for His great mercies. Ill and weak though he was he did not think that it was enough work for him to teach others, but he went on with some of his own writings, dictating them to his pupils. He wished very much to finish a translation of the Gospel of St. John before he died ; and when he felt himself growing weaker he would call out to his pupils as he dictated : "Go on quickly ; I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away."

On the morning of the last day of his life he bade his pupils write with all speed what they had begun ; after a while they were called away by the services of the Church. When they came back to his bedside one of them said, "Most dear Master, there is still one chapter wanting ; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions." And Bede answered, "It is no trouble ; take your pen and dip it and write fast." So they wrote on for some hours, and then Bede stopped them and said, "I have some little articles of value in my chest, such as pepper, napkins, and incense ; run quickly and bring the priests of our monastery to me, that I may distribute among them the gifts which God has bestowed upon me. The rich in this world are bent on giving gold and silver and other precious things, but I with much charity and joy will give my brothers that which God has given to me."

When the monks came he spoke kindly to them all, and begged them to pray for him, which they gladly promised ; but

they all mourned and wept when he said that he must die. He spoke much to those around him, and passed the day joyfully till the evening. Then the boy who had been writing for him said, "Dear Master, there is yet one sentence not written." And Bede answered, "Write quickly."

Soon after the boy said, "The sentence is now written." And Bede replied, "It is well; you have said the truth. It is ended." He begged them to hold up his head, that now when he could not kneel he might at least sit and call upon God. On the pavement of his little cell he sat, as they supported him in their arms, and sang "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost;" and with these words on his lips, he breathed his last.

IV.

KING ALFRED'S LOVE OF STUDY.

ALFRED, when he became king, was so much loved by his people that they called him England's darling. He was the youngest of three brothers, and was the loveliest of the three, and so sweet and gentle a child that every one loved him. His mother Osburga wished to bring up her sons to be true heroes, that they might be ready to fight nobly against the enemies of their country. She used to sing to them the old English songs which told of the brave deeds of their forefathers, and Alfred never wearied of listening to her. An

old writer tells us that one day Osburga showed her three sons a beautiful book in which some of these old songs were written ; the writing was ornamented with richly-painted letters, and the binding was gaily decorated in various colours. When the boys looked at the book and were delighted with its beauty, she said, "The one of you children who can first say this book by heart shall have it for his own." Little Alfred, who can only have been four years old at that time, spoke out eagerly before his elder brothers, for he was charmed by the beauty of the letters in the book, and said, "Will you really give this book to one of us, that is to say to him who can first understand and repeat it to you?" His mother smiled with pleasure at his eagerness, and said that she really would. Alfred took the book out of her hand and carried it to his master, and his master read it to him, and he soon learned the songs. Then he came back and said them to his mother, and she gave him the book. All his life afterwards Alfred was thankful to his mother who had first taught him to know and love the poetry of his country. He not only fought like a brave hero for his people, but he tried to grow wise in every way, that he might rule them rightly. He even found time in his busy life to write books for his people, and he tried to have boys taught to read and write, as well as to hunt and fight and ride on horseback.

V.

THE GREATNESS OF KING CANUTE.

A.D. 1016-1035.

CANUTE, the Dane, was a wise and powerful king. He ruled over England and Denmark and Norway, and he made wise laws and kept order in England, so that all men feared him. At the beginning of his life he did not care much about serving God, but as he grew older he thought more about religion, and tried very earnestly to do all that was right. In those days holy men liked to go as pilgrims to Rome to pray in the great churches there, and ask forgiveness for their sins, and also see the Pope, and make presents to him. It was a long journey from England to Rome, and a difficult one in those days. But Canute never feared dangers or difficulties, and though he had so much to do in ruling his great kingdoms, he managed to find time for a journey to Rome. When he was at Rome he wrote a very interesting letter to the people of England, in which he spoke to them like a father speaking to his children. He told them about all the wonderful things he had seen in Rome, and about the other kings and princes he had met there, and how kindly every one had treated him, and what rich presents they had given him. And he told them how he had persuaded the Pope and the other princes to do all they could to help English and Danish travellers to make their

journeys easily and safely. And then he said that he had made up his mind to amend his life in every way, and to rule his kingdoms justly, and that he hoped to put right all the things he had done wrong in his youth. He bade all his officers deal justly with all men, both rich and poor, and he told his people that he had not spared any trouble, and never would, to do anything that could be for their good. We can see from this letter how Canute wished to serve God in all things, and he wished also to make others honour and love God.

One day he was on the sea-shore near Southampton, and some of his men began to praise him and say what a great king he was. But after he had heard their words, he bade them bring a chair and place it near the water's edge. When they had done so, he seated himself in the chair and said ; "O sea, I am thy lord ; my ships sail over thee whither I will, and this land against which thou dashest is mine ; stay, then, thy waves, and dare not to wet the feet of thy lord and master." But the tide was coming in and the waves came on, and they came round the chair on which Canute was sitting, and they wetted his feet and his clothes. Then he turned to the men who stood round him and said : "Ye see now how weak is the power of kings and of all men, for ye see that the waves will not hearken to my voice. Honour, then, God and serve Him, for Him do all things obey." After that day King Canute would never wear his crown again, but he put it on the head of the image of our Lord in the minster at Winchester.

VI.

THE BATTLE OF STAMFORD BRIDGE.

A. D. 1066.

EDWARD the Confessor, King of England, had no children, and when he died, Harold, the bravest and wisest of the English earls, became king. Harold had a brother called Tostig, who was a very brave and a very fierce man. Edward the Confessor had loved Tostig dearly, and made him Earl of Northumberland. But Tostig was harsh to the Northumbrians, and they rose against him and said that they would not have him to rule over them. The chief men in England listened to the complaints of the Northumbrians, and they said that Tostig must no longer be earl. They bade him leave England and never come back again. Tostig was forced to go, but he went away full of fierce anger; and he hated his brother Harold, for he thought that it was Harold's fault that he had lost his earldom.

When Harold became King of England, Tostig tried to find some one who would come with him to fight against Harold, so that he might get back his earldom. At last he persuaded Harold Hardrada, King of Norway, to get together a great fleet and sail over the seas to conquer England, and a strange old story is told about his coming.

Harold Hardrada was a mighty warrior; he was stronger and bigger than almost any man living, and as wise as he was strong. Harold Hardrada and Tostig landed in the north of England,

and they beat the first English who came to fight against them. When Harold King of England heard this, he marched against them as quickly as he could. He and his army rested not day or night, so eager was he to destroy the enemy who were plundering and burning his lands. But the day before he reached York, the chief city of the north, it was won by Harold Hardrada and Tostig. The conquerors went for the night to their ships, but in the morning they rode gaily back to York, with no thought that danger was near. The day was very hot ; those soldiers who were with Harold Hardrada and Tostig had not got on their coats of mail, and many of the Northmen had stayed behind at the ships. As Harold Hardrada was riding along he suddenly saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and presently under the dust he saw shields and arms shining like ice. It was the army of Harold King of England. When Tostig saw what a very great host was coming against them he said, "Let us go back to our ships and get our coats of mail on and the rest of our men and then let us fight, or rather let us go on board our ships and fight from thence ; for then the horsemen of the English cannot harm us." But King Harold Hardrada thought shame of turning back as if he were afraid of his enemies, and he said : "Nay, let us rather stay here, and send three men on swift horses to the ships to bid the rest of our men come to us. The English shall see some hard hand play before I yield to them." When Tostig heard his words he answered : "Be it as seems good to you, O king ; certainly I do not wish to flee before my brother and his host."

Then King Harold Hardrada put his men in order for the

battle. In the midst of them he bade his banner-bearer set up his banner, and he placed the men round the banner with their shields set firmly together, so as to make a shield-wall ; and he told them to hold their spears well against the English horsemen. Then he mounted his black horse and rode round his host to see that all was right. As he rode, his horse stumbled and the king fell on the ground. But not wishing his men to think this was a bad sign, he jumped up quickly and cried out merrily, "Truly a fall is lucky for a traveller." Now Harold the King of the English had seen him fall, and he asked of those who stood by him, "Do you know who is that goodly man with the blue kirtle and the splendid helm, who has just fallen?" And they told him that it was Harold Hardrada the King of the Northmen. And Harold the King of the English answered : "He is indeed a tall man, and he has a fair face, but his luck has left him." Then Harold the King of the English took twenty of his best men and rode with them up to the Northmen's army ; and they and their horses were covered all over with armour ; and Harold Hardrada did not know who it was.

Harold the King of the English cried out when he drew near, "Is Tostig, Godwin's son, here?" And when Tostig heard that he was called he came forth and said, "It cannot be said that he is not here."

And Harold answered, "King Harold of England greets Earl Tostig, his brother, and says that he shall have all Northumberland, nay, even a third of his kingdom, rather than that brother should fight against brother."

And Tostig said, "Truly last winter my brother had nothing but words of hatred and scorn for me, and now he speaks fair words. But if I hearken to his words and make peace with him, what will he give to Harold of Norway for his journey hither?"

And Harold said, "Seven feet of English ground, or a foot over, for he is taller than most men."

Then Tostig answered, "Go thy ways, and tell Harold of England to get ready for the battle, for never shall men say in Norway that Earl Tostig left the King of the Northmen to go over to his foes. We will either die here like men or we will win England for our own."

When Harold of England had ridden away, King Harold Hardrada asked who it was that spoke so well, and Tostig told him, "It was my brother Harold." And Harold Hardrada answered, "Truly, if I had known this, he should not have gone back; you did wrong to hide it from me." But Tostig said, "It was, indeed, not wise of him so to risk his life; but I could not have betrayed him, for then should I have been the murderer of my brother, and I would rather I should die than he, if one of us must die." And Harold Hardrada said to the men who stood round him, "Lo, that was a little man, but he sat well in his stirrups."

Then Harold the King of the Northmen got ready for the battle, and he put on his coat of mail, which was so strong that no man could pierce it; and he took his sword in both hands and stood in front of his banner. And he made a song and sang it, but it did not please him; so he made another which pleased him better, and he sang that.

At last the battle began ; and the English horsemen rode against the Northmen, but the Northmen drove them back with their spears. This happened several times, till at last the Northmen, thinking that the English were growing faint-hearted and no longer rode up so fiercely, broke the shield-wall in their eagerness and attacked the English. Then the English turned and rode fiercely upon the Northmen and shot at them with arrows, and hurled darts at them. And the English drove the Northmen back to the river Derwent ; and they got back across the river as well as they could. One Northman kept the bridge against the English till most of his fellows were across, and he slew many Englishmen. But at last one got under the bridge and thrust up a spear through the plank, and it struck the Northman under the belt, and he fell. So the English were able to get over the bridge. But the Northmen now stood firm again ; and Harold Hardrada stood in front of his host by his banner, and he fought so fiercely, smiting with the great sword which he held with both hands, that he slew many men. At last an arrow hit him in the throat, just above his coat of mail, so that he died. Then Tostig took his place by the banner, and Harold the King of the English offered Tostig peace. But Tostig and the Northmen cried out, "We will take no peace from the English, but rather fall one man over the other where we stand."

By this time the rest of the Northmen from the ships had come up to help their fellows, and the fight grew very fierce. The Northmen became so excited and eager at last—for they thought they were gaining the day—that they threw away their

shields and fought like madmen. But the English kept cool and fought on carefully, and at last Tostig and the chief men amongst the Northmen were slain, and the rest fled away to their ships. The next morning Harold made peace with the Northmen, and they put to sea and went back home. And Harold had to hasten southwards to fight against new foes.

VII.

THE LEGEND OF THE PRESERVATION OF BEVERLEY.

A.D. 1069.

FOR some time after William the Conqueror had become King of England, many of the English went on trying to drive him out of the land, for they wished to have an English rather than a Norman king. At one time the men of the north rose against him, and the Danes came with a great fleet to help them. The Danes and the English rebels marched to York, the chief town of the north, where William had built two castles and filled them with Norman soldiers. The Normans knew that the English would attack them; so they set fire to the houses round them, so that the enemy might not come near to the walls of the castles. Then, as the English and the Danes marched up, the Norman soldiers rushed out upon them. The fight began within the walls of the burning city. Wal-

theof, the great Earl of Northampton and Huntingdon, was with the Danes. He was as tall and strong as a giant, and he stood by the gate of the city holding his battle-axe in his mighty arms. As the Norman soldiers came out, he struck at them with his battle-axe, and with each stroke a head rolled from its body. The story tells us that on that day Waltheof himself killed among the flames a hundred of the chief of the Norman soldiers, and he gave the corpses of the hated foreigners to be food for the wolves of Northumbria. Altogether three thousand Normans died that day, and the Danes and the English won York and destroyed the castles which William had built there.

When William heard how his men had been killed and his castles destroyed at York, he was filled with grief and wrath. He at once set forth to punish the rebels and drive out the Danes. Before he reached the north the Danes had gone away to their ships, and the English rebels had scattered far and wide to their own homes.

There was no one to keep William from entering York in peace. The city was nothing but a mass of ruins, and he left some soldiers there to build up the castles again, and went on himself to punish the rebels. He had made up his mind to punish them so terribly that they should never rise up against him again. He went to and fro over the land, and everywhere he gave orders that everything should be destroyed. The houses were burnt with all that was in them; stores of corn and all kinds of goods were put together in heaps and then set on fire; even the living animals were

burnt. The wretched people were left to starve. Some tried to live on the flesh of cats and dogs; others sold themselves as slaves to any who would feed them. Many laid themselves down to die on the roads and in the fields, and there was no man to bury them. An old story tells us that in the midst of the general destruction one spot was spared. At Beverley there was a church dedicated to John, an English Bishop, who, on account of his good deeds, had been made a saint, and men thought that from his home in heaven he watched with special care over the church and town of Beverley. King William had made his camp seven miles from Beverley, when news was brought that all the people from the neighbourhood had taken refuge with all the precious things that belonged to them at the church of St. John. At once a band of plunderers set out for Beverley. No one stopped them from entering the town, and they made their way to the churchyard, where a vast crowd of people was gathered together. Standing in the crowd was a well-dressed old man with a golden bracelet on his arm. The leader of the band of plunderers turned to seize him, but the old man fled within the walls of the church. The plunderer felt no respect for the church, and with his drawn sword in his hand he spurred on his horse, meaning to ride in after the old man. But the story tells us that St. John of Beverley took care of his church. At the very door the horse fell with its neck broken, and the plunderer himself was smitten to the earth, his arms and legs all twisted behind his back, so that he no longer seemed a man but a monster. His terrified comrades thought no more

of plunder, but humbly asked pardon of the saint. Then they went back to William and told him what had happened. William, when he heard the wonderful story, called the clergy of the church before him, and gave them new lands and precious gifts for the adornment of their church. Then he broke up his camp and went away, and left Beverley in peace. In other places he carried on his terrible work, and when he went back to York he left nothing but a ruined country behind him. For nine years no fields were tilled, no corn was grown, in Northumbria ; only the blackened ruins of cities and villages could be seen where once all was full of life and joy. But after this terrible punishment there were no more risings in the north to trouble William.

VIII.

HEREWARD.

A.D. 1071.

ONE by one William the Conqueror put down the risings of the English against him in different parts of the land. Everywhere he triumphed, in spite of his many enemies, for he was wise and brave, strong both in mind and body, and he could make men obey him. At last he brought peace and order into the land ; his rule was very strict, and every one had to obey the laws. But there were still some Englishmen who

would not submit to him, partly because they hated him as a foreigner, and partly because they hated his strict rule. These discontented men gathered together in the fens near Ely. In those days when the land was not properly drained the low-lying country round Ely was nothing but water and marsh. In the middle of the marsh was some raised land called the Isle of Ely, which could only be reached by one or two roads raised up high above the marsh. Here in the Isle of Ely an Englishman named Hereward had taken refuge. He was a wild restless man, who loved to spend his days in fighting and plundering, and never could settle down to lead a quiet life. He built a wooden fort in the Isle of Ely and hoped to spend the winter there in safety, for it was easy to defend the roads which led to the Isle against an enemy, and the Norman horsemen would be useless in that marshy country. Men of all kinds joined Hereward in his isle; there were monks and clergy as well as fierce warriors. They sat side by side at their meals; whilst on the walls and from the roof hung the weapons of war, so that if any sudden need arose all alike might be ready in a moment—for the monks and clergy were quite willing to fight too.

William could not let such a state of things last, and determined to destroy this nest of rebels. He came himself to Cambridge that he might see how best to get at them. He had both ships and soldiers ready to fight against them if only he could reach them, and at last he ordered that a great raised road should be made over the marsh to the Isle. Stones and trees and hides were brought from all the country round to

help in the making of the road. Hereward did not let the work go on in peace, and made many a brave attack upon William's soldiers, so that the Normans themselves were forced to admire his boldness.

Taillebois, William's general, thought that the powers of evil must be helping the English, and he fetched a witch, that she might cast her spells over them. The witch was put in a wooden tower, which some soldiers pushed as near as possible to the English fort. But Hereward and his men had no fear of a witch. They set fire to the dry reeds around, and the flames quickly spread and burnt the wooden tower with the witch and the soldiers who had brought her. Another time Taillebois, with a large army, entered a forest where he knew that Hereward was, boasting that he would destroy the robbers. But even as he went into the forest Hereward came out on the other side, and came round upon some of the Normans who had stayed outside and captured them all. He did not let them go till he had been paid a large ransom for them.

But though Hereward fought bravely at all times and did many daring deeds, William pressed steadily on, and at last the rebels saw that their cause was hopeless. Many of them submitted to William and were punished in different ways. Some were put in prison; others were allowed to go free after their eyes had been put out, or one of their hands or feet had been cut off. Hereward himself, with a small band of comrades, refused to submit, and fled away in boats over the fens to the open sea. The country people loved him, and were willing to help him to hide, that he might go on fighting against

the Normans, and plundering the Norman castles. Some fishermen are said to have helped him once in a strange way. They hid him and his comrades in their boats under heaps of straw, and then rowed them to a Norman fort. The soldiers in the fort knew the fishermen well and were glad to see them coming, because of the fish they were sure to bring with them. They were not disappointed, and at once cooked the fish and sat down to eat it. But hardly had they begun their meal when Hereward and his men started up from the straw, and easily slew the Norman soldiers. Many stories are told of the feats of Hereward, and it is not easy to know which of these stories are really true. We cannot tell for certain how he ended his life. Some say that he married a rich Englishwoman and made peace with King William, and ended his days quietly. Another story tells us that though William himself was quite willing to treat him kindly, the rest of the Normans hated him for the way in which he had fought against them. Even in his own house he was not safe, and had to keep watch day and night lest he was surprised by his foes. But once his chaplain, when it was his turn to watch, slumbered at his post, and a band of Normans were able to attack Hereward. He armed himself in haste and rushed upon them. But in the fight his spear and his sword were broken, and he had to use his shield to strike with. Still he slew fifteen Normans with his own arm; but then four of their band got behind him and smote him in the back so that he fell on his knees. Another enemy now rushed upon him; with one last effort Hereward smote him, and both fell dead together. Then one

of the Normans cut off his head, saying, as he did so, that he had never seen so brave a man, and that if there had been three more in the land like him the Normans would have been slain or driven out of England.

IX.

THE DEATH OF WALTHEOF, THE LAST ENGLISH EARL.

A. D. 1075.

IN the last story we have seen how fiercely Waltheof, the great English earl, fought at York against the Normans. After this he made peace with William the Conqueror, and William gave him back his earldoms, and gave him his own niece Judith as wife, to make his friendship more sure. For some years things went well with Waltheof. The chief lands in England had been given to Normans, but Waltheof the Englishman kept his two earldoms, and was highly honoured by his fellow-countrymen. Now it chanced that once, whilst William the Conqueror was away in Normandy, Waltheof was invited to go to the wedding of Ralph, the Earl of Norfolk, with Emma, the sister of Roger, Earl of Hereford. William did not wish this marriage to take place, and forbade it before he went to Normandy. But the Earls of Norfolk and Hereford, though they were both Normans, were tired of William's

strict rule, and were eager to do something to overthrow him. They had a good chance whilst he was away in Normandy, and, paying no heed to his orders, they agreed that this marriage should take place.

The wedding feast was celebrated with great splendour, and many nobles and bishops were present. At the feast the guests ate and drank largely, for an old writer tells us that the Normans had learnt from the English how to feast splendidly. When the guests were all heated with wine, the Earl of Norfolk began to speak to them evil words against the King. He told them what bad things William had done, and how all men hated him and would rejoice at his death. Then the Earls of Hereford and Norfolk turned to Waltheof and bade him join with them to drive William out of England, saying that afterwards they three would divide the land. Waltheof seems at first to have hesitated, and then, hardly knowing what he did,—for he had drunk so much wine,—to have agreed to join them. Not long afterwards, when he was himself again, he repented of what he had done. He went and told Lanfranc, the Archbishop of Canterbury, of the plots that had been made against William at the wedding feast, and begged him to get him forgiveness for his share in them. Lanfranc said that he should be forgiven, but that he must cross the seas and himself tell William what had been done. Waltheof did as he was bidden, and he took with him rich presents for the King, and told him all his story, and humbly asked his pardon.

Meanwhile the other two earls had carried out their plan and rebelled against William, and asked the Danes to come

and help them. The Danes were quite willing, but before the Danish fleet could reach England, Lanfranc put down the rebels, and there was peace again in the land. William himself now came back to England, and Waltheof, who hoped that he had been pardoned, came with him. But William no longer trusted Waltheof. The Danish fleet was on the coast of England, and William was afraid lest Waltheof should join his old friends. So very soon after he got to England, Waltheof was seized and put in prison.

When the chief men of the land met in council with William in midwinter, Waltheof was brought before them for trial. It was not easy to show that he had done anything worthy of much punishment, for he had hastened to confess his fault to the king. But he had many enemies amongst the Normans, and chief of all his enemies was his own Norman wife, Judith. She is said to have wished his death, that she might be free to marry a Norman nobleman whom she loved ; and she herself accused her husband to William. At first William could not decide what was to be done with Waltheof, and he was sent back to prison in Winchester ; and orders were given that he was to be kept more strictly than before.

For months Waltheof stayed in prison, and he spent his time in sorrow for his sins, and in prayer. Every day he repeated the whole psalter which he had learnt when he was a child. He had one true friend, Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and he did all he could to save him ; but the Normans were eager for his death. He was the last English-

man who held great lands, and they longed to have these lands for their own. He was brought out to trial again, and this time he was condemned to death, for William feared to let the great Englishman go free.

The order was given that he was to be beheaded at once, at an early hour in the morning, for it was feared that if men knew what was going to be done, the English would rise to save him from the hands of his enemies. Men were still in their beds when, on the last day of the month of May, the great earl was led out to die on one of the hills which overlook the city of Winchester. He came forth dressed with all the badges of an earl. These, when he reached the place where he was to suffer, he gave to the few poor people who gathered round at that early hour to see him die. Then he knelt down and prayed with sobs and tears of penitence, till those who stood round grew impatient, thirsting for his blood. The headsman feared lest the news that the earl was to die should get abroad and his countrymen should come to rescue him. The earl was still praying, having fallen with his face on the ground in the earnestness of his prayers, when the headsmen interrupted him, saying, "Rise ; we must do the bidding of our master."

"Wait yet," answered Waltheof, "a little moment ; let me at least say the Lord's Prayer for me and for you."

With these words he rose and knelt down, and lifting his eyes to heaven he stretched forth his hands and spoke the prayer aloud till he came to the words, "Lead us not into temptation." His tears then choked his voice, and the headsman would wait no longer. The sword fell, and Waltheof's

head rolled to the ground. Men said that the head was heard to finish the prayer. So died the last English earl. The men of Winchester heard the sad news when they rose from their beds that morning, and the city was filled with sorrow and lamentation. Men wept for Waltheof as an English martyr, and after his death they honoured him as a saint, and told of miracles that were done on his tomb.

X.

THE SONS OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A.D. 1091.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S three sons, Robert, William, and Henry, were always quarrelling. Robert, the eldest, had been left the Duchy of Normandy by his father, whilst William, who was called William the Red, became King of England after the Conqueror's death. William the Red was a fierce and violent man, who wished to make all men obey him. He was not content with England, and wished to have Normandy also for his own. Robert was a brave kindly man, but he did not know how to rule ; so things were always in disorder in Normandy ; for the barons needed a strong hand to keep them quiet. William hoped that in the midst of this disorder it would be easy for him to gain lands in Normandy, and by presents of money he won over many of the chief of the Normans to be his friends.

In Rouen, the chief city of Normandy, there was a very wealthy citizen named Conan. Persuaded by the promises of William, he agreed to give up Rouen to him, and William sent a band of soldiers to take the town. Robert was in sore difficulty ; but in his danger he made friends with his brother Henry, who was willing to help him to fight against his enemies. William's soldiers were let into the city by the traitor Conan. But then Robert and Henry came down from the castle with their men and rushed upon their enemies. A terrible fight took place in the streets of Rouen. Men feared lest Robert should be slain ; and he listened to the wishes of his friends and went to a place of safety to await the end of the fight. But Henry fought boldly on, and at last drove the enemy out of the city and took the traitor Conan prisoner. Robert, when he heard that they had taken Conan alive, ordered that he should be punished by being cast into prison for the rest of his life. But Henry was not satisfied with this punishment. He knew that as time went on his kindly brother might easily be persuaded to forgive the traitor, and he thought that he was too dangerous a man to be allowed to live. So he asked Robert to let him have the care of Conan. When Robert agreed, Henry took Conan to the top of a tower in Rouen, and bade him look around on the wide view of the fertile land of Normandy which lay at their feet, telling him that it should all be his. Whilst Conan was gazing around Henry suddenly seized him by the waist and hurled him over the battlements. The unhappy man fell into the Seine below, and was instantly killed. Henry quietly turned to those who stood

by, and said that a man who had been unfaithful to his lord deserved no forgiveness, but should be punished as speedily as possible. Robert felt no gratitude for his brother's zeal in his cause. He soon forgot how bravely he had fought for him, and quarrelled with him again, and drove him away from Rouen.

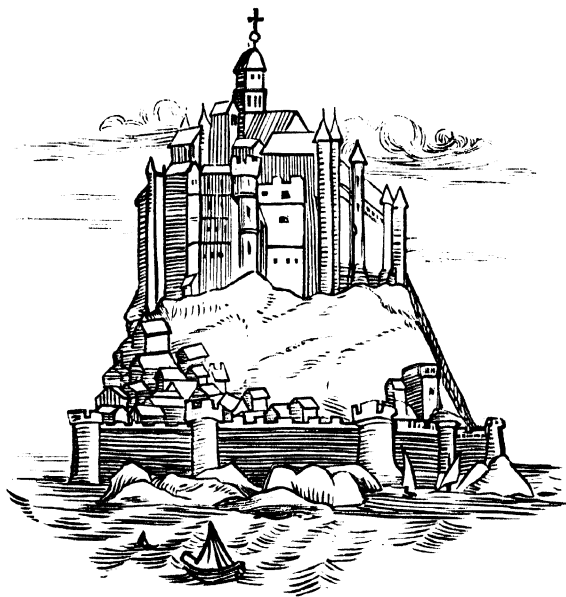
XI.

THE SIEGE OF MOUNT ST. MICHAEL.

A.D. 1091.

AFTER their first quarrels, Duke Robert and William the Red made peace for a short while, and they both turned against their brother Henry, and took away from him the lands which he had bought from William with the money his father had left him. Henry having lost lands, and friends, and money, fled to the castle of St. Michael, on the top of a rock near the coast of Normandy. When the tide is high St. Michael's Mount is an island, but when the sea goes out over the long flat sands the castle can be easily reached by travellers on horse or foot. William and Robert determined to take the castle, and camped with their forces on the coast. Many times Henry and his men dashed out from their castle with great bravery to attack their enemies, and did them much harm.

One day William the Red on coming out of his tent saw Henry's followers proudly advancing, with gaily-prancing



MOUNT ST. MICHAEL, NORMANDY.

From an old print in the British Museum

horses. The fierce king was roused to fury by the sight; without waiting for any one else to go with him he spurred on his horse and rushed upon the foe. He trusted so much in his own strength and courage that he thought no one would be able to stand against him. But presently his horse, which he had only that day bought, was killed under him, and he was thrown down and for some time dragged along by his foot. He was not hurt, however, by the fall, for his armour was so strong that it saved him; but the soldier who had unhorsed him drew his sword to strike him. Then William, seeing his danger, cried out, in his great, fierce voice, "Hold, rascal! I am the King of England." At the sound of his well-known voice all the troop trembled. With great respect they at once helped him to rise, and got another horse for him. He did not wait for help but jumped into the saddle, and looking round with his keen eyes, he asked, "Who unhorsed me?" All stood silent with fear but the man who had done the deed, and he answered readily: "It was I who took you not for a king, but for a soldier."

William was delighted with his boldness and his answer, and cried out with an oath: "Henceforth thou shalt be my man, and I will reward thee for thy good service." So the soldier became William's man, and earned the King's favour instead of his anger.

As the siege went on Henry and his followers began to be in sore want of water. So Henry sent messengers to Robert to tell him that it was impious to let him be without water, to which all men had a right; and that he might try his

courage any other way that he chose, so long as he did not use the forces of nature to fight against him, but only the bravery of a soldier. Robert's kindly heart was easily moved, and he ordered his men who kept watch to be more careless, so that Henry's men might get water. But when William heard what Robert had done, he was filled with anger and said to him, "You indeed well know how to carry on war when you allow your enemies plenty of water; pray, how shall we subdue them, if we indulge them in food and drink?" Robert with great good-humour answered, smiling: "Oh, shame! should I suffer my brother to die with thirst? Where shall we find another if we lose him?" On this William laughed at him with scorn at his mild temper, and no doubt took care that strict watch was kept to prevent Henry's men from getting any more water. Soon after Henry found it impossible to hold out any longer in his castle. With great difficulty he persuaded his brothers to allow him to go away free. For two years he wandered about poor and landless, with only five attendants; but after that time things began to go better with him, and he again made friends with William the Red.

XII.

ANSELM, ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

A.D. 1093.

WHEN William the Red became King of England the wise Lanfranc was Archbishop of Canterbury ; but he died two years afterwards, and then William, who cared neither for God nor man, did not choose a new archbishop, but kept all the money that ought to have gone to the archbishop for himself.

At that time a wise and holy monk, called Anselm, was abbot of the monastery of Bec, in Normandy. Anselm had been a friend of Archbishop Lanfranc, and was well known to many men in England, who revered him for his great holiness. One of his chief friends in England was Hugh, Earl of Chester. Hugh was a jovial, good-natured man, so fat that he could hardly stand, who seemed to care for nothing but eating, and drinking, and hunting ; yet he respected religion, and had a real love for Anselm. He wished to make a new monastery on his lands, and asked Anselm to come over to England and help him with his advice. England had then been four years without an archbishop, and many people began to say that if only Anselm came to England he might be made archbishop. Anselm had heard of this talk, and it made him afraid of coming to England, for he liked best to lead a quiet and studious life, and was quite decided never to be an archbishop.

So when Hugh of Chester asked him, he refused to come. Then Hugh fell ill and sent to Anselm again, begging him to come for the sake of his old friendship. Still Anselm could not make up his mind to go ; but Hugh went on sending him pressing messages, and at last said that if he did not come he would regret it through all eternity. At this Anselm gave way, and came to England to see his old friend.

He found Hugh better when he arrived ; but there were many things for which Anselm was wanted in England, and he was kept there for five months. Nothing was said, however, about his being made archbishop, and he hoped that all danger of that was over. But when he wanted to go, William the Red refused to allow him to leave England, and Anselm was kept there against his will.

Meanwhile the lords who came to keep Christmas at the King's Court complained bitterly about the want of an archbishop. They even urged the King to suffer prayers to be put up in all the churches throughout England that God would put it into his heart to allow a new archbishop to be chosen. William was very angry at their request, but said they might do as they liked, for whatever the Church might ask, he meant to have his own way in the end. So the bishops persuaded Anselm to make a prayer for them which might be offered in the churches.

One day one of the lords began to praise Anselm to the King, for he said that he knew of no other man so holy, seeing that Anselm loved nothing but God, and cared for nothing but Him. "For nothing !" answered the King, scornfully ; "what ? not even for the Archbishopric of Canterbury ?"

The gentleman answered that he was sure that Anselm cared for that less than for anything else. William still only laughed and scoffed, and swore that Anselm would run to embrace him if he only thought he could be made archbishop. "But," he added, "neither he nor any one else shall be archbishop this time."

Immediately after he had said these words he was seized with a serious illness. He seemed at the point of death. Those who gathered round his bed of sickness bade him seek forgiveness for his sins by acts of mercy. Above all they begged him to give pastors to the churches that needed them, and chiefly to name an Archbishop of Canterbury. Anselm was sent for to come to the King and give him comfort in the hour of death. He came as quickly as he could, and was brought to the King's presence. The King listened to his words; now that he thought himself dying, he was frightened by the remembrance of his wickedness, and confessed his sins, and promised henceforth to lead a better life. He ordered all prisoners to be released, he forgave all his debtors, and promised to give the people good and holy laws. Then some good men begged him no longer to leave his kingdom without an archbishop. The King agreed willingly, and those who stood round began to ask who was most worthy to be made archbishop; but before they had named any one William himself said without any hesitation that the Abbot Anselm was most worthy, and all heard him with delight and satisfaction; only Anselm was terror-struck, and said vehemently that it could not be done. The bishops then took him apart

and said to him, "What are you doing? What do you mean? Why do you strive against God?" They reminded him of the desolate state of England, and asked how he, from whom alone they could look for help, could scorn them in their hour of need. But Anselm answered: "Bear with me, I pray you; I know that you speak the truth. But remember, I pray you, that I am old and impatient of every earthly labour. How can I, who cannot labour for myself, undertake to labour for the whole Church throughout England." For some time they argued with him, but he continued obstinate. Then they took him to the King, who added his entreaties to theirs in words that made a deep impression upon all who stood by. But Anselm still refused, and they, filled almost with indignation, exclaimed: "What madness has seized you? You annoy the King; you positively kill him." They told him that if he did not fear to anger the King by his obstinacy, he must at least remember that if he persisted in his refusal, men would say that all the troubles and miseries of England were his fault.

Anselm in his distress turned to two monks who were with him, saying, "Ah, brothers, why do you not help me?" One of them answered, "If it be the will of God that it should be so, how can we go against God?" Then Anselm, seeing that even they would not help him, burst into tears, but still refused. The King bade them all fall on their knees before him, but when they did so, Anselm too fell on his knees before the King, and turned a deaf ear to their prayers. Then at last they grew impatient at the delay and cried out, "Bring the

pastoral staff, the pastoral staff!" They seized his right arm, and some pushed, and some dragged him to the King's bedside. The King held out the staff to him; but he clenched his hand, and refused to take it. The bishops tried in vain to force open his fingers, and they had to content themselves with placing the staff in his closed hand and holding it there themselves. Those who stood round exclaimed, "Long live the bishop! Long live the bishops and clergy!" Then they began to chant the *Te Deum*, and carried Anselm by force into the neighbouring church; and he all the time repeated, "It is naught that you do, it is naught;" whilst he looked more like one dead than alive.

After the ceremonies in the church they brought him back to the King's bedside, and Anselm said to him, "I tell thee, my Lord King, that thou shalt not die of this sickness; and so I wish you to know how easily you may change what has been done, for I have never consented to it." Then he passed out from the King's chamber, and when he was outside he turned round upon the bishops and nobles who surrounded him, and broke out, "Do you know what it is you are doing? You propose to yoke an untamed bull and an old and feeble sheep together in one yoke to the plough. . . . And what will come of it? You have acted unwisely;" and so with many words he tried to prove to them that they had done a foolish thing. He ended with a burst of tears, and went away to his own lodging. He was faint with distress and weariness, and they brought him holy water to drink. When he had time to think over what had happened he saw that it was the will of God, and he gave

way. So he became in truth Archbishop of Canterbury. But William the Red got well again and forgot all his promises to lead a better life. He soon quarrelled with Anselm, who had to leave the country, and did not come back to England till after William's death.

XIII.

HENRY I. AND RALPH FLAMBARD.

WILLIAM the Red was shot by an arrow whilst hunting in the New Forest and was killed on the spot. Henry, his younger brother, was with him when he died, but Robert, his elder brother, was away in the East on the crusade. So it came about that Henry was chosen King of the English. The common people were very pleased to have him for their king, for he had been born in England; and this made him seem less like a foreigner than his brothers. But the barons had always liked Robert best, because he was kindly and good natured, and let them do as they liked. They promised to obey Henry as king, but they did so unwillingly; and only waited for a chance to show that Robert was their favourite.

Henry I. tried to do everything he could to please the English people. The man who had helped William the Red most in the government of England was called Ralph Flambard, whom William made Bishop of Durham. He had not tried to govern for the good of the people; all that he wished was to please William the Red by getting as much money for him

as he could. William was very extravagant, and wasted money in many foolish and wicked ways. Flambard used hard and cruel means to wring money out of the people, so that they hated him bitterly. Once his enemies made a plot to kill him. He was walking by the side of the river Thames when a man named Gerold, who had been his servant, came up to him, and said that the Bishop of London, who was lying dangerously ill in a house on the other side of the river, wished very much to see him. Flambard at once agreed to go, and got into a boat to cross the river. As soon as the boat had got out a little way from the land, instead of rowing to the opposite shore the men took Flambard to a ship in the middle of the river. They forced him to get on board, and the ship sailed away. Their plan was to murder him as soon as they got well out to sea ; but a storm arose which prevented the ship getting on. The men who had agreed to murder Flambard began to quarrel with one another, and whilst they quarrelled Flambard by promises and prayers persuaded Gerold to put him on shore again. Two days afterwards Flambard appeared at court as usual, to the terror and disappointment of his enemies. As long as William the Red lived Flambard went on oppressing the people. But Henry I. wished to please the people by punishing their hated enemy, and he threw Flambard into prison.

He was imprisoned in the Tower in London ; but his prison was made very pleasant to him. He had plenty of money, his friends sent him rich presents, and he spent his days in feasting. He was very witty and merry, and he made friends

with his keepers, for he amused them and gave them presents. One day one of his friends sent him a rope hidden in a pitcher of wine. That evening he invited his keepers as usual to come and dine with him, and he made them go on drinking his good wine till late in the evening. The wine made them sleep heavily, and when they were all asleep, Flambard, who no doubt had taken care not to drink much himself, let himself down from the window by the rope which had been sent him. His friends were waiting for him, and he went with them to the sea-shore, and escaped to Normandy.

When Flambard got to Normandy he found Duke Robert returned from the East with an Italian wife, and holding many grand feasts in her honour. Flambard did not wish Duke Robert to waste time in amusement; he wanted him to make haste and invade England whilst the barons were still discontented with Henry I. Many knights and barons were willing to fight for Robert, and as Flambard knew England well, he was able to gain over to Robert's side all who were discontented with Henry. He bribed the sailors whom Henry had sent to guard the Channel, so that they let Robert's army pass over without trying to hinder them, and Robert landed safely in England. Henry had got an army together, and marched to meet his brother; but he could not feel sure that the knights in his army would be true to him, for they were all discontented and grumbling. Henry had, however, one true friend. As soon as he became king he had invited the good Archbishop Anselm to come back to England, and Anselm was ready to do all he could to help him. Anselm went and spoke

to the Norman knights and urged them to be true to Henry I., and afterwards brought them face to face with the King, that he might win them over by fair promises. Then, last of all, in the presence of the whole army, Anselm spoke earnest words to the chiefs, bidding them not to draw down shame upon themselves by being faithless to their King.

Not only in this way did Anselm help Henry ; he also managed to frighten Robert by threatening him with the punishments of the Church, because he had unjustly invaded England. At last it was decided that the two brothers should meet and talk matters over. They met in the open space between the two armies, and after speaking together for a few minutes they embraced as friends. Robert agreed to go back again to Normandy and leave Henry in peace as King of England. So Flambard was disappointed in his hopes of making Robert King of England ; but he was clever enough to know how to make friends with Henry afterwards, and ended his life in peace.

XIV.

THOMAS BECKET.

A.D. 1162-1170.

HENRY II. was a young man when he became King of England. He had much work before him, for the land was in a terrible state of disorder after the long years of war between Stephen

and Henry's mother Matilda. It was therefore a great pleasure and a great help to him to find a man who seemed just the right person to aid him in his work. This was Thomas Becket, a clergyman, a handsome, clever man, who knew how to please the king by sharing his amusements, whilst he delighted him with his witty sayings. The two friends not only enjoyed themselves, but they worked hard together to bring order into the land. Henry made Becket his chancellor,—that is one of his chief ministers,—and gave him great riches. Becket lived as splendidly as a prince. His doors always stood open, and all who liked might go in and feast at his table. He loved to show his magnificence to all the world ; and once when Henry sent him to France to settle a dispute with the King of France, he travelled with such a large train of followers, that all who saw him were filled with wonder. When he entered any town, two hundred and fifty boys went before him singing ; after them came his hounds in couples, and next eight waggons guarded by fierce mastiffs. One of the waggons was laden with beer to be given away to the people ; the others carried Becket's furniture, and plate, and clothing. After the waggons came twelve horses, on each of which sat a monkey and a groom ; and then followed a vast company of squires, and knights, and priests riding two and two. Last of all came Becket himself, riding with a few friends with whom he talked by the way. The French people, as they saw his grandeur, exclaimed, "What manner of man must the King of England be, when his Chancellor travels in such state." In truth, Becket was the man who stood next to

the King ; and Henry loved and trusted him, and asked his advice in all that he did.

So it came about that when the Archbishop of Canterbury died, Henry II., after a while, told Becket that he should be the new archbishop. Becket looked at the splendid dress which he had on with a smile, and said that he did not look much like an archbishop ; he told Henry that he knew that if he did his duties as archbishop, he must lose his King's favour. But Henry would not listen to him ; he believed that it would make no difference, and that Becket, when he was archbishop, would try to please him just as he had always done.

He soon found out that he was mistaken. Becket, when he became archbishop, changed his whole way of living. Instead of his splendid clothes he wore a monk's dress, and a haircloth shirt next his skin. Daily the poor were fed in his private rooms, whilst he himself waited on them and washed their feet. Instead of gay knights, only wise and pious monks and priests sat at his table. Music was no longer played to him whilst he ate ; but a Latin book was read aloud, that no time might be wasted in idleness. He refused to be chancellor any longer, for he said that he must give all his time to his new duties. This vexed the King very much, and his love for Becket began to grow cold. He soon began to find out that Becket was not going to give way to him as he had hoped he would, and the King and the Archbishop, instead of being firm friends as of old, began to quarrel. It was the custom in those days that if a priest or a monk did anything against the laws, he should be tried before the Church Courts and not

before the King's Courts like other men. Henry II. wished to change this custom, and to have every one tried in the King's Courts; but Becket would not agree. Both the Archbishop and the King loved their own way, and besides, each of them was quite sure that what he wanted was right; so it was not easy to settle the quarrel. The King persuaded the other bishops to say that they were willing to obey his wishes, and when Becket saw that every one else had given way, he also promised to obey the King. But very soon he repented, and took back his promise. He had many enemies who were jealous of his power and riches, and they did all they could to increase the King's anger against him. They accused him of having taken large sums of money to which he had no right, and he was bidden to come before the King's Court. This made Becket understand that his enemies meant to ruin him, but he was determined to show that he did not fear them. He came into the court bearing in his own hand his archiepiscopal cross, and when the bishops tried to persuade him to give way to the King, he refused to listen to them. After a good deal of disturbance the Earl of Leicester stood up at the King's bidding, and bade Becket hear his sentence. At these words Becket rose full of wrath, and said that none present had any right to judge him, and that he put his cause into the hands of the Pope. Then he turned and walked out of the hall, and as he passed, some of the courtiers picked up pieces of straw from the floor and threw them at him. Some even called him traitor, and at the sound of that word he turned fiercely round and cried, "Were I a knight, that coward should repent of

his insolence." And so he passed proudly out. As he went through the town the people knelt to ask his blessing, for they loved him on account of his charities.

After this Becket feared that even his life was not safe. That night he dressed himself as a simple monk, and with three companions he fled away through the dark. After wandering for three weeks in byways and meeting many perils he escaped in a ship to France. Once there, the danger was over for a time ; and the King of France received him with great honour and treated him very kindly. For six years Becket stayed in France. Then at last the Pope made peace between him and Henry II. The King and the Archbishop had a meeting in France. Becket threw himself at the King's feet, but Henry himself raised him, and they spoke together in the most friendly way. A little while afterwards Becket went back to England, and was joyfully welcomed at Canterbury. But he soon showed that he did not mean to change his conduct, and when news was brought to Henry, who was then in France, of the things which Becket was doing, he fell into a furious passion, and said, "Of the cowards who eat my bread, is there no one who will free me from this unruly priest." Four knights who heard these angry words, thinking to gain favour with the King, set off in haste for England.

A few days after Becket was doing business in his private room at Canterbury, when he was told that four knights wished to speak with him from the King. They came in and spoke to him with such violent and insulting threats that it was easy to

see they meant to do him harm. Becket showed no fear, and when they went out to seek their arms, he took his seat as if nothing had happened. Those who were with him were filled with despair. It was the hour of evening prayer, and they heard the service beginning in the choir. Then some one exclaimed, "To the church! there will be safety there." But Becket said he would stay where he was. In a few moments they heard that the knights were in the garden, and were forcing their way into the house through a window. They could be heard breaking down a wooden screen that was in their way. Becket's followers, full of terror, would wait no longer, and bore their master by force into the cathedral. They closed and barred the door after they were in, for they could already see the murderers pursuing them. Becket walked quietly along the cathedral to go to his favourite chapel. As he went, he heard the cries of the knights, who demanded to be let in. He at once ordered that the doors should be opened, for he said that no one should be kept out of the house of God. His followers in terror hid behind the pillars or under the altars. Becket himself turned to meet his enemies, leaning with his back against a pillar. The knights, followed by a wild mob, rushed into the church with drawn swords. It was growing dark, and they could hardly see. "Where is the traitor?" they shouted. Becket's voice answered through the gloom, "Behold me, no traitor, but a priest of God." They turned upon him in fury. Some tried to drag him from the cathedral, but Becket clung to a pillar, and one of his clerks helped him by holding him



RICHARD THE LION-HEARTED.

fast round the waist. Then blow after blow was aimed at his head. As he felt the blood trickling down his face, he crossed his hands, and bent his head in prayer, saying, "Lord, receive my spirit." With many blows they killed him, and left him lying there on the pavement, whilst they went to plunder his palace.

When Henry II. heard of this dreadful deed he was filled with grief and shame. Every one blamed him, and he had to try and show the world how sorry he was. He came to Canterbury and walked fasting and barefoot through the city till he reached Becket's tomb. There he knelt, and, resting his forehead against the tomb, bade the monks lash his bare shoulders. When they saw him humble himself like this, the clergy were satisfied that he was truly sorry and they were willing to forget his share in the guilt of Becket's murder.

XV.

KING RICHARD'S ESCAPE FROM THE TURKS.

A.D. 1191.

RICHARD the Lion-hearted was the son of Henry II., and became king after his father's death. He was a famous warrior, and loved fighting and adventures better than making laws and caring for the good government of his people. In those days many brave warriors from all lands went to the

East to fight against the Turks. Palestine, the land in which Jesus had lived, belonged to the heathen Turks, and when Christian pilgrims wished to visit the holy places where their Lord had been born, and crucified, and laid in the ground, they met with great dangers, and were often cruelly treated by the Turks. This seemed to the Pope, and to all pious Christians in Europe, a shameful state of things. At the bidding of the Pope men gathered from all lands to go and fight against the Turks, and try to win back the Holy Land. These wars were called the *Crusades*, for all who went to fight wore the cross upon their armour, and were called the soldiers of the cross. Richard the Lion-hearted, as he was called on account of his bravery, wished to go on the crusade too, and started off as soon as possible after he had been made king, taking many knights and soldiers with him. Whilst he was in the Holy Land he won great fame by his brave deeds, and many strange adventures happened to him, for he did not know what it was to be afraid, and often he fell into great danger, but always escaped.

An old story tells us that one day, taking only a few men with him, he went out to amuse himself by hawking. After a while, weary with riding, he got off from his horse to rest, and fell asleep. A body of Turks spied him and his men, and rushed upon them. King Richard woke up suddenly on hearing the noise of their coming, and had hardly time to mount upon his horse before the Turks were upon him. He drew his sword and rushed upon them. They pretended to flee so as to persuade him to follow them to a place where

some more Turks were lying in wait hidden. These jumped up quickly and surrounded the King to make him prisoner ; but he defended himself bravely. Fortunately none of these Turks knew the King by sight, and one of the knights who were with him, William de Pratelles by name, wishing to save his master, called out in the language of the Turks that he was the King. The Turks believed what he said and took him captive, and the King escaped. Meanwhile the rest of the army had heard of the fight, and, afraid lest any harm should happen to the King, came at full gallop to the spot. They met Richard returning safe ; but he quickly turned back with them to follow the Turks, so as to rescue William de Pratelles. The Turks, however, had ridden swiftly away, and it was too late to overtake them. Richard, whilst he thanked God for having saved him from such danger, grieved sorely to think that this noble knight was in prison for his sake. The next year, when he was getting ready to go back to England, he persuaded the Turks to send back to him William de Pratelles in return for ten most noble Turks who had been captured by the Christians, and so William was rewarded for the devotion which he had showed to his master.

XVI.

THE FIGHT AT JOPPA.

A.D. 1192.

KING RICHARD was preparing to go back to England from the crusade, and had gone to Acre with his army, where the ships in which he was to sail were nearly ready. The King was in his tent talking with his officers, when suddenly some men entered with terrified faces. They tore their clothes and told the King how the Turks had suddenly attacked Joppa, a neighbouring seaport, and taken it all but the citadel, in which all the Christians who had escaped death were gathered together. But their safety would not last long, for they had been forced to promise that if they were not helped by three o'clock on the next day, each of the Christians should pay a large sum of money to Saladin, the Sultan of the Turks. When Richard heard of their sad condition he was filled with pity. He did not wait to hear the end of the story, but exclaimed, "As God lives, I will be with them, and give them all the help in my power." He tried to persuade the French soldiers who were in Acre to go with him to help the Christians in Joppa; but the French, who had quarrelled with the English all the time they were in the Holy Land, refused. Many others of the crusaders, however, agreed to go with him. Some started to go by land; but the King, thinking to get there quicker, went

by sea. Before he could arrive, the hour came at which the Christians must give themselves up to the Turks. They waited till the last moment, and then in despair began to pay the money they had promised. But the cruel Turks, when they had received the money from the first men, cut off their heads. Seven died in this way ; and when those who were still alive found out what had happened to their friends they began to cry aloud in their misery, and fled into the castle to fall on their knees and with many tears call upon God for mercy. Whilst their hearts were full of despair, help was close at hand. The Turks saw King Richard's ships enter the harbour, and rushed down to meet him. The beach was covered with a dense crowd of Turks who shot their arrows at the men in the ships, whilst the horsemen spurred their horses even into the sea to prevent the Christians from landing.

Many of Richard's officers told him that it was certain death to try and land in the face of so great a multitude. The King was gazing thoughtfully at the shore, wondering what to do, when he saw a priest plunge into the water, and swim towards the royal ship. The priest came to tell him that there were still some Christians alive and in great danger in one of the towers of the citadel. When Richard heard this, he no longer hesitated. The boats were pushed to land, and the King himself plunged into the water up to his middle, followed by his bravest knights. With his sword in his hand he cleft for himself a way by terrible blows, and none of the Turks dared to face him, so great was the terror they felt at the sight of him. Richard himself was the first to enter the town, and

he caused his banner to be fixed on a height, so that the Christians in the town might see it. Cheered by the sight, they rushed out to join the fight, and the Turks, attacked on both sides fled from the city. Richard had no horses with him except three which he had found in Joppa, but all the same he and his men followed the Turks as they fled, and chased them for a long way. That evening he made his camp at the spot where the camp of the Turks had been.

When the fight was over, and the Turks understood with how very few soldiers Richard had put them to flight, and besides, that he had only three horses, they were very much ashamed. They said that they were nothing but lazy cowards to have allowed themselves to be defeated in this way. They were eager to wipe out their disgrace, and some of them made up their minds to surprise Richard in his tent and bring him a prisoner to Saladin. In the middle of the night they started fully armed for the English camp, finding their way by the light of the moon. But when they got to the camp, they wasted so much time in quarrelling which of them were to go in and seize the King, that a Christian soldier, who had risen early to go out into the fields, saw them. He rushed quickly back to the camp, shouting out, "To arms, to arms!" The noise awoke the King, who leapt at once from his bed, put on his coat of mail, and called up his men. The Turks were already upon them, and the Christians rushed from their beds to the fight, many of them not having even time to dress.

The Turks came on with horrid yells, hurling their javelins and shooting their arrows. The Christians awaited them

kneeling on one knee on the ground, so as the better to resist the furious attack. They greeted the Turks with a shower of arrows, whilst King Richard and his knights charged them. That day the King was a very giant in battle. He was everywhere in the field, now here, now there, wherever the fight raged the hottest. Once he saw that one of his knights had fallen from his horse, and was fighting on foot. Immediately he rushed to his rescue, snatched him out of the hands of the enemy, and put him on his horse again. Another of his knights he rescued as he was being carried off prisoner.

In the middle of the battle he saw a Turk riding towards him mounted on a foaming horse. This man came from the brother of Saladin and brought from his master two noble horses as a present to King Richard for his use during the battle ; for even enemies in those days liked to do to one another acts of politeness and generosity.

Richard had no care for his own safety. Brandishing his great sword in his hand he pressed on into the thickest ranks of the enemy, mowing them down as reapers mow the corn.

The Turks became so terrified at him that they shrank away from him without daring to attack him. So, after a while, he returned safe and unhurt to his friends, from whom he had been quite separated. The fight lasted from the rising sun till the setting sun, and the Turks had to go back, leaving seven hundred of their number dead upon the field, without bringing Richard prisoner, as they had boasted they would.

Saladin greeted them with ridicule, asking them where Richard was. "Which of you," he said, "first seized him,

and where is he?" "In truth," answered one of them, "he is not here. We have never heard that since the beginning of the world there ever was such a knight. We did our best to seize him, but in vain, for no one can escape from his sword."

After the battle Richard fell ill, partly from fatigue and partly from the unhealthiness of the place. Anxious to leave Palestine for a while, he agreed upon a truce with Saladin, which was to last three years, and then at once began to make ready for his journey homewards.

XVII.

THE CAPTIVITY OF RICHARD I

A.D. 1192-1194.

WHEN Richard the Lion-hearted sailed away from the Holy Land to go back to England he met with stormy weather, and for a month his ship was driven hither and thither by the winds. At last he landed on the shores of the Adriatic Sea. He was afraid to let people know who he was, for he had many enemies amongst the princes of Europe. Chief of all his enemies was his own brother John, who was trying, now that Richard was away, to get himself made King of England. So Richard was afraid that if it was known who he was, he would not be able to get safely to England. He dressed himself as a pilgrim and let his beard grow, hoping in this way

to travel undiscovered. Several times he was nearly found out, and some of his companions were taken prisoners; but Richard, with a knight and a boy, got safely as far as a little village near Vienna. Here the boy was sent to the market to buy food. He was so free with his money that he made people curious to know who he was. Richard, when he learned how his boy had been questioned, was too weary and weak to flee. Armed men surrounded the house where he lay, and then Richard drew his sword, and said that he would surrender to no one but their chieftain. The chieftain soon arrived; he was Leopold, Duke of Austria, and was not at all disposed to treat Richard kindly, for he had quarrelled with him in the Holy Land. He made Richard give up his sword, and shut him up a close prisoner in a strong castle.

Meanwhile the people of England, who knew that their King had left the Holy Land, were eagerly expecting his arrival in England. They were proud of his brave deeds, and longed to welcome him home. But week after week passed away, and nothing was heard of him. There is an old story told of the way in which it was at last found out where he was. It tells us that there was a minstrel called Blondel, who had been a great deal with Richard, and loved him very dearly. He was very sad when he heard that his dear master had disappeared, and made up his mind to seek him through the whole world till he found him. For a year and a half he wandered about by land and water, and could hear nothing of the King. At last it chanced that he came into Austria, to the very castle where Richard was. He was told

that there was a prisoner in the castle who was kept very carefully, so that no one knew who he was. Then Blondel was full of joy, for his heart told him that this prisoner must be his master. The next morning he went to the castellan, the governor of the castle, and telling him that he was a minstrel and could play on the lute, asked to be allowed to stay with him. The castellan was very pleased to have him, and Blondel stayed with him some time, but could not at first make out anything about the prisoner in the castle. At last one day he was walking in the garden which surrounded the tower of the castle, when Richard, who was in the tower, saw him. Richard was eager to make himself known to Blondel, and began to sing in a loud, clear voice a song which they had made together, and which no one else knew. Blondel, overjoyed at finding out for certain that the prisoner was his master, answered the song by playing on his lute. Soon afterwards Blondel asked leave of the castellan to go back to England. He travelled as quickly as he could, and told the King's friends in England where he had found him.

We cannot be sure whether this story about Blondel is true; but we know that as soon as the King's friends in England knew where Richard was, they did not rest till he was free again. They met with many difficulties. The Duke of Austria had given up the King for a large sum of money to the Emperor, Henry VI. At first Henry VI. did not treat him kindly; he kept him in chains, and armed men with naked swords in their hands watched him day and night. At last he even had him brought to trial before the Princes of the Empire, to

answer for the unjust deeds which his enemies said that he had done in the Holy Land. Richard, who had never known fear, could speak as well as he could fight. He spoke out boldly before his enemies, and showed how false were the things which men said against him. Those who heard him were filled with admiration of his brave words, and with pity for his sufferings. The Emperor himself went to him and embraced him, and after this he treated him with great honour, as a king should be treated. Still he would not let him go free until a large sum of money was paid as his ransom, for he was a greedy man and loved money. It was very difficult to get so large a ransom together in England. And Richard's heart grew sad when he found how long he had to wait in prison. It is said that he passed his time making songs, in which he mourned over the little love which his friends showed him, and complained that they forgot him in his prison. His brother John would have been glad to have left him always in prison. But most of the English people were true to Richard. They rose against John, and would not let him make himself King of England; and at last the ransom was got together. Richard travelled quickly home to England, and was welcomed with great joy by his people.

XVIII.

THE BATTLE OF LEWES.

A.D. 1264.

HENRY III., the son of King John, did not rule his kingdom wisely. He was not a bad man, but he was weak and foolish. He loved to spend money, and he did not mind making any promises that people asked for, if only he could get the money he wanted. Then afterwards he broke his promises, so that men soon found out that they could not trust him. He loved foreigners better than the English, and filled his court with them, loading them with honours and riches. For many years the English bore with him, but at last men wearied of his bad rule. One of the chief nobles, a wise and brave man, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, put himself at the head of those of the barons and clergy who wished to make things better. The quarrel could not be settled peaceably; and at last Simon and the barons were forced to take up arms against the King and his friends.

The Queen, Eleanor of Provence, who, being a foreigner herself, liked the king's foreign friends and hated the barons, did all she could to persuade Henry III. not to do as the barons wished. This made the people of London, who were eager for the cause of the barons, very angry with her, and they did not scruple to show their displeasure. Once when the queen

left the Tower to go in a barge to Windsor, a mob of citizens got upon a bridge underneath which she would have to pass and pelted her with mud and stones, whilst they shouted out insults and curses. So great was the disturbance that she was forced to go back to the Tower. It was natural that her son Edward should be very angry with the Londoners for their conduct, and he soon had an opportunity of punishing them.

Henry III. had to give up London to the baron's party. He encamped with his army at Lewes, in Sussex, where he was able to have comfortable lodgings in the priory. Earl Simon and the barons marched to attack him there. But they did not wish to fight if it could be helped, and they sent messages of peace to Henry III. in hopes that their disputes might be settled, and bloodshed hindered. Henry III. only answered their messages scornfully ; and his brother Richard and his son Edward replied still more angrily and haughtily. Then the barons felt that their only hope lay in fighting. They believed that their cause was a holy cause, their hearts were filled with love to God, and to their neighbours, and they did not fear to die for their country.

Earl Simon set them an example of the spirit in which they should fight, and spent the night before the battle in prayer. The Bishop of Worcester, who was on the barons' side, for he loved his country, rode through the army, urging all to confess their sins and receive absolution. He said that those who fought bravely on the morrow would have their sins forgiven, and he bade them remember that it was glorious to suffer for the truth. The soldiers fastened a white cross upon their

breasts and their backs, as a sign that they, like the crusaders, were fighting for a holy cause. These crosses were very useful, for in the battle, as both sides were fellow-countrymen, it would not have been easy to distinguish friend from foe without some mark.

Whilst the barons' army spent the night in making ready for battle by prayer to God, the King's men, who did not know that the enemy was so near, passed their time merrily, singing and drinking and feasting together. Simon hoped to surprise them. He rose early in the gray dawn of a May morning, and led his men to the crest of a hill, from which they could see Lewes with its castle and priory, and the beautiful river Ouse winding through it. There he bade his men fall on their knees and pray to the King of all that if what they were going to do was pleasing to Him, He would give them strength and help to overpower their enemies. Then all fell upon the ground and stretched out their arms in the form of a cross whilst they prayed. After this they were ready for battle.

The tents of the nobles were pitched on the top of the hill, and amongst them was a litter which had been used to carry Earl Simon a little while before, when he was suffering from an accident. Over this streamed his banner, and in it were placed, bound in chains, four traitors, citizens of London, who had been found out plotting to give up London to the King.

Simon was disappointed in his hope of surprising the King's army. Some men had come out from Lewes early in the morning to get food for their horses, and as they were

riding through the wood they came upon part of the barons' army. Some of them were killed and some were taken prisoners, but a few escaped and rode back quickly to Lewes to give the alarm. The King's followers were still in bed, and they heard with surprise that the enemy was so near; they got up quickly and hurried out to the battle.

Edward, Henry III.'s eldest son, was one of the first to come out. He saw in front of him that part of the barons' army which was made up of the men of London. The sight of them filled him with anger, for he remembered the way in which they had insulted his mother, and he thirsted for their blood. The rest of the army was soon ready, and the royal standard of the dragon was hoisted in the middle. It was made of red silk embroidered with gold; the tongue of the dragon seemed to be always moving, and its eyes were of sapphire.

As soon as the army advanced to the charge, Edward darted furiously forward to attack the Londoners. They were poor soldiers and could not stand against Edward's horsemen. They soon turned and fled, and Edward followed hotly after them. Many were chased into the river and drowned, and many others were slain.

For four miles Edward followed them in his anger, thinking that the day was his, and forgetting the rest of the army whilst he avenged the insult offered to his mother. When at last he turned and came back he saw Earl Simon's litter on the hill, and, thinking that Simon was in it, he hastened to attack it. He and his followers drove off the men who

guarded it, but the litter was so strongly bound with iron bands that they could not get it open. They surrounded it with shouts of triumph, crying, "Come forth, come forth, Simon, thou worst of traitors." In vain the men inside tried to tell them who they were; they were not heard in the midst of the din. At last the litter was set on fire, and when it was too late, Edward discovered that he had destroyed four of his own party instead of Simon.

Whilst Edward was wasting time in this way, his father had lost the battle. Simon saw how foolishly Edward had left the battle with the best troops, and rushed after the Londoners. He seized his chance and attacked the rest of the King's army. The King and his men fought well; Henry had a horse killed under him; but at last he was driven back and had to seek safety within the walls of the Priory. Very few of his followers escaped with him. Some were killed on the field; others as they fled got into the marshes and were smothered. The King's brother Richard could not get into the Priory, but got into a windmill in the middle of the battlefield. There his enemies surrounded him with shouts and jests. "Come out, you bad miller," they cried; "you have turned a poor mill-owner—you who defied us so proudly." He had no chance of escape, and after a while had to give himself up as a prisoner.

The night had now come on, and those of the King's party who could tried to escape through the twilight, and reaching the sea-coast, managed to embark for France. Fighting only went on round the priory, until a truce was made for the

night. The next morning the two parties came to an agreement. The King had to promise to do as the barons wanted, and went with Simon to London. The people were full of joy when they saw them enter the town together. They thought that now there was good hope that the land would be well governed, and one of the songs of the day said,

“Now does fair England breathe again, hoping for liberty.”

XIX.

EDWARD I. AND WILLIAM WALLACE.

1297 A.D. -1304.

EDWARD I. was one of the wisest and greatest of our English kings, and he was the first of our kings to understand that England could never be really strong and peaceful until England, Scotland, and Wales were all ruled by the same king. To bring this about was one of the great objects of his life. It happened that in his days there was a dispute who should be King of Scotland, and Edward was called upon to decide the dispute. The end of it was that he made himself master of Scotland ; he chose one of his nobles, John de Warrenne, Earl of Surrey, to be Governor of Scotland ; and he put English soldiers to keep order in the castles and strong towns.

As was natural, the Scots did not like being ruled and

kept in order by English soldiers. Their discontent was increased by the cruel treatment which they sometimes met with from the soldiers, and by the harsh ways which were used to get money from them. They were ready to rise against the English at any moment if only they could find a leader. It was not long before the leader whom they wanted showed himself. He was a Scottish gentleman named William Wallace. His bravery has made him a favourite hero in Scottish history, and so many stories have been told and sung about him that it is difficult to be sure which are true; but the Scottish story is worth knowing.

William Wallace was a fine, handsome, young man, who had married a lady of Lanark. It chanced one day that he was walking with his wife in the market-place of Lanark, dressed in a green tunic, with a rich dagger in his belt. An English soldier passing by, called out very rudely to him that a Scot had no business to wear so gay a dress, or so rich a weapon. Wallace had a fiery temper; he turned upon the soldier, and in the fight which followed killed him. He then fled to his own home, and very soon all the English soldiers in the place came after him and attacked his house. Wallace managed to escape by a back door and got safely to a wild rocky glen, where he knew he would be able to hide from his pursuers. Hazelrigg, the Governor of Lanark, meanwhile burned down Wallace's house, put his wife and servants to death, and declared Wallace himself to be an outlaw.

Soon many other desperate men gathered round Wallace. Some were already outlaws, others were willing to risk every-

thing for the sake of doing some harm to the English. As soon as Wallace was strong enough he went to punish Hazelrigg, whom he naturally looked upon as his worst foe, and he succeeded in killing him. It was in vain that English soldiers were sent against Wallace. He and his men could always escape from them amongst the wild mountains which they knew so well, and they often succeeded in gaining little victories over the English. As people began to hear of Wallace's success, more and more of the Scots flocked to join him, till at last he was at the head of a large army. He was joined by Sir William Douglas, who had also got together a band of outlaws. But the Scottish nobles showed no wish to help the people in their fight for liberty. Many of them, doubtless, did not care to run the risk; and others, perhaps, were disgusted with the wild way in which Wallace carried on war, and the cruelties with which he revenged himself on the English and treated nuns and priests.

At first the English Government had paid little heed to him, thinking that he was only the chief of a small band of outlaws; but when his followers increased, John de Warrenne marched against him at the head of a large army.

Wallace was not afraid of the approach of the English army. He awaited it, encamped on the northern side of the river Forth, near the town of Stirling. The English came to the southern side of the river; and then Warrenne sent two priests over the long wooden bridge which crossed the river to offer Wallace and his followers pardon if they would lay down their arms. Wallace answered with proud scorn: "Go

back to Warrenne," he said, "and tell him we value not the pardon of the King of England. We are here not to treat of peace, but to abide battle, and restore freedom to our country. Let the English come on ; we defy them to their very beards."

This answer enraged the English, who longed to rush upon the proud outlaw at once. Warrenne was against a battle, for he could not lead his troops against the Scots except by crossing the long narrow bridge across the river, and that would be most dangerous in the face of the enemy. But he was persuaded by the other leaders of the army to fight, and put an end to the war at once. So the English began to cross the bridge. Wallace allowed about half of them to get over undisturbed, and then, when the bridge was still crowded with those who were following, he rushed upon them with his whole army. Many of the English were slain ; others were driven into the river and drowned. Those who were left on the other side first set fire to the wooden bridge, and then fled as fast as they could. They did not think themselves safe till they were out of Scotland.

Wallace was now master of Scotland, and won back most of the castles which the English had taken. He then led his army across the border and laid waste Cumberland and Northumberland, punishing the poor English peasants with terrible cruelty for the deeds of their King. His soldiers, who got no pay for their services, enriched themselves with plunder ; they were wild fierce men, who shrank from no cruel deed, and when they went back to Scotland they left nothing but blood and ashes in their track.

Edward I. was away in Flanders at this time ; but as soon as he came back, his first care was to lead an army against the Scottish rebels. Wallace did not wish to fight him till his great army should be weakened by want of food. But Edward, hearing where Wallace was, marched forward quickly, and met him at Falkirk. Wallace arranged his men very cleverly for the battle ; he placed them in a mass, the archers in the centre, the spearmen outside close together with spear against spear. The spearmen knelt down, so that the archers could shoot over their heads.

The English army was strong both in well-mounted horsemen and in skilful archers. Edward ordered his horsemen to charge the Scots. It was a terrible sight to see the fine horses riding as hard as they could against the long lances, and a dreadful cry arose as they met. The Scots stood firm. Many of the English horses were thrown down ; their riders were so weighted with their heavy armour that they could not get up, and were killed as they lay rolling on the ground. In vain the English horsemen tried to force their way through that wood of spears. Then Edward I. ordered his archers to advance. They poured out such a deadly shower of arrows that the Scots at last were thrown into confusion ; and then the horsemen charged again, and this time they drove the Scots before them.

Wallace himself escaped alive from the battle of Falkirk ; but his power in Scotland was at an end. Edward offered free pardon to all the rebels who would submit to him, and most of the leading rebels yielded to him. Wallace would not

yield ; he went back to his outlaw's life, and for seven years lived free amongst the Scottish hills. At last his own servant betrayed him, and he was taken prisoner and sent to London. He was brought to trial in Westminster Hall, and was crowned in mockery with a green garland, because he was said to have been a king of outlaws. The English were enraged against him, not only for his rebellion, but for his cruelties. There was no chance that Edward I. would again offer him the pardon which he had before refused. Wallace answered their charges by saying that it was true that he had killed very many Englishmen, but it was because they had come to oppress his native country of Scotland ; and far from repenting what he had done, he was only sorry that he had not put to death more of them. He was hanged as a traitor, and his body was divided after death, that his head might be stuck on London Bridge, and his limbs sent to Newcastle, Berwick, Stirling, and Perth. Wallace was a brave man ; but he fought more as an outlaw than as a true and wise lover of his country. Still he helped to make the work of Edward I. impossible by giving new courage to the Scots to resist their foes. After his death another Scottish patriot, Robert Bruce, after going through still greater dangers and hardships than Wallace had suffered, set up again the independence of Scotland ; and Edward I.'s dream of a united kingdom was not fulfilled for many years.



QUEEN ISABELLA'S ENTRY INTO PARIS.

XX.

EDWARD II. AND HIS QUEEN.

A.D. 1321-1330.

EDWARD II. was the son of one of the greatest of English kings, but he was a very different man from his father. He was idle and gay ; he loved pleasure and his own way, and he did not care either to win the love of his people or to work for their good. With the help of a few favourites whom he passionately loved, he wished to govern the land without heeding either his people or his barons. His favourites in the later part of his reign were a father and son, the Despensers, who were both clever men ; but they were so greedy and proud that every one hated them and wished their ruin. The King, however, showered favours upon them, and left the government of the land in their hands. The chief barons were so discontented that at last they took up arms against the King. But a battle was fought in which the barons were defeated. Their leader, the Earl of Lancaster, and many more were put to death ; some others escaped to France, and for a time the Despensers triumphed. Soon new troubles arose for Edward II. There seemed danger of a war breaking out between him and Charles IV., King of France. Edward II.'s Queen, Isabella, was sister of the King of France, and it was

decided that she should go to Paris with her son, and try to settle the quarrel peacefully.

Charles IV. was very pleased to have a visit from his sister. When he heard that she was near Paris, he sent out some of the chief of his lords to meet her, and they brought her to Paris to the palace of the King. When she came into the room where he was, Charles rose to meet her, and taking her in his arms kissed her, saying, "You are welcome, my fair sister, with my fine nephew your son." When they had talked together a little, he led her into an apartment which had been richly furnished for her and her son, and every care was taken that she should be made happy and comfortable.

The Queen soon settled the business which had brought her to Paris, but she was in no haste to go back to England. Whilst she was in Paris she saw a great deal of the English barons who had fled there to escape from the Despensers. She grew very fond of one of them, Roger Mortimer. They were a great deal together, and began to make a plan for driving the Despensers out of England. Edward wrote letters to her and to his son, begging that they would come back, but Isabella paid no heed to them, and Prince Edward was too young to do anything but what his mother bade him.

All that Isabella and Mortimer now needed to make their plan succeed was some soldiers to fight for them. So they went to Hainault, a part of the Netherlands, which lies to the north of France. The Count of Hainault had four daughters, and Isabella promised that young Edward should marry Philippa, one of them, if the Count would give her some men

to go to England with her, and fight for her. The Count was very willing, and Isabella and Mortimer were able to go back to England, taking with them a number of soldiers.

As soon as Isabella landed in England, she was joined by all the discontented barons. The King and the Despensers fled before her. They shut themselves up in the town of Bristol, which had a strong castle surrounded by the sea. In this castle the King lodged with the younger Despenser, whilst the father remained in the town.

The citizens of Bristol, when they saw that the whole land had turned against the King, did not wish their city to be ruined by a siege, and opened their gates to the Queen. So the old Despenser fell into the hands of his enemies. He was ninety years old, but she felt no pity for his great age. He was dragged on a hurdle to the spot where he was beheaded.

The King and the younger Despenser were still safe in the castle. But as they saw no chance of escape, they embarked in a small boat, hoping to reach Lundy Isle in the Bristol Channel, and so be safe from their enemies. For eleven or twelve days they were blown to and fro in this small boat, but the winds were contrary, and they could not get forward. At last some of their enemies spied the little vessel as it tossed about helplessly. They pursued it in a barge, and rowed with such vigour that the King's boatmen could not escape. The King and Despenser were taken to the Queen as prisoners. The unhappy Edward II. was sent with a strong guard to be imprisoned in Berkeley Castle.

Then the Queen set out to return to London in triumph.

She took Sir Hugh Despenser with her. He was mounted on the poorest and smallest horse that his enemies could find, and led through the towns they passed with scoffs and jeers, whilst trumpets and cymbals played to tell the people that he was coming.

At Hereford the Queen and her party stopped to keep the feast of All Saints, and there they decided that Sir Hugh should be punished. He was put to death with horrible cruelties in the sight of a vast crowd of people, and his head was cut off and sent to London.

After this Isabella and Mortimer governed England as they liked. As they were afraid lest any one should try and put Edward II. on the throne again, they had him secretly murdered in Berkeley Castle, and his son Edward became king as Edward III. But he was still too young to govern himself. The barons soon found out that they had not changed for the better, seeing that now they were only ruled by the Queen and her favourite instead of by the King and his favourite. As young Edward III. grew older, he became daily more impatient at being able to do nothing himself, and seeing all the power in the hands of his mother and Mortimer. He was quite willing to listen to those who told him that it was time he became king in deed as well as in name. One of the nobles, Lord Montacute, proposed to him that they should make Mortimer prisoner during a Parliament which was to be held at Nottingham, and Edward III. agreed.

Isabella and Mortimer came with Edward III. to the castle at Nottingham. Mortimer knew that he had many enemies,

and he took care to have a strong guard within the castle walls. New locks were put on the gates, and every night after all the gates were locked, the keys were laid on the Queen's pillow. But Montacute made friends with the governor of the castle, who was willing to help him when he heard that Edward III. wished it. There was a secret passage through the castle rock of which Mortimer knew nothing, and the governor promised to let Montacute into the castle by it at midnight. He came in secretly with a number of his followers, and was met by Edward III. who led them silently through the passages to the rooms where his mother lodged. There they heard the voice of Mortimer talking with some others. Queen Isabella had gone to rest in the next room.

Edward III. with Montacute and his followers forced the door in a moment, and two knights who tried to guard it were killed. Isabella rushed into the room when she heard the noise, and cried with tears, "Sweet son, fair son, spare my gentle Mortimer." But they paid no heed to her tears, and bore away Mortimer as a prisoner. A few weeks later he was brought to trial before the Parliament at Westminster, and condemned to death as a traitor. Queen Isabella was not allowed to have anything more to do with the government. She was made to live quietly away from the court, but was treated with kindness and consideration by her son.

XXI.

JEAN FROISSART.

1337-1400.

PERHAPS you have sometimes wondered how it is that we know so much about what our forefathers did in England in times long gone by. It is by carefully putting together a great many things that we at last get at the truth. We learn much about the government of the land from studying the laws passed by Parliament at different times; and a great many papers have been stored up for hundreds of years in the public offices in London which tell us of the rules made for commerce, of the money spent in the royal household, of the treaties made with foreign rulers. All these help us to know what **was** done in England in bygone days. But besides these we have chronicles or histories which were written in olden times chiefly by monks, and in which they tell us the things which were done before they lived as well as during their lifetime. You remember how Bede wrote a history of the Church in England; and after him other men wrote histories of their times. But as they were, for the most part, monks who stayed quietly in the monasteries, they wrote more what they heard from others than what they saw themselves. So it is particularly interesting when in the time of Edward III. we come to a writer, who not only tells us what he heard from others, but



FROISSART PRESENTING HIS BOOK.

also a great deal about what he saw himself. This writer was Jean Froissart, a bright merry man, who enjoyed travelling about, and was always eager to learn as much as possible wherever he went.

Froissart was a native of Hainault ; he was a clergyman, but he was not a very serious man. He loved amusements of all kinds, and he wrote a great many love poems. His love of travel took him to England, where he was warmly welcomed by Philippa, Queen of Edward III., who was the daughter of the Count of Hainault. She was always glad to see her countrymen ; and besides she loved learning, and favoured learned men, as we know by her having founded Queen's College at Oxford. She was very glad to keep Froissart in England ; she made him her secretary, and he amused her by writing love poems for her. He was busy writing his history, and she gave him money to enable him to travel to different countries that he might study their customs.

He went to Scotland and travelled there for six months, riding on horseback with his portmanteau behind him, a greyhound following after him. The King of Scotland treated him very kindly, and he saw a great deal of the country, getting even into the Highlands. His next journey was to Wales ; and then after a while he left England and travelled to Italy. Whilst he was there he heard to his great grief of the death of Queen Philippa, and so, having lost his best friend in England, he did not care to go back there. After this he was secretary to several noblemen, one after another. He still kept his love for travelling and seeing all that he could

of the world, that he might put his adventures into his chronicle. When he was already fifty-one he set out on a journey to see Gaston, Count of Foix, who was famous as one of the bravest knights in Europe. On his journey he had the good fortune to meet with a knight who lived in Foix, and they travelled together. To while away the time the knight told Froissart all his adventures, and many stories about the battles he had seen ; and so they journeyed pleasantly enough.

Gaston, the Count of Foix, was the handsomest and best-made knight then living ; he was a splendid rider, and skilled in all manly exercises. He was very fond of dogs, and always had at least sixteen hundred with him. Froissart knew of this fancy of his, and brought him four greyhounds as a present. Gaston had heard tell of Froissart and his writings, and welcomed him kindly, saying that he knew him very well, though he had never seen him before, for he had heard much talk about him. He kept Froissart the whole winter at his court, and there Froissart saw many great hunts and splendid tournaments with which the knights amused themselves. After supper he used often to read aloud to the Count a romance which he had written, and they would talk over the book and drink wine together. Then Gaston would tell Froissart the adventures of his life, and the other knights who were at the court told him theirs also ; and in this way he learned a great deal which he could put into his chronicle.

After he left the court of Gaston, he went on travelling hither and thither as usual, always looking out for everything new and strange. He went once more to England, where

things were much changed, for Edward III. and good Queen Philippa were dead, and their grandson, Richard II., was king. Froissart went to visit the shrine of Thomas Becket and the tomb of the Black Prince at Canterbury, and there he met Richard II., who received him very kindly. He had brought a present with him for the king, and one Sunday, when Richard was at leisure, Froissart was bidden to take his present into the King's chamber, and he placed it on the King's bed. It was a copy of his romance, and was beautifully written, with many ornaments and illuminated pictures, as was the fashion in those days, before printing was invented, when all books were written by hand. It was bound in crimson velvet adorned with ten silver-gilt nails, with a golden rose in the midst of two clasps, gilt, richly worked with rose-trees. The King was greatly pleased with it, and still more pleased when he heard that the subject of it was love; he looked into it and read some parts of it, and then bade one of his knights carry it into his cabinet.

Froissart stayed three months in England, and when he left Richard II. gave him a silver-gilt goblet full of money as a parting present. Some years after Froissart died; to the very last he seems to have gone on adding to his chronicles, and they tell us a great deal about the manners and ways of living of the men of his time as well as about the history.

XXII.

A SCOTTISH RAID.

DURING the first part of the reign of Edward III. there was seldom peace upon the Scottish border. The Scots hated the English more than ever since the English kings had tried to set up kings in Scotland who should be willing to look upon them as their lords, and obey their wishes. King Robert the Bruce was dead, after a life chiefly spent in fighting against the English. His son David, a mere child, was forced to seek safety at the French Court. When he grew to be a man, and was able to come back to Scotland, his subjects came in crowds to greet him, and the first wish that they expressed to him was that he would lead them against the English, so that they might be revenged for the wrongs done them by Edward III. David was quite willing, and he sent messages to all his subjects far and near to come and help him. A large number of men gathered at Perth, and then they marched southwards and crossed the border near Berwick, and went on into Northumberland.

The poor Northumbrians must have heard of their coming with terror. Many a time had the Scots brought ruin into their country, and their plundering ways were only too well known. They were bold and hardy men, and could travel great distances in a day; if they were in a hurry they



THE SCOTS BESIEGING NEWCASTLE.

did not care even about resting at night. They were all on horseback, the knights and squires riding on fine bay horses, whilst the common men rode on strong little ponies called Galloways. They brought no waggons or carriages with them, for they wished to be able to ride anywhere over the wild moors and hills of Northumberland. Neither did they trouble to carry any stores of bread and wine. For their habit was to steal the food they needed. They would drive away the cattle from the farms, kill them when they were hungry, skin them and cook their flesh in their own skins. Under the flap of their saddle each man carried a flat plate of iron, and behind the saddle a bag of oatmeal. When they were weary of eating nothing but flesh, they would place the iron plate over their fire and on it a thin cake made of oatmeal and water. For drink they needed nothing but water from the rivers. So, unburdened by baggage and careless of comfort, they were free to wander where they would. The Northumbrians used to try hard to save their cattle from the Scottish plunderers. In each village certain men were chosen whose business it was to be on the watch for the Scots. When they heard news of their coming they quickly passed the word on or kindled warning bonfires, and the peasants would hasten to drive their cattle to some of the many strong towers, called peels, built for the purpose. The Scots did not often care to take the trouble to attack these towers; they passed on and preferred to surprise the cattle in the barns or grazing in the fields.

Froissart tells us the story of King David's raid into England. It cannot be quite true as he tells it, but it is interest-

ing as showing us the way in which the Scots fought and plundered on the border. King David led his men on, burning and destroying all the country through which they passed, until they reached the town of Newcastle. There they stopped for the night, outside the town, to think what they would do next. Inside the town some gentlemen from the country round had gathered. They were not nearly strong enough to risk an open battle with the Scots, but they determined to do what they could by stealth. Towards daybreak two hundred of them came secretly out of the town and attacked part of the Scottish camp. They fell upon the Earl of Moray, who was asleep, and took him prisoner before the rest of the army was awake ; and they went back to the town with joy and triumph, with their prisoner and much booty.

When the rest of the Scots found out what had happened, they rushed like madmen towards the town, and attacked the walls. But they could do nothing, for the walls were strong, and there were plenty of brave men to defend them. After a while, seeing that it was waste of time to attack Newcastle, King David led his men on to Durham. The Scots were so angry at the capture of the Earl of Moray that they determined to take Durham, particularly as they knew that many of the people from the country round had taken refuge in the city, carrying with them great wealth.

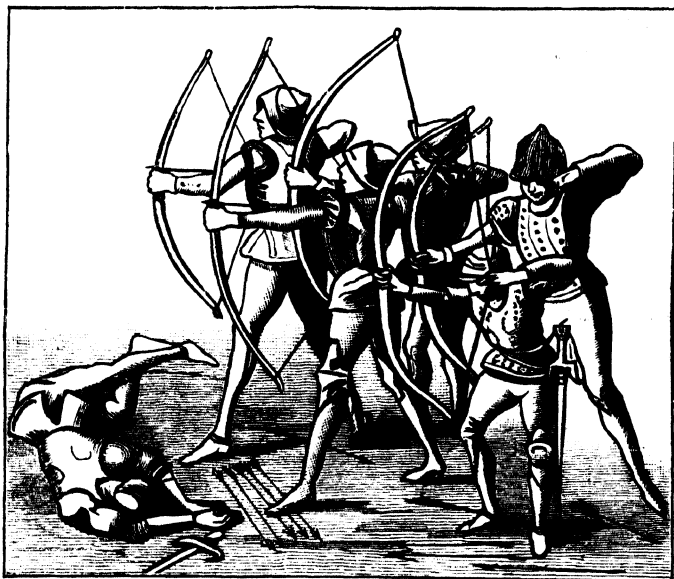
But as soon as the Scots had passed on, the governor of Newcastle mounted a swift horse, and going through byways and lanes which he, a native of that country, knew well, he passed by the Scottish army and travelled with such haste

that in five days he reached Chertsey on the Thames, where Edward III. was. He told the King all the evil that the Scots were doing, and Edward sent out immediately to gather an army to go and drive them out of England. Edward himself set off at once, leaving his knights and their followers to come after him as quickly as they could.

Meanwhile before help could come the Scots had taken Durham. They pillaged and burnt the town, and put to death without mercy men, women, and children, and even priests and monks. After this David, who doubtless knew that Edward III. was getting an army together, thought it would be wisest to go back to Scotland. The Scots carried with them great quantities of plunder, and as they passed slowly by the castle of Wark on the river Tweed, which belonged to the Earl of Salisbury, Sir William Montacute, the Earl's nephew, who was captain of the castle, watched them. When the chief part of the army had passed without stopping to attack the castle, Sir William came out with about forty men, and fell upon the rear of the army, where there were a number of horses so laden with money and plunder that they could scarcely get on. He killed about two hundred men and took one hundred and twenty richly-laden horses, which his men drove towards the castle. But some of the Scots who had escaped from him soon reached Sir William Douglas, one of the bravest of the Scottish nobles. He was furious when he heard what had happened, and turned back at once, riding with his followers full gallop over mountain and valley; and at once attacked Wark Castle, which was well defended by those within.

Soon King David, too, turned back, and enraged at seeing his men lying wounded and slain, he determined not to leave the place before he had been revenged. Every one at once began to make ready quarters for the night, to bury the dead, tend the wounded, and prepare for a new attack on the castle on the morrow.

The Countess of Salisbury, who was famous as one of the most beautiful and virtuous ladies in England, happened to be in the castle. Her lord was away a prisoner in France. By her sweet looks and comforting words the Countess so cheered the garrison that she gave to each one the courage of two. They boldly withstood the attack made by the Scots, and slew many of them; but they saw that if King David went on long with the attack they would not be able to hold out. So they thought it best to send some one out of the castle to tell King Edward the straits they were in, for they had learned where he was from some of the Scottish prisoners they had taken. At first no one was willing to leave the castle and the pleasant task of defending the lovely Countess till Sir William Montacute said he would go himself. When night came Sir William left the castle secretly; it was a dark night and raining heavily, so that the Scots were all quiet, and no one saw him. As he went on his way about daybreak he met two Scots driving two oxen and a cow. Sir William attacked them, wounded them both severely, and killed the cattle, that they might not take them to the army. Then he said to them, "Go, tell your King that Sir William Montacute has passed through his army, and has gone to seek help from the King of England."



ENGLISH ARCHERS AT CRESSY.

The men went on to the army and told what had befallen them. Then the Scottish lords thought that it would be foolish to wait there before the castle till Edward III. should come and give them battle and they went in a body to King David and told him that they thought they had gained enough booty and done the English enough harm already, and that it would be best now to carry their booty home in safety. So they marched off, and when Edward III. reached Wark he found that the Scots had gone home and he was much disappointed. But he was cheered by the sight of the lovely Countess, who came out to meet him richly dressed, and led him into the castle and entertained him with great kindness.

XXIII.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY.

A. D. 1346.

WHEN Edward III. became king in real earnest after the death of Mortimer he was young and brave, and was eager to do something to win fame. In those days men did not shrink from war as people do now ; but on the contrary every gentleman longed for a chance of showing how brave he was, and thought that he could not spend his time better than in fighting. So every one was very pleased when Edward III.

made war on the King of France. The English met with much success at first when they landed in France, and they went farther and farther into the country, getting rich stores of plunder wherever they went. But when at last they turned to go back Philip King of France came with a large army and got between them and the sea, so that they could not get back to their ships without fighting him.

Edward III. stopped at a little village called Cressy to await the French King ; his army was much smaller than the French army, but the English were not afraid, and awaited the battle with cheerful hearts. The evening before the battle there was great bustle amongst the English. The soldiers were busy polishing and mending their armour, whilst Edward III. gave a supper to the earls and barons of the army, and they made good cheer. When they had all left him the King went into his oratory, and, falling on his knees before his altar, he prayed God that if he should fight his enemies on the morrow he might come off with honour. About midnight he went to his bed. The next morning he was up early, and he and his son Edward Prince of Wales took the Sacrament together. The greater part of the army did the same, and so prepared themselves for the battle. Then the King put his men in order on the sloping ground in front of the little village of Cressy. He divided them into three battalions, and he put the first under the command of the Prince of Wales. The Prince was only sixteen years old, but his father wished the glory of the day to be his. In front of the first battalion was a large body of archers. The English archers were famous

for their good shooting, and it was hoped that they would be a great help on this day. Edward III. commanded the last battalion himself ; it remained on the hill behind as a reserve in case of need.

When all was ready Edward III., mounted on a small palfrey, and with a white wand in his hand, rode slowly through the army, urging the men to fight bravely and defend his honour. He spoke so sweetly and looked so cheerful that all who heard him were greatly comforted. It was now near ten o'clock, and he went back to his own battalion and bade his men eat heartily and drink a glass afterwards. They ate and drank at their ease and then packed up their pots and barrels in the carts. When all was put away they seated themselves on the ground each man in his own place, with their helmets and bows before them, so that they might be the fresher when their enemies should arrive.

The French army had been marching since sunrise ; it was nearly five o'clock when they drew near to Cressy. Four knights were sent on to find out where the English were, and rode near enough to see in what order Edward III. had placed his men. When Philip King of the French saw them coming back he halted the army, and they pushed their way through the crowds till they came to him. He cried at once, "What news, my lords?" For a moment no one answered ; then one of them began to tell the King how they had found the English, and he said that it seemed to him that it would be wiser to wait till the morrow to attack them ; for, he said, "Before the battle can begin it will be late ; your men will be tired and in dis-

order, whilst they will find your enemies fresh and properly arrayed." The King was willing to listen to his advice, but the rest of the army was eager to fight, and the French knights were proud and confident, and longed to show their skill. So they pressed on in disorder. The English were still sitting on the ground calmly waiting. But as soon as they saw their enemy advance they sprang to their feet and were ready for the fight.

When the King of France came in sight of the English his blood began to boil, and he shouted out the order that his Genoese crossbowmen should advance and begin the battle. Just then a fearful thunderstorm broke over the country and the rain fell in torrents, whilst the moment before the rain began, a great flight of crows hovered in the air over the French, making a loud noise. Soon the rain ceased and the sun came out very bright; but it shone in the eyes of the French and dazzled them, whilst the English had it at their backs. The rain had wetted the strings of the Genoese crossbowmen, which made it difficult for them to shoot. But the English bows were quite dry, for they were carried in canvas cases.

As the Genoese advanced upon the English they set up a loud shout, hoping to frighten their enemies. But the English paid no heed and stood quite still. Neither did a second or a third shout make them move. Then the Genoese began to shoot, and to this the English did make answer. They came one step forwards and shot their arrows with such force and thickness that it seemed as if it snowed. The Genoese, sorely

smitten by the arrows, fell back discomfited, seeing which, the French King, in a rage, cried out to his knights, "Kill me these scoundrels, for they stop up our road without any reason." The French knights fell angrily upon the runaways, killing as many as came in their way. All the time the English archers shot on, and their arrows fell among the gorgeously-attired horsemen, and killed and wounded many, so that their horses capered wildly amongst the Genoese. Some English foot-soldiers armed with large knives attacked them when they were in this confusion and slew many. Here was slain the brave King of Bohemia, who was fighting on the French side. He was blind; but he wished to strike one stroke with his sword. Two knights fastened their bridles to the bridle of his horse, and so led him into the fight.

Now the French knights and the English knights met in battle. Hand to hand they fought in deadly combat, whilst the shower of arrows still went on. The numbers of the French were so great that it seemed at one time as if they must drive back the English. A knight was sent in great haste to Edward III., who was still watching the fight from the windmill on the hill, to ask him to come and aid the Prince. "Is my son dead or unhorsed?" asked the King, "or so badly wounded that he cannot help himself?" "Nothing of the sort, thank God," answered the knight; "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help." "Then," said the King, "go back to those who sent you, and tell them not to send for me again this day, or expect that I shall come, let what will happen, as long as my son has life ;

and say that I command them to let the boy win his spurs, for I am determined, if it please God, that all the glory of the day shall be his."

The Prince and his knights fought bravely on, and showed that they could win the battle without help. Many brave deeds were done on either side, but at last the French were driven from the field. King Philip himself could not bear to fly. His horse had been killed under him with an arrow, but one of his knights brought him another horse, and said, "Sir, retreat while you can, and do not expose yourself so simply; if you have lost this battle, another time you will be the victor." Then he took hold of the bridle of the King's horse and led him away by force. They fled away through the night till they reached Paris.

It was dusk on the battlefield; some of the French knights and squires wandered about among the dead seeking their masters whom they had lost, and shouting to one another through the gloom. Many were slain by the English, and at last complete darkness came on. The hootings and shoutings of the French ceased, and then the English knew that their enemies had fled, and that the field was their own. It was impossible to pursue the French in the darkness, so the English made great fires and lighted torches on the battlefield. Then King Edward came down from the windmill and hastened to his son. He took him in his arms and kissed him, saying, "Sweet son, may God help you to go on as you have begun! You are indeed my son, for most nobly have you borne yourself this day." The English spent the night quietly on the battle-



SIEGE OF CALAIS.

field, giving thanks to God for the victory. Edward III. stayed there for two days to see to the burying and numbering of the dead. He also ordered that the wounded should be cared for. The chief of the knights were buried in the churches near at hand. For the common soldiers the peasants dug long deep ditches, traces of which may be seen to this day.

XXIV.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

A.D. 1346-1347.

AFTER the battle of Cressy Edward III., who had no longer a French army to fear, marched to lay siege to Calais. He hated Calais bitterly, for out of its port sailed pirate ships which plundered the English trading vessels. It was a town with very strong walls, and Edward knew that it would be impossible to take it by assault, so he determined to starve the town till it yielded to him. As this must take some time, he made preparations to enable his army to live outside Calais in comfort; and he ordered a wooden town to be built for his men to lodge in. It was laid out in streets, and the houses were thatched with straw or broom. In the middle was a market-place, and markets were held every Wednesday

and Saturday. Meat, cloth, bread, and everything that the army could need were brought from Flanders and England and sold there. Edward III. did not care to waste his men by making attacks on the strong walls of the town, for he knew that would be useless ; but they often made expeditions into the country round, and came back laden with rich booty.

When the governor of Calais saw that the King of England meant to starve the town, he determined to try and hold out till King Philip could come and drive away the English. To make his provisions last longer he called together all the poorer people in the town who had no stores of their own, and sent them, 1700 in number, men, women, and children, out of the town. The English, when they saw these poor people come out, asked them why they had left the town. They answered, because they had nothing to eat. Then the King ordered that they should be allowed to pass through the army in safety, and should be given food and money.

The siege of Calais lasted a long time, and many brave deeds were done. The French several times succeeded in sending food into the town secretly by means of ships that entered the harbour. To prevent this Edward III. had a great wooden castle built to guard the port, and placed many archers in it and war engines, so that nothing could go in and out of Calais by sea. Then the men of Calais were sorely distressed, and there was terrible want of food in the town.

At last Philip gathered an army and marched towards Calais ; but Edward III. posted his men so well that Philip could see no way by which he could attack the town. The

English camp was so strongly defended that he did not dare to attack it. Then he sent a message and asked Edward III. to come out and fight a general battle with him. But Edward III. answered, "I have been on this spot nearly a twelvemonth; this he knew well, and had he chosen it, he might have come sooner; but he has allowed me to stay here so long that I have spent very large sums of money, and have done so much that I must be master of Calais in a very short time; so I am not the least inclined to agree with his request. If, therefore, neither he nor his army can pass this way he must seek out some other road."

When Philip heard Edward's answer he was very disappointed. He still waited for a day or two to see whether he could find any way of drawing the English into a battle; but when he saw that it was impossible, he went away without doing anything. He was afraid to run too great risks, lest he should again be defeated as he had been at Cressy.

When the men of Calais saw the army which they hoped had come to save them, going away, they were filled with despair. It was clear that there was no hope left for them now; they were very near starvation, for they had eaten even all the cats and dogs in the town. So the governor of the town, Sir John de Vienne, mounted on the walls and made signs that he wished to speak with the English. Then Edward sent Sir Walter Manny and another of his knights to speak with him, and Sir John told how all hopes had now left them, so that if Edward III. would not have pity on them, they must perish with hunger. Sir Walter Manny had a pitiful heart, and he

tried hard to persuade Edward to deal kindly with Calais. But the King hated the men of Calais, partly because they were such a nest of pirates, and partly because they had made him spend so much time before their city. All that he would say was, that if six of the chief citizens of Calais were given up to him, and sent out of the town with bare heads and feet, with chains round their necks, and the keys of the town in their hands, he would pardon the rest of the citizens. The governor was waiting on the wall to hear what answer Sir Walter Manny would bring back, and he felt very sad when he heard these hard terms. He begged Sir Walter to wait whilst he consulted with the citizens. He went into the market-place and caused the bell to be rung, which soon brought them together. He then told them the King of England's answer, and as he spoke he wept bitterly, and they all wept with him.

After a short time the richest citizen of the town, Eustace de St. Pierre, rose up and said, "It would be a great pity to let so many people die of famine, if by any means it can be prevented. I have such trust in the grace of God, if I die to save my brethren, that I name myself as the first of the six." When the people heard him, they almost worshipped him and fell at his feet with tears and groans. It was not long before five others of the richest citizens were found willing to share his fate. The whole town wept and bewailed them, and went with them to the gate, where the governor gave them over to Sir Walter Manny. He led them at once to the King, and they fell upon their knees before him, and with uplifted hands

asked him to have pity upon them. But Edward only looked at them angrily, and ordered their heads to be cut off. All the knights who stood round begged him to show them mercy, but Edward paid no heed to their wishes. At last Queen Philippa fell on her knees before him, and said with tears, "Ah, gentle sir, since I have crossed the sea with great danger to see you, I have never asked you one favour; now I most humbly ask as a gift for the sake of the Son of the blessed Mary, and for your love to me, that you will be merciful to these six men." The King looked at her for some time in silence, and then said, "Ah, lady, I wish you had been anywhere else than here; you have asked in such a way that I cannot refuse you; I therefore give them to you to do as you please with them." Then every one was glad, and the Queen led the six citizens to her apartments, and bade the halters be taken from their necks, and gave them new clothes and a plentiful dinner. After she had given each of them some money, she had them led out of the camp in safety.

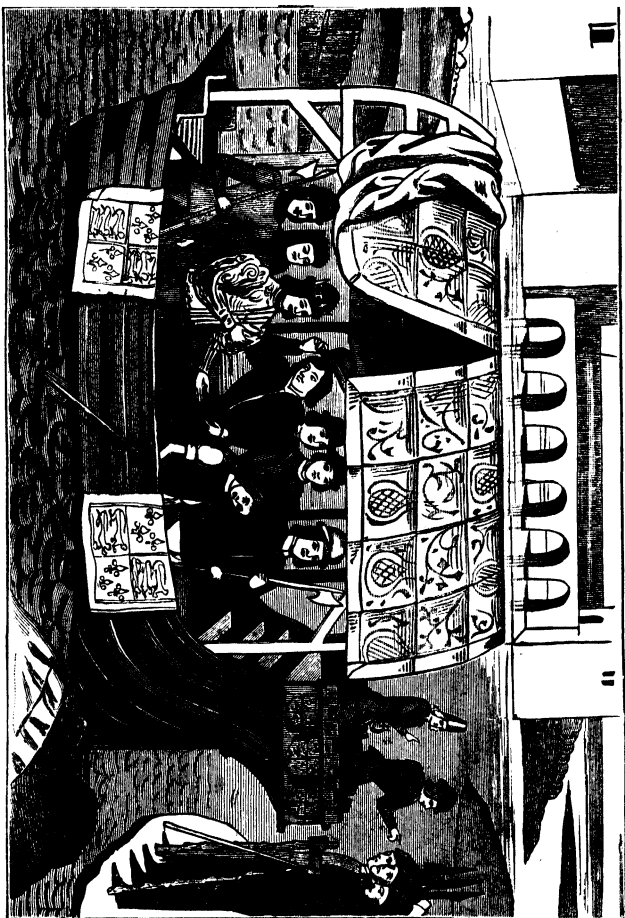
The siege of Calais had lasted a year. Edward III. now ordered all the inhabitants to be sent out of the town after they had given up their arms. The castle was got ready for him and the Queen to lodge in, and they entered the town to the sound of trumpets and drums. Edward afterwards sent English merchants to live in Calais, and it soon became a busy town again, and was of great use to English trade. It remained in the hands of the English for two hundred years, till the reign of Mary.

XXV.

RICHARD II. AND THE REBEL PEASANTS.

A.D. 1381.

A FEW years after Richard II., the grandson of Edward III., began to reign, when he was still only a lad of sixteen, the land was troubled by a revolt of the peasants. The country had been left very poor after the wars of Edward III. There were many reasons which made the peasants discontented. They had to pay heavy taxes, and the great lords tried to keep up old customs, according to which the peasants were hardly treated and obliged to stay on the land where they had been born. At best they led a dreary life. They had little change of food ; for more than half the year they lived on salt meat ; they had neither potatoes nor carrots. Sugar cost so much that they could not afford to buy it. Candles too were so dear that they had to do without them and spend the long winter nights in darkness, except for the dim light of the fire that burned on the hearth, which had no chimney, so that the smoke had to escape as best it could ; and whilst they lived miserably the king and his nobles spent great sums of money in feasting and fine clothes and all kinds of idle amusements. The peasants were led to think of their unhappy state by wandering priests, themselves men of the people, who travelled about the country and preached. One of these



RICHARD II. SPEAKING TO THE REBELS.

preachers, John Ball, taught that God had made all men equal, and pointed out how the rich trampled on the poor. "They are clothed in velvet and rich stuffs ornamented with ermine and other furs," he said, "while we are forced to wear poor cloth. They have wines, spices, and fine bread, when we have only rye and the refuse of straw, and if we drink, it must be water. They have handsome seats and manors when we must brave the wind and rain in our labours in the field; but it is from our labour they have wherewith to support their pomp." Thinking about their wrongs made the people more and more discontented, and at last they made up their minds to rise against the nobles and try and get the heavy taxes and the old customs done away with. Their leader was a man of the people himself, Wat the Tyler, who lived in Essex. The Archbishop of Canterbury had put John Ball in prison because of his preaching, so Wat Tyler and his followers entered Canterbury, where the people welcomed them gladly, and plundered the Archbishop's palace, and took John Ball out of prison. Then they marched towards London, their numbers growing as they went. On their way they plundered and burned the houses of the gentry, passing over the country like a tempest. When they reached Blackheath, near London, they were a hundred thousand in number, and there, as they gathered on the heath, John Ball preached to them, taking for his text the rhyme—

' When Adam delved and Eve span
Who was then the gentleman?"

At Blackheath they fell in with the Princess of Wales,

Richard II.'s mother, who was coming back from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. The rebels mounted her car, but she, who all her life long had shown herself worthy of the people's love, calmed the mob by her words and, some say, by a few kisses, so that they let her go on her way in peace.

The King's ministers in London were much alarmed, for in many parts of the country besides Kent the peasants had risen, and were burning and plundering and doing much harm. The young King, however, was not frightened. The rebels sent a knight, whom they had taken prisoner, to ask the King to meet them and listen to the tale of their wrongs. The King promised that he would go down the river in his barge if they would come to the water-side to speak with him.

So one morning, after he had heard Mass, the King entered his barge with some of his nobles, and was rowed down the river. Ten thousand of the rebels with flying banners waited at the spot fixed upon for a meeting. When they saw the barge coming they began to shout and yell, and by the wildness of their manner so frightened those who were with the King that they would not let him land. The barge was slowly rowed up and down the river, in order that the King might be in safety in the middle of the water. He tried to speak to the rebels from his barge. "What do you wish for?" he asked; "I am come hither to hear what you have to say." They answered with one voice: "We wish thee to land, when we will tell thee more at our ease what our wants are." Then one of the nobles who was with the King shouted out to them,

“Gentlemen, you are not properly dressed, nor in a fit condition for the King to talk to you.”

After this the King went back to the Tower of London, and the rebels were full of passion at not having been able to talk to him. They returned to the rest of their party, who were still at Blackheath, and told them what had happened. Then they all cried out, “Let us march at once to London.” They set off directly, and plundered and destroyed many houses on their way. At first the gates of the city were shut upon them ; but the common people of London were very willing to befriend them, and soon insisted that the gates should be opened. Every one was eager to give the rebels meat and drink, and for once, at least, the poor peasants feasted as well as the nobles were wont to do. To every man whom they met the rebels put the question, “With whom holdest thou?” and if he did not answer, “With King Richard and the Commons,” he was at once put to death.

Whilst the rebels rioted in the streets and taverns of London, and burned the houses of the nobles they hated, there was terror in the hearts of the Princess of Wales and the ministers, who were with the King in the Tower, where they could hear the shouts and cries of the rebels. They had not enough soldiers to put them down by force ; so they made up their minds to see whether they could not win them over by fair words.

In the morning a great crowd gathered on Tower Hill, calling out with loud cries that their wishes must be attended to. A herald was sent to tell them that if they would go to

Mile-end without the city, the King would come there and speak with them. The gates were thrown open, and Richard with only a few unarmed attendants rode out. The crowd willingly followed him to Mile-end; and there, in a beautiful meadow, he paused, and sixty thousand of the rebels gathered round him. Then he spoke very pleasantly to them, saying, "My good people, I am your king and your lord; what is it you want, and what do you wish to say to me?" They answered: "We wish that thou wouldst free us for ever, us, our heirs, and our lands."

"I grant your wish," said the King; and he bade them go back to their homes, leaving a few chosen men to whom he would give a written promise that the changes which they wished for should be carried out.

This pleased and quieted those who heard him. But meanwhile more trouble was going on in London. Wat Tyler had stayed behind, and with some of his followers entered the Tower by force. They ran from room to room till they found the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom they hated as one of the chief members of the Government. They beheaded him and three other men they found in the Tower. Their heads were put on pikes, and carried out to be placed on London Bridge. The rebels also forced their way into the private rooms of the Princess of Wales, and passed their swords through her bed to see if there was nothing hidden there. She was so frightened that she fainted, and in this condition her servants and ladies carried her to a covered boat and took her away to a house called the Wardrobe.

That evening Richard II. rode back from Mile-end, hoping that the troubles were over ; but when he entered the city he heard with sadness of the lawless deeds of the rebels, and rode at once to the Wardrobe to comfort his mother. The next morning he rode out with some of his followers, and at Smithfield he came upon a large body of the rebels gathered together under the leadership of Wat Tyler.

Wat, seeing the King, said to his men, "Here is the King ; I will go and speak with him. Do not stir from hence till I give you a sign, then step forward and kill every one except the King ; but hurt him not, for he is young, and we can do what we please with him." So saying, Wat spurred his horse on until he came quite near to the King, and then he began to speak proudly and impudently to him. Some of those who stood by the King answered him angrily, and Wat Tyler, who only wished to pick a quarrel, grew still more violent, till at last the Lord Mayor could bear it no longer, and drew his sword and gave Wat such a blow that he felled him to his horse's feet. Another blow finished him. When his men saw their leader dead, they cried out with rage, "They have killed our captain ; let us march to them and slay the whole." For a moment the King was in great danger, but his own boldness saved his life and that of his followers. Commanding no one to follow him, he rode forward alone to the rebels. "What need ye, my masters?" he asked. "I am your captain and king ; follow me and keep the peace." The simple peasants were willing to trust their young King, and followed him till they met with a number of men who had been got together

to protect Richard. Then, with promises of pardon, and with the King's word that their wrongs should be redressed, the peasants were persuaded to go back in peace to their own homes.

The Princess of Wales waited in anxiety for the return of her son. When she saw him come in at last, she exclaimed, "Ah, fair son, what pain and anguish have I not suffered for you this day?" Then the King bade her rejoice and thank God, saying, "I have this day regained my inheritance, the Kingdom of England, which I had lost."

In other parts of England the revolt still went on; but the nobles by degrees lost their fear and gathered their followers together to put down the rebels. Richard II. himself marched against them at the head of an army. He taught these simple folk how little they could trust in a king's word. Seven thousand men are said to have perished, slain either fighting or on the gallows. Still, though the cause of the peasants seemed lost, they had gained something. They had shown how strong they were; and the nobles did not dare again to treat them so harshly as they had done before the revolt.

XXVI.

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

A. D. 1413-1417.

In the days of Edward III. a learned priest at Oxford, called John Wiclif, began to teach that there were many things

which needed reform in the Church. He found fault both with the teaching and with the lives of the clergy. It was only too true that many of them cared more about riches and amusements than about the service of God ; but they were very angry that Wiclif should find fault with them, and they tried to punish him. He had many friends, however, so his enemies could not do him much harm, and he was allowed to end his days quietly in the little village of Luttenworth, of which he was the clergyman. He did one great work for the people, for he turned the Bible into English. Till his day none but learned men who knew Latin could read the Bible, and the people could only know what the priests told them about it. Wiclif wished every man to have his own Bible and read it for himself.

John Wiclif had a great many followers, chiefly amongst the common people. He taught some of his followers to go about and preach to the people with simple words that they could understand. They were given the nickname of Lollards, which comes from an old word which we still use in "lullaby," and meant chatterers, because they preached so much. Some of the Lollards were not wise like Wiclif, but taught things which were harmful to the ignorant. But the poor loved them and liked to listen to their preaching, and even many of the gentry befriended them.

One of the chief amongst the Lollards was a gentleman called Sir John Oldcastle ; he was a brave knight, wise in the ways of the world, a courtier and friend of Prince Henry, the eldest son of King Henry IV. He listened to the teaching of

Wiclif, and learned from it a hatred for his sins, and a desire to lead a true Christian life. He grew rich by his marriage with an heiress, Lady Jane Cobham, after which he was called Lord Cobham; and he was kind and generous to all men, and protected the Lollards, so that the poor called him the good Lord Cobham. He had large lands both in Herefordshire and in Kent, and he used to send the travelling Lollard preachers about over his lands to teach the people. He gave the preachers shelter in his castle of Cowling, in Kent, and he himself loved to be present at their services, and hear them preach.

The Archbishop of Canterbury at that time, Thomas Arundel by name, was a proud fierce man, who was determined to crush the Lollards. Above all he hated Oldcastle, who sent Lollard preachers about in Kent, where the Archbishop himself lived. Arundel felt that to destroy Oldcastle was the best way in which to harm the Lollards. So, followed by a great train of bishops and clergy, the Archbishop went to the King in his palace at Kensington, and told him his complaints against Sir John Oldcastle. The King was Henry V., who, as Prince Henry, had been Oldcastle's friend; and when he had heard what the Archbishop had to say, he said that he too thought the teaching of the Lollards was wrong, but that out of his old friendship for Sir John Oldcastle he would like himself to speak with him and see whether he could not persuade him of the error of his ways. Henry V. afterwards sent for Oldcastle and tried his utmost to persuade him to change his opinions, but Oldcastle was firm as a rock.

He was not afraid to tell the King quite boldly what he thought, and said that he could never change. The King was at first disappointed, and then angry, and at last Oldcastle went away from the Court to his castle at Cowling.

Henry V. was a very earnest man himself. He was a sincere Catholic, and he really believed that the teaching of the Lollards was wicked, and that they endangered the peace of the country. So when Oldcastle would not give way, the King was willing to help Archbishop Arundel to destroy the Lollards. He sent and told the Archbishop that he had quite failed to persuade Oldcastle to change his conduct, and that the law must now do what it could against him.

Arundel at once sent a messenger to Cowling Castle to bid Oldcastle come before his Court. But Oldcastle paid no heed; he would not even allow the messenger to come inside his castle, for he said he was not bound to obey the Archbishop. Soon after Oldcastle was seized and put in prison in the Tower. Then he was taken by the Governor of the Tower to the Chapter House of St. Paul's to hear the accusations which the Archbishop had to bring against him. He was called upon to beg for forgiveness; but he did not think that he had done anything which needed forgiveness, and asked to be allowed to tell them what were the things which he believed. Then he made his confession of faith, and said nothing with which they could find fault. But they went on to ask him questions about other doctrines of the Church which men believed that he denied. These questions Oldcastle would not answer. In vain the Archbishop tried by kind words to per-

suade him to answer, but Oldcastle said that he had no right to question him. So he was led back to prison and given two days to decide whether he would answer the Archbishop.

After the two days were past he was led a second time before the Archbishop and asked to beg for the forgiveness of the Church. But he answered, "Nay, verily I will not do that, for I have never sinned against you, therefore I will not do it." With these words he knelt down on the floor, and, lifting his hands to heaven, said "I confess to Thee, Thou living and eternal God, that I have heavily offended Thee in my frail youth." He went on to confess his sins to God, and when he rose from his knees, his eyes were streaming with tears; he turned to those who stood round and said with a loud voice, "See, good people, see, they have never yet cursed me for disobeying God's laws, but on account of their own laws they treat me and other people with great cruelty." After this the Archbishop began to ask him questions, and Oldcastle answered them all with great frankness. He was not afraid to speak out boldly against his accusers, and he stood firmly by his own opinions. Once he stretched out his arms and said aloud to the listeners who were standing by, "Those who judge me, and wish to condemn me, will lead themselves and you astray; beware of them." After this he fell on his knees again, and prayed for forgiveness for his enemies and persecutors.

When they could not make him change his opinions, he was at last condemned as a heretic, and handed over to the King's Courts to be sentenced to death by burning. Even then they seemed to have hoped he might give way. The King

was loth to see his old friend burnt to death; and Oldcastle was given forty days to try whether he would not repent.

The forty days were nearly over, when, somehow—no one knows how—Oldcastle managed to escape from the Tower. He was taken to a house in London and kept carefully hidden. No one seems at first to have taken much trouble to capture him again. Perhaps the King was glad that he should have escaped from such a terrible death, and hoped that now he would keep quiet and give no more trouble. But soon people began to be alarmed by stories that the Lollards were making a secret plot to meet in great numbers in St. Giles' fields near London, and then, with Oldcastle at their head, march into the city and attack the King, the nobles, and the clergy. We do not know how much truth there was in this story, or whether Oldcastle himself had anything to do with it. He does not seem to have been the kind of man who would choose to lead such a desperate plot. But Henry V. was determined to prevent the Lollards from doing any harm. He gathered together a great number of soldiers, and on the day appointed marched out towards St. Giles' fields, having ordered the gates of London to be closed behind him, so that none might go out or in. Many of the Lollards who had come from the country round to the meeting heard that the King was coming, and fled. When Henry reached St. Giles' fields he found only a very small number of men, but he captured thirty-nine prisoners. These were very soon brought to trial and condemned to death, and either hung or burnt in St. Giles' fields. The clergy were glad that

now they had a good excuse for treating the Lollards with severity.

After this Oldcastle thought it best to flee from London, as he knew that no mercy would be shown to him. For four years he wandered about, chiefly on the Welsh border, hiding from his pursuers. A large sum was offered to any one who should take him prisoner. At last he was found and captured, after a hard struggle, by Sir Edward Charlton, and in the struggle a woman broke his leg with a wooden footstool. He was at once taken up to London on a litter and brought to trial before the House of Lords. When he was asked whether he had anything to say to the accusations made against him, he only answered in the words of St. Paul, "With me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you or of man's judgment." They condemned him to be hung as a traitor, and burnt as a heretic.

He was tied to a cart, like the most abominable traitor, and dragged to St. Giles' fields. When he arrived there and was unbound and taken down from the cart, he fell on his knees and prayed God to forgive his enemies. Then, turning to the crowd who had come to see him die, he bade them follow the commands of God as they found them in the Bible, and beware of those whose life and conduct was contrary to Christ. They hung him between two gallows with chains, and a fire was lit under him. By this terrible means he was slowly burnt to death. As long as life lasted he ceased not to praise God and commend his soul into His hands. He died with the faith and courage of a true martyr.

XXVII.

THE KINGMAKER.

A.D. 1460-1471.

AMONGST the nobles who took the side of the Duke of York in the Wars of the Roses there was no one so rich and so powerful as Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. Like most men who fought in those terrible wars, he aimed at making himself greater and more important, and thought very little about the good of his country. He had an opportunity of showing his importance after the death of the Duke of York. The Duke of York, who claimed to have a better right to the crown than King Henry VI., won many bloody battles, but could not win the crown he longed for. The wife of Henry VI., Margaret of Anjou, a far better soldier than the poor gentle King, always managed to stir up the Lancastrians, the King's party, to new energy, even when all seemed lost.

At the terrible battle of Wakefield, near York, the Lancastrians gained a bloody victory over the Yorkists. The Duke of York himself was killed fighting. Some say that Queen Margaret herself was at the battle, rejoicing in the bloodshed. The victors were fierce and merciless. One of the Lancastrian nobles is said to have brought the head of the Duke of York to Margaret, saying, "Madam, your war is done. Here is your King's ransom." Margaret had the head crowned with a paper crown, and stuck upon the walls of York.

But whilst Margaret triumphed at York, her ruin was drawing very near. York's eldest son, Edward of March, was a handsome pleasant man, and a great favourite with all who knew him; but he was only nineteen years of age, and seemed to care for little else but pleasure and amusement. Warwick thought that if he could make Edward king he would be able to rule the kingdom himself, and have everything his own way.

Young Edward was on the borders of Wales when he heard of his father's defeat and death. He began at once to march towards London. Many friends of the Yorkists joined him on the way, and as he drew near London he was met by Warwick. The citizens of London, who had always favoured his father, were delighted to welcome Edward of March. A number of lords met together and decided that Henry VI. was unfit to rule, and that Edward should be king. After this there was a great meeting of the people in St. John's field, and they were asked if they would have Edward for their king. They answered with shouts of "Yea, yea, King Edward!" and filled the air with cries of joy.

But there was still a great army of Lancastrians in the field, and Warwick felt that no time must be lost in crushing them. Gathering their followers together, Edward IV. and Warwick marched out of London. Their army grew as they marched, for bands of men came from all sides to join them; and the towns through which Edward passed sent their men to fight for him.

It was at Towton near York that the armies of the Yorkists

and Lancastrians met on the eve of Palm Sunday. Never before in England had such a large number of men met face to face. They spoke the same language, they belonged to the same country, but fierce hatred burned within them. Edward, young and amiable though he was, had no mercy in his heart; he seems to have loved bloodshed; and now, knowing that the Lancastrian army was larger than his, he bade his men take no prisoners alive, but kill every one.

The battle began in the evening, and the fighting went on through the night; but it was at nine o'clock on Sunday morning that it began in real earnest. A heavy fall of snow made everything indistinct. The wind drove the snow in the faces of the Lancastrians, so that their archers could not see where to aim their arrows, and most of them fell on the ground without hitting an enemy.

Till three in the afternoon the battle raged on; each side fought bravely and with desperate obstinacy. It seemed as if neither would give way; but at last the Lancastrians began to flee. Many were drowned in trying to cross a little river which came in their way. Others were cut down by their enemies, who pursued them and showed mercy to none. On the battlefield the white snow was red with the blood of the slain, and as it melted it ran down the furrows in crimson streams. Twenty-eight thousand men were counted dead upon the field.

Henry VI. fled to the north with his Queen. Three strong fortresses still held out for him there, and Margaret's courage did not fail. But Warwick marched into Northumberland; one after another he took the fortresses. Margaret fled to

France, where she hoped to persuade her friends to help her again. For a long time Henry VI. himself succeeded in escaping from his enemies. In Lancashire the people were very fond of him, and they hid him and treated him very kindly; but a monk at last betrayed his hiding-place, and he was taken a prisoner to London. Warwick came out to meet him. The Earl had made a new king, and he wished the people to understand that they must reverence the old one no more. So he gave public orders that no one was to show Henry VI. any respect. His feet were tied to the stirrups, and he was led to the Tower as a prisoner. But even the fierce Earl did not wish to make the gentle old King miserable in prison. He was treated quite kindly, and allowed to see some of his friends.

After the battle of Towton the Earl of Warwick became the chief man in the kingdom. He had set Edward IV. upon the throne, and the Kingmaker hoped to be the true ruler of the land. He was rewarded by gifts of vast lands which had belonged to Lancastrian nobles, and he was raised to several important offices. His wealth was enormous; thousands of dependants feasted daily in his courtyards, and six whole oxen were needed for a single breakfast by his household. When he came to Parliament he was followed by six hundred men in liveries, and could raise armies out of his own lands. It seemed as if it would be an easy matter for this great Earl to manage the young King with his handsome face and pleasant manners, who was so fond of amusement and the society of ladies. But whilst Edward jested and amused himself, his

mind was busy with other thoughts. He was only waiting till the time should come when he could free himself from the power of the barons. After a while he began to show that he did not mean to obey Warwick in everything. The Earl wished the King to marry a foreign princess, but whilst he was busy trying to arrange this, Edward suddenly made known that he had been married for some time. He had fallen in love with a beautiful English widow, Elizabeth Woodville, and had married her secretly. Warwick was very angry, but he had to hide his anger for the present; and it was he who, taking the new Queen by the hand, presented her to the lords met together in council. After his marriage Edward showed great favour to his wife's relations, and her family became powerful at Court. Warwick could not bear this, and busied himself with plots to ruin them. He gained over Edward IV.'s brother, the Duke of Clarence, and gave him his daughter as wife. They succeeded in making many men in England rise against the King, and met with much success. For a time Edward was a prisoner in Warwick's hands, and the Queen's father and one of her brothers were taken and beheaded. Warwick wanted to make Clarence king, but he saw that Edward's other enemies would rather have old Henry VI. of Lancaster back again. Warwick had fought so long for the Yorkists, he could not bring himself to help the Lancastrians, so he made up his quarrel with Edward IV., and for a time the two seemed to be at peace again. Warwick came to court once more; but his heart was full of anger and hatred. Edward IV. could no longer trust

him or count on him as a friend ; and each man looked with suspicion on his neighbour. There was a new rising in England, and this time Edward was very cruel in his punishment of the rebels. Warwick was afraid lest his turn might come, and fled to France, taking Clarence with him.

At the court of the French king Warwick met with the woman who had long been his bitterest enemy, Margaret, the Queen of Henry VI. The French king, Louis XI., who knew how to get others to do his will, persuaded these two bitter enemies to become friends. They had fought so many battles against one another, and Warwick had done Margaret such cruel wrong, that it was not easy for her to consent. But at last she gave way for the sake of her son. Warwick promised to place him on the throne, and gave him his second daughter in marriage.

Edward IV. did not realise how great his danger was. Warwick landed in England with an army, and as he drew near to Edward's army, great part of the men in it greeted him with shouts of "Long live King Henry." In terror the rest of Edward's army scattered and fled, and he himself with only a few followers succeeded in escaping to Holland.

Then Warwick went in triumph to London. The poor old King, Henry VI., was taken out of the Tower, and with the crown on his head he marched in procession to the Cathedral of St. Paul's. To him this sudden interruption of his peaceful prison life can have brought no great joy, and his triumph did not last long. Before six months were over, Edward IV. had got an army together, and sailed to England. He marched to London without opposition ; and the Londoners, who had

always been fond of him, received him gladly. In London he found only Henry VI., and, taking him with him, he marched out to meet Warwick. Late on Easter eve the two armies met near the town of Barnet. During the darkness of the night Edward prepared for the battle. When morning dawned everything was wrapped in thick mist. Edward could not see his enemies, but he ordered the attack to begin. The battle was a terrible confusion, men fought madly against foes whom they could not see, and constantly friends were taken for foes and attacked with discharges of arrows. After three hours fighting, news was brought to Edward that Warwick had been slain fighting desperately in one part of the field, without knowing that his friends were victorious in another part. This news meant victory for Edward. On the afternoon of that Easter day he marched back to London in triumph, and was greeted with the shouts of the people and the merry peals of the bells. The body of the dead Earl was brought to London, and for three days it was left to lie naked in St. Paul's, that all men might know that the great Kingmaker was really dead. On the Friday afterwards Edward IV. marched out of London to fight another battle against Queen Margaret, who had reached England only to hear of the defeat and death of Warwick. Her troops were utterly defeated, her son was killed, and she was taken prisoner. Edward IV. was now king indeed. Once more he went back to London in triumph, and the day after he reached the city another dead body was shown to the people in St. Paul's. It was the body of the old king, Henry VI. It was said that grief had killed him; but few believed that he

had died a natural death. In those days of bloodshed and cruelty even the harmless old King had not been allowed to escape, and at last Edward IV. felt himself safe on the throne which had cost him so many struggles.

XXVIII

RICHARD III.

A.D. 1483-1485.

WHEN Edward IV. died, his eldest son Edward was only twelve years old. The little boy was at Ludlow on the borders of Wales with his mother's relations. Orders were at once sent that he was to come up to London for his coronation with an escort of 2000 men. His mother was in London, and she hoped that she and her family would be able to keep the young King in their hands, and rule the kingdom in his name till he was old enough to rule himself. But when they were more than half-way to London they heard that Edward IV.'s brother, Richard Duke of Gloucester, was on his way up from York to London, and was lodging for the night at Northampton, only ten miles behind them. The Duke of Gloucester was too great a man to be neglected, so the King's uncle, Lord Rivers, and his half-brother, Lord Richard Grey, rode back to greet him in the King's name. They met as if they were warm friends, and made merry over supper together. But

Richard was determined not to leave his nephew in the hands of his mother's relations. The next morning he and the Duke of Buckingham, who was his friend, and who was one of the chief nobles in England, went to see the young King, and in his presence they accused the Earl of Rivers and the King's two half brothers of intending to seize the government for themselves. The poor young King was frightened when he heard these angry words, and said simply that he could answer for it that they were innocent of such matters. But the Duke of Buckingham told him that they had hidden their plans from him, and Edward, who would not believe their guilt, but could do nothing for them, burst into tears at his own helplessness. Gloucester sent away all those who had been with the King till now, and the Earl of Rivers with several others were taken as prisoners to the north.

Edward now went on his way towards London under the charge of Gloucester. In London Gloucester's friends had persuaded people that he had acted rightly in putting a stop to Rivers' plans. The Queen was afraid lest Gloucester should treat her as he had treated her brother, and she fled for safety into the abbey at Westminster, for that was a sanctuary where in those days any one might find safety from their enemies. She took much of her property with her, and to get it there more easily her servants broke down in the night the walls that divided the palace from the sanctuary, and carried the chests and coffers and furniture through.

A little while afterwards Edward entered London with his uncle and the Duke of Buckingham ; he was met by the Lord

Mayor and sheriffs with five hundred citizens all dressed in violet, who escorted him into the city ; but he could receive no welcome from his mother and brother and sisters, who were hiding in the sanctuary at Westminster, and could not come out to welcome him. The Duke of Gloucester was now called Protector of the Kingdom, and all power was in his hands ; but in his heart he was not contented with the title of Protector. The Queen was not likely to stay quietly in sanctuary without trying to get her friends back into power. The young King himself, who had always lived with his mother's relations, was bitterly grieved at the way in which they had been torn from him, and very willing to listen to those who talked to him about how he might be freed from his uncle Gloucester. Gloucester was not sorry for any excuse to pretend that plots were made against him by the Queen's friends. He began to talk loudly about the wicked plans of his enemies, and saying at last that he was in fear of his life, he wrote to York, where he had many friends, for help. Two days afterwards, at nine o'clock in the morning, he entered the council chamber. He seemed to be in a good humour, and said pleasantly to Bishop Morton, who was there, " My lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn ; I pray you, let us have a mess of them." He then went on to business, but soon asked to be allowed to leave the room for a few minutes. Between ten and eleven o'clock he came back with very changed looks. As he took his seat he gazed round with an angry frown, and bit his lips. Every one wondered what had happened, till suddenly he asked what those deserved

who had plotted against the life of one so nearly related to the King as himself. Every one was silent for a moment with surprise and fear, till Lord Hastings, who had long seemed to be one of Gloucester's most trusted friends, said that they deserved to be punished as traitors. "That sorceress, my brother's wife, and others with her," cried Richard, "see how they have wasted my body by their sorcery and witchcraft." As he spoke he bared his left arm, and showed it to the council shrunk and withered. But it is generally believed that his arm had always been so, and he can hardly have hoped that even the most ignorant would believe that this was the Queen's work. He went on to accuse a lady whom Hastings loved of having shared in the Queen's wicked deeds, and Hastings answered with as good a grace as possible, "Certainly, my lord, if they have acted so terribly they are worthy of a terrible punishment." "What!" exclaimed Gloucester, "dost thou answer me with ifs and with ands? I tell thee they have done it, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor."

With these words, he struck his fist on the table with great violence. At once a cry of treason was heard outside the room; armed men rushed in, and all was confusion. Hastings and some others were taken prisoners, and Gloucester turned to Hastings, bidding him prepare for instant death, for he swore that he would not dine till he had seen his head off. A log of timber was got ready to serve as a block, and Hastings confessed his sins to the first priest that could be found. Before noon, in front of the chapel on Tower Green, Hastings' head was cut off.

In this way Gloucester got rid of a man who had long been one of his friends, but who he feared would not stand by him in all that he meant to do. Others of the councillors upon whom he felt he could not count were kept in prison. But he had to explain to the people the reasons why he had caused Hastings to be put to death in this way without a trial. He sent for some of the chief citizens, and he and Buckingham, both dressed in rusty armour, appeared before them, and said that this strange attire was owing to a sudden discovery that Hastings had meant to murder them in the council chamber.

Some days after the death of Hastings the King's uncle, the Earl of Rivers, was also beheaded, and Gloucester seemed now to have no one to fear. His next act was to send to the sanctuary at Westminster and call upon the Queen to deliver up to him her second son, the little Duke of York, so that he might be a companion for his brother the King. The Queen did not dare to refuse, for she knew that if she had done so he would have been taken from her by force; so she thought it wisest to pretend to give him up willingly. She seemed to consent cheerfully, and the little Duke was met outside by his uncle Gloucester, who kissed him affectionately, and himself took him to the Tower where his brother was.

Gloucester now thought that the time was nearly come when he might dare to seize the crown for himself; but he wished to prepare the people's minds first. He gave orders to a certain Dr. Shaw, who was famous for his learning and wisdom, to preach to the people from St. Paul's Cross. Dr. Shaw in his sermon tried to prove to the people that Edward IV.

had never been legally married to Elizabeth Woodville, and that therefore the little King Edward V. was not his rightful heir. The following Tuesday the Duke of Buckingham spoke to the Lord Mayor and a gathering of the citizens on the same subject in the Guildhall. He was a clever speaker, but he could not persuade his hearers to believe his story. At last he distinctly asked the citizens whether they would have the Protector, Richard of Gloucester, for their king. Then some of the servants of the Duke and of the Protector, who were at the end of the hall, threw up their caps and cried, "King Richard ! King Richard !"

The next day the Parliament met, and a bill was brought in declaring the right of Richard to be king. It was agreed that a petition should be sent asking him to accept the crown. The Duke of Buckingham, with a number of lords and citizens, took the petition to Richard. He behaved as if he did not in the least expect them, and at first refused to come out to them. At last he appeared in a gallery above, and listened to their request, which was stated by the Duke of Buckingham. At first he pretended to be unwilling to agree, but when they pressed him, he said at last that as he saw the whole realm was determined upon it he would consent. His answer was received with shouts of "King Richard," and the lords went up at once to greet him as their king.

Next day Richard went in state to Westminster, and took his seat in the marble chair in the Great Hall. He took the royal oath, and then visited the shrine of St. Edward in the Abbey, and afterwards rode into the city to St. Paul's.

His one wish now was to gain the love and favour of the people. He hoped to please them by a splendid coronation. Never had any former king been crowned with such grandeur. The ceremonies in the Abbey lasted for some hours. The King and Queen were anointed with holy oil, and then clothed in cloth of gold, and crowned, whilst the organs softly played solemn music. They were surrounded by bishops and nobles in gorgeous dresses whilst the ceremonies went on, and then they solemnly proceeded to a great banquet in Westminster Hall.

Richard had now his desire, he was a crowned and anointed king. He had won the throne by many unjust deeds, but he seems to have wished to govern well and win the love of his people. He went on a royal progress through England, and wherever he went he tried to please the people by his gracious acts. But whilst the new-made King was showing his splendour to the world, the hearts of many were sad for the two little Princes in the Tower, kept there as prisoners through no fault of theirs. Whilst Richard was in the north some people in the south began to talk about trying to free the little Princes from their prison. But suddenly it began to be darkly whispered that the poor boys were dead. The story seemed too horrible to be true, but time passed on and they were never seen again ; and with growing certainty people gazed upon Richard as a murderer. How the dreadful deed was done has never been known for certain ; but it seems most likely that after Richard had started on his progress he sent a messenger to Sir Robert Brackenbury, the Governor of the Tower, commanding him to put the princes to death.

Brackenbury refused to obey the cruel order, and Richard then found another man, James Tyrell, who was willing to obey his orders. He sent him to London, and bade Brackenbury give up to him the charge of the Tower with all the keys for one night. That night two ruffians, Dighton and Forrest, entered the room where the princes lay asleep, and smothered them with their pillows. Shakespeare has made them thus describe their hateful deed, melted themselves to tears of compassion for their victims :—

“ ‘O, thus,’ quoth Dighton, ‘lay the gentle babes ;’
‘Thus, thus,’ quoth Forrest, ‘girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kiss’d each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,’ quoth Forrest, ‘almost changed my mind ;
But O ! . . . we smothered
The most replenished sweet work of Nature
That from the prime creation e’er she framed.’ ”

The bodies were buried at the foot of the staircase, and long years afterwards, in the reign of Charles II., two skeletons were discovered there, and, being thought to be those of the young Princes, were buried in Westminster Abbey.

Richard was not so hardened in wickedness that the thought of this awful deed did not haunt him and fill him with remorse. Ever after he is said to have rested ill at night and been troubled with fearful dreams. The chances of his winning his people’s love were now lost for ever. The news of the disappearance of the Princes was received everywhere with

groans and indignation. Even Richard's firm friend the Duke of Buckingham headed a rising against him. Richard was able to put this down, and the Duke was punished with death. But a more dangerous enemy rose against Richard. Henry Tudor, Earl of Richmond, a prince of the House of Lancaster, who was descended from John of Gaunt, Edward III.'s son, landed in England only two years after Richard had become king. Men flocked to join him, and when Richard met him on Bosworth field, a great part of Richard's own army deserted to him. Richard was advised to fly from the battle, but he would not listen. He fought with his crown upon his head, saying, "I will die King of England; I will not budge a foot;" and so he fell covered with wounds. The crown was picked up, and Henry Tudor was crowned with it on the battlefield as Henry VII.

XXIX.

PERKIN WARBECK.

A.D. 1491-1499.

IN the year 1491, when Henry VII. had been king for six years, a Breton silk merchant came to Cork in Ireland to sell his goods. He had with him as servant a lad of seventeen, named Perkin or Peterkin, that is, little Peter, Osbeck or Warbeck, who was a native of Tournay in Flanders. Perkin walked about the streets of Cork, dressed in fine silk clothes, so as to show off his master's goods, and drew upon himself the

attention of the citizens. Some of them suggested to him that he was very like the Yorkist Princes, and at last it was said that he must be the Duke of York, son of Edward IV., who was supposed to have been murdered in the Tower with his brother Edward V. The Irish hated Henry VII., for his rule was strict and severe, and they were eager to raise up as many enemies as possible against him. So there were plenty of people quite willing to believe or pretend to believe that Perkin was the Duke of York, and therefore the rightful King of England. Perkin was silly enough to listen to them, and he stayed in Ireland some months so as to learn English, and he wrote letters to two of the chief Irish earls. No one in England seems to have paid any heed to Perkin and his story at first. But the next year the King of France, who was making war upon Henry VII., invited Perkin to come to Paris, and received him as a royal prince. Several men who belonged to the Yorkist party, and hated Henry VII., came over from England and joined Perkin. But the war with Henry VII. did not turn out well for the King of France; he had to ask for peace, and then he sent Perkin out of his kingdom.

As he was obliged to leave France, Perkin, who still hoped to make people believe that he was the Duke of York, went to the Netherlands. The Duchess of Burgundy was an English lady, the sister of Edward IV. She hated Henry VII., and was eager to do something to harm him. So she invited Perkin to her court, and pretended to believe that he was her nephew. He was very kindly treated there, and many English who were discontented with Henry VII. gathered round the Duchess

of Burgundy. Living at her court gave Perkin a chance to learn how to behave as a prince, and the Duchess helped him as much as she could to act his part properly. The Emperor of Germany also befriended Perkin, but only that he might do harm to Henry VII.

Perkin was anxious to get as many friends as possible, and wrote to Isabella, Queen of Spain, to ask for her help. He told her the story which had been invented about his life; he said that the man who had been bidden to murder him had been filled with pity, and had sent him abroad after he had made him promise to tell no one who he was for some years. He had led a miserable wandering life, but at last had been joyfully received by the Irish. He promised that if Isabella would help him to become King of England, he would be a firm friend to Spain for ever after. Isabella, however, was not willing to do anything for him.

Perkin stayed in the Netherlands for about two years and a half, and then at last, with the help of the Duchess of Burgundy and the Emperor, he got together a number of men, needy adventurers of all kinds, robbers, thieves, and vagabonds from all nations, with whose help he decided to invade England. He sailed across the Channel with his fleet to the coast of Kent, and there some of his troops landed. There were no soldiers to resist them, but the country people rose in arms and attacked them with such vigour that many were slain and others taken prisoners. The country people thought little of Perkin: "As for this fellow," they said, "he may go back to his father and mother who live in France and are well known there."

Perkin certainly did not behave as if he had any noble blood in him. He took good care not to land himself, and when he saw how badly his men fared he sailed away and left them to their fates.

After this miserable business Perkin went to Ireland, but he did not succeed any better there, and then he went to Scotland. James IV., King of the Scots, was quite ready to receive him with open arms, for he hoped by helping him to do a great deal of harm to Henry VII. Festivities were held at Stirling in honour of the meeting between James and Perkin. Later on there was a gathering of Scottish lords at Perth to see Perkin and perhaps to arrange for an expedition into England. James showed him so much favour that he even gave him a kinswoman of his own as wife. For nearly two years Perkin waited in Scotland, and then James gathered an army together to go into England and set Perkin on the throne. They hoped that as soon as they crossed the border all the old friends of the House of York would flock to help their supposed king. But no one came. The Scots were disappointed and angry, and to revenge themselves they ravaged the country, burning towns, robbing houses, and killing men, women, and children, and then were glad to go home. After this James IV. did not care to do anything more for Perkin, though he did not turn him out of Scotland for nearly a year, and always continued to speak of him as the Duke of York.

When Perkin left Scotland he went to Ireland, and from thence sailed to England, and landed in Cornwall, where he knew that the people were very discontented on account of

the taxes imposed by Henry VII. Many Cornishmen joined him and he marched to Taunton. But he was filled with terror when he saw the royal army coming against him. He made ready for battle, but in the night his heart failed him and he fled away, leaving his followers to face the King's wrath.

The next morning, when the Cornishmen found that their leader was gone, they submitted without fighting. Some of the chief of them were hanged and the rest fined. Perkin's wife gave herself up as a prisoner and was taken before Henry VII. When she came into his presence she blushed and burst into tears, but Henry spoke kindly to her and made her one of the Queen's ladies in waiting.

Perkin Warbeck himself had fled to a sanctuary in Hampshire, and he gave himself up as a prisoner on promise of a pardon. He was taken to Exeter, where Henry VII. then was, but the King would not see him. From here he wrote to his mother in Flanders, who had heard nothing of her son for many years, telling her of his strange adventures, and begging her to send him a little money, so that by making them presents he might persuade his guards to be kind to him. Perkin was quite tired of the part he had played, and was willing to confess everything now in hopes that he might be allowed to go in peace. He was taken up to London and made to ride about the streets on horseback. We are told that the people flocked to see him, as if he were a monkey. Henry did not treat him severely, but let him stay about the court, only setting some keepers to watch him. After a while he wearied of being watched and made to stay about the palace, and one

night he managed to escape. But he was soon caught again and brought back to London. He was then made to stand one whole day in the stocks at Westminster Hall, and another day in Cheapside. As he stood there he was obliged to read to the crowds who came to stare at him, a confession of what he had done and who he really was. In this way Henry VII. hoped to make it clear to every one's mind, that there was not a word of truth in the story that Perkin Warbeck was the Duke of York. After this punishment Warbeck was imprisoned in the Tower. There he found another young prisoner far more unfortunate than himself, for he was a true nobleman, imprisoned not on account of his pretended, but of his real rank. This was the Earl of Warwick, son of the Duke of Clarence, Edward IV.'s brother, who had been kept in prison ever since Henry VII. became king, lest he should be dangerous to him. Perkin and Warwick made friends in their captivity. Some think that Henry VII. wished them to do so, that he might gain a new reason for treating the unhappy Warwick with severity. The two prisoners made a plan to escape together, but were discovered and both condemned to death. No one was sorry for Perkin, who met the fate he deserved ; but all England mourned for Warwick, who had spent his sad life within the walls of a prison, and now died only because he tried to escape. Henry VII. at last breathed freely. Not only was the pretender dead, but the last prince of the House of York who could have been set up against him had perished also. The last ten years of his reign he passed undisturbed by plots, and England had the peace and rest which she so much needed after the terrible wars of the Roses.

XXX.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

A.D. 1480-1535.

WHEN, after the disgrace of Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII. had to choose a new Lord Chancellor, he gave this important place to Sir Thomas More, a man already famous not only in England but in all Europe for his learning and piety. Sir Thomas More's father had early seen that his son was a boy eager and able to learn. It was then the custom for great men to take boys into their houses to be educated there, and Thomas was sent by his father to Cardinal Morton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, to be brought up in his household.

Morton, who was an excellent and learned man, saw with delight the bright face and diligent ways of his new pupil. He delighted to draw out his wit, and at Christmas time, when plays were performed for the amusement of the household, he would bid More go up on the stage and join the actors. Then, without even having studied the play before, More would invent a new part for himself, so witty and full of jests that he would draw more laughter than all the other players besides. Morton would often tell the nobles who dined with him that there was a boy there, waiting upon them, who would turn out a marvellous and rare man. Wishing to help More on in his studies, Morton sent him to Oxford. There his whole mind



THE FAMILY OF SIR THOMAS MORE. AFTER HOLBEIN.

was set upon his books. His father aided his diligence by giving him only just enough money for his needful expenses, and asking for a strict account of all that he spent, so that he was forced to avoid extravagant and idle company.

At Oxford, More soon became well known both as an excellent scholar and as a witty and charming companion. All who knew him loved him, and yet he did not try to gain the love of others by sharing their follies. His life was pure and holy, and he was always fervently religious. Next his skin he wore, ever since he was eighteen, a coarse haircloth shirt, and he fasted every Friday. In these ways he hoped to keep himself from seeking after purely bodily delights. But though stern to himself, he was always gentle and kindly to others, and so full of jokes and pleasant words that in his company men were always merry.

One of the most remarkable men at Oxford, John Colet, took young More to his heart as soon as he knew him. It was impossible not to love him, and Colet could see too how full of promise the young man was. They became fast friends, though Colet was thirteen years older than More. Colet was trying to persuade men in Oxford to study Greek, and to take an interest in all the new learning which had arisen in Italy. More was only too glad to learn of him. One of the greatest scholars in Europe, a Fleming, Erasmus, who came to Oxford, was so charmed with More that, as he wrote himself, he fell in love with him. Colet and Erasmus, with the eager young scholar, spent many pleasant hours talking together. But after a while the happy Oxford life came to an end. More went to study law

in London, Erasmus went back to the Continent, and Colet was left alone for a while. Then he too came to London, for he was made Dean of St. Paul's.

It was a great joy to More to have his dear friend in London, and he used to go often to hear him preach, and to enjoy what he called his most sweet conversation ; even in looking into his face he found contentment. More lived very strictly whilst he was studying in London, sleeping on the hard boards instead of in a soft bed, with a log under his head for a pillow. For a time he even thought of becoming a monk, fancying that perhaps that was the only way to serve God with his whole heart. But after a while, when he knew better the idle and useless lives led by many of the monks, he thought he could serve God better by staying in the world. He became a busy lawyer, married, and settled happily in a house of his own. His wife was a gentle young girl, who had been brought up in the country ; it was his delight to teach her and lead her to love both books and music, that she might be a true companion to him. To his great grief she died after a few years, leaving him with four young children. Some years afterwards, wishing to have some one to take care of his children, he married a widow a good deal older than himself. She was not beautiful or charming, but she was a good kind woman, and cared well for the children. To please her husband she was willing to learn to play on various instruments, practising every day for a fixed time.

Sir Thomas More went to live in a comfortable house at Chelsea, where he ordered everything so wisely that his house-

hold lived together in great happiness. None were ever idle there, and none were ever dull. In order that his servants might not delight in foolish amusements, he gave to each some pleasant task for his spare time—making one learn to sing, setting another to care for the garden, a third to play on the lute. He had built a chapel, a library, and a gallery, at some distance from his house. Here he would gather his household together for prayers both morning and evening, and here he would go by himself when he wished to be alone with God and take away his thoughts from the world. He loved his children very dearly, and took care to have them well taught. When the family were at meals some one was bidden to read aloud, and then they used to talk over what had been read, and Sir Thomas would exhort them with wise counsel, or delight them with merry jests. He took care not only to look after his daughters' Latin studies, but he shared their pleasures and interested himself in their pets. He took his learned friend Erasmus to see the children's rabbit, and to watch the sly monkey, which so amused Erasmus that he told the story of his tricks in a book which became famous all over Europe. The monkey was afterwards painted by the great painter, Holbein, in a picture of the More family. Of all his children, the eldest, Margaret, who married Mr. Roper, was the dearest to Sir Thomas. She was not only her father's daughter, but his cherished friend, and was famed for her wit and learning.

In the midst of his busy lawyer's life Sir Thomas found time to write books which made his name famous in all Europe. He soon won the favour of the King, Henry VIII., who

would often pay him unexpected visits at Chelsea, and walk with him in his garden, leaning on his shoulder and holding his arm about his neck, whilst he asked his advice on public matters. The King would even stay to dine with Sir Thomas uninvited. Learned men were the guests whom More liked best to welcome at his house, and he joyfully entertained any foreign scholars who came to England. From the first, when he entered into public life, he showed that before all things he wished to do what was just and right, and had no fear of any one. He was made Speaker of the House of Commons, and one day, the King being in need of a very large sum of money, Cardinal Wolsey, who managed the government for Henry VIII., afraid that the Commons might not be willing to grant it, determined to come down to the House himself to ask for it, for he thought the members would not dare to refuse him. The House, amazed at the largeness of the sum for which he asked, listened in silence. At last More, falling humbly on one knee, said that this way of asking for money was not according to rule, and that he could not answer except as the House bade him. Wolsey was very angry and said afterwards to More, when he met him in the gallery of the King's palace at Whitehall, "I would to God you had been at Rome, Mr. More, when I made you Speaker;" to which More answered very pleasantly, "So would I too, my Lord, for then I should have seen the place I long have desired to visit."

More was compelled by the growing favour of the King to spend more and more time at court, and he began to find it difficult to be as much at home with his children as he wished.

He tried to make up for his absence by constant letters, bidding each of his children write to him every day, to tell him all they did. He wanted to hear both about their studies and about their play, about the books they read, and what they talked about together, and urged them even to prattle to him about nothing. His children were such good scholars that their letters were mostly written in Latin, and those of his favourite Meg delighted her father especially, and he was proud to show them to learned men.

When Cardinal Wolsey lost the King's favour and resigned his offices to go and die in disgrace, Henry VIII. made More Chancellor in his stead. It was the first time that this great office had been given to a simple gentleman, but no one murmured or envied More, for all were agreed that no one else could be as worthy of it. More loved the Roman Catholic religion, and he held that all who differed from it must be wrong, and should be punished. He was very severe towards the Protestants whilst he was Chancellor, and when he saw that Henry VIII. and his new and much-trusted servant Thomas Cromwell were growing more and more inclined to make changes in the government of the Church, he thought it best to give up the Chancellorship, after he had held it only two years.

He knew that his wife would be much grieved at the loss of their high position. The morning after he had given it up being a holiday, and few yet knowing what he had done, he went to Chelsea church with his wife and family. After the mass it was the custom for one of the servants to go to his wife's pew and tell her that "My lord," her husband, had gone

out. This time More himself went up to the pew, and making a bow with his cap in his hand, said, "May it please your ladyship to come forth now my lord is gone." She thought he was only jesting, as he was always fond of doing, but he told her sadly that it was only too true, for he was no longer "Lord Chancellor." With other jests he tried to turn her mind away from her grief, and lead her not to mind her loss of rank.

More had not, like so many others, gathered riches for himself whilst he was in office, and now he called his servants together, among whom were many gentlemen of good position, and told them that he could no longer keep them in his service as he gladly would, but that he would find them places in other households. With tears they answered that they would rather serve him for nothing than most men for great wages. But he would not agree to this, and took care to find them all good places. Next he called his children before him and told them that they would no longer be able to live with him as they had hitherto done, for his married daughters with their husbands had always lived in his house. So all went to their own houses except his favourite daughter Meg, who, with her husband Mr. Roper, stayed in the house next to him.

Sir Thomas More himself seems to have felt only delight at being freed from his burdensome duties, so that he might, as he wrote to his dear friend Erasmus, live some while only to God and himself. He spent his days quietly, busy with his books and his religious duties. But he was not long left in peace. Henry VIII. could suffer no one and especially not so famous a man as Sir Thomas More, to disagree with the

changes which he was making. Henry had broken with the Pope, so as to be able to put away his first wife and marry the lady he loved, Ann Boleyn, and More had already made him angry because he would not come to Ann Boleyn's crowning. After the birth of Ann's child, the Lady Elizabeth, Henry VIII. called upon all men to swear that the Pope no longer had any power in England, and that the Lady Elizabeth was the rightful heir to the throne. Sir Thomas More and many others were ordered to come to Lambeth, and take the oath before Cromwell and Cranmer the Archbishop.

He knew the danger he was going to run, and before he left his home he took the sacrament in Chelsea church. His wife and children wanted to come with him to the boat as usual, but he would not let them come beyond the gate, and there, sadly kissing them, he parted from them with a heavy heart. Only his son-in-law Roper went with him. For a while he sat silent in the boat, as if struggling with his thoughts; then suddenly turning to Roper he cried, "I thank our Lord, my son, the field is won."

When he reached Lambeth, he found the palace crowded with people who had come to take the oath. He was called in early, and when he had read the oath, he said that he could not take it without danger to his own soul. They told him to go and walk in the garden and think over the matter again. Sadly he lingered there, whilst crowds went up to take the oath. Latimer was there, very merry, for these changes were quite right in his eyes; only one, Fisher, the aged Bishop of Rochester, refused. At last More was called up again. Cranmer tried

hard to persuade him that he could take the oath, but he remained firm. All who heard were deeply grieved, and Cromwell exclaimed, "He had rather his only son had lost his head than that More should have refused the oath." But there was nothing to be done; the law must be obeyed. For four days More and Fisher were left under the charge of the Abbot of Westminster; then they were sent to the Tower. Cheerfully, with a bright word for every one he met on his way, More went to his prison. Those who had charge of him so admired his patience that they did all they could to make him comfortable. After about a month his daughter Margaret, who longed sore to see him, got permission to visit her father. When she first came into the room, before beginning to talk to her of any worldly matters, he said with her the psalms and prayers that they had always been wont to say together. After this he spoke cheerfully to her, saying that except for the separation from his wife and children he had nothing to murmur at in his prison, for by it God had made him one of His favourites, treating him as He had done His best friends, the holy apostles and martyrs. After this he seems to have been several times cheered by visits from his dear daughter. His time otherwise he chiefly spent in writing books on religious subjects. After a while the King would no longer allow him to have any ink to write with, and then he used to write with a bit of charcoal from his fire. His wife was once allowed to visit him, and she tried hard to show him his folly in choosing to stay in a filthy prison, shut up with mice and rats, when he might have enjoyed his own good house at Chelsea if he would only do as the King

wished. When he had heard her to the end, he said, "Tell me one thing, I pray thee, is not this house as near heaven as mine own?" To which she answered impatiently, "Tillie vallie, tillie vallie," and went on urging him with words that did not move him. Many others, and amongst them some of the chief men in the land, came to visit him, in the hope that they might be able to persuade him to change his mind and take the oath, but he remained firm. The King, who knew well how highly every one esteemed More, was particularly anxious that he should give in; but when he saw that nothing would persuade him, he decided that he should be punished for his obstinacy. After he had been thirteen months in prison he was brought before the court of King's Bench, and condemned to death for treason. The punishment for treason was hanging, with horrible mutilations, but the King, by what was called a special act of favour, allowed that he should die by beheading. When More heard this news, with his ready wit he exclaimed, "God forbid that the King should show any more such mercy to any of my friends, and bless all my posterity from such pardons!"

After his condemnation More was led back to the Tower again, with an axe having its edge turned towards him carried before him. As he left the court his only son cast himself at his feet, and with tears implored his father's blessing. With loving words and embraces Sir Thomas parted from him. When he reached the Tower wharf a still sadder parting was in store for him. Margaret Roper was standing there waiting for a last greeting from her father. As soon as she saw him she ran towards him, pressing her way through the guards

who surrounded him as though she heeded nothing, and without a thought for those who stood by she fell upon his neck and kissed him ; but her heart was so full she could say nothing but, "Oh my father, oh my father." Even then More was calm and cheerful ; he gave her his blessing, and bade her remember that even though he was innocent, he could not suffer without the will of God. "You know all the secrets of my heart," he said ; "submit your will to God's blessed pleasure, and be patient for your loss." Then she tore herself away from him, but she had not gone ten steps when she turned back and ran to him again and clung around his neck, kissing him passionately. He did not speak a word, but the tears gathered in his eyes, and few who stood round, not even the guards themselves, could help weeping. Some others of the women of his family also pressed round him at the same time, and even his daughter's maid embraced him, and of her he said afterwards, "It was homely, but very lovingly done."

The next days More spent in prison in prayer and stern devotions ; he used to walk about his room with a sheet round him, and whip himself sore and long, fearing lest even now his body should be rebellious. Four nights after his condemnation he sent his whip and his hair shirt to his dear daughter. He had no more need of them now, and he did not wish cold, unloving eyes to look upon them. With them he sent a letter written with a piece of charcoal, in which he sent his blessing to all his children, and said that he longed to go to ~~God~~ on the morrow, adding, "I never liked your manner towards me better than when you kissed me last.

Farewell, dear daughter ; pray for me, and I will pray for you and all your friends, that we may meet together in heaven."

The next morning very early there came to him a messenger from the King, saying that he was to die that day before nine o'clock. To which Sir Thomas answered : "I most heartily thank you for your good tidings," and said that he was more grateful to the King for this than for all the other favours he had showed him. Then he began to get ready as if for a great banquet, dressing himself in his best silk gown. When Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, came in, he with difficulty persuaded him to put on a simple gown, saying that his fine clothes would only come into the executioner's possession. Sir Thomas yielded out of friendship to Kingston, and sent one of the few pieces of gold he had left for the executioner, as a token that he loved instead of hated him.

At about nine o'clock More left the Tower. His face was pale and lean, and his beard had grown long whilst he was in prison ; before that time he had always been shaven. In his hands he carried a red cross, and he cast his eyes to heaven. One woman, seeing him pass, came out of her house with a cup of wine for him, but he refused it, saying, "Christ at His passion drank no wine, but only gall and vinegar."

When he reached the scaffold, it seemed to him so weak that he fancied it might fall, so he said merrily to Kingston, "See me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." Crowds of people had gathered to see him die, and he began to speak to them, but he was not allowed to go on, so he only asked for their prayers. Then kneeling down, he repeated the

Fifty-first psalm, after which the executioner begged his forgiveness. More answered by kissing him, saying, "Thou wilt do me this day a greater benefit than ever any mortal man can be able to give me; pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thy office; my neck is very short; take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving thy honesty." The executioner offered to cover his eyes, but he said, "I will cover them myself," and bound them with a cloth he had brought with him for that purpose. Then he laid his head upon the block, but bade the executioner wait a moment whilst he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he said; "that has not committed treason." These were his last words; even at that moment his bright cheerfulness did not leave him. The axe fell and severed his head from his body.

What the world thought of his death we can judge best from the words of Erasmus, who wrote: "Every man bewaileth the death of Sir Thomas More, even they who are adversaries unto him for religion, so great was his courtesy to all men . . . so excellent was his nature . . . Who was so great a stranger unto him to whom he did not seek to do one good turn or other . . . His bounty hath so engraven More in every man's heart that they all lament his death as the loss of their own father or brother . . . I myself have seen many tears come from those men who never saw More in their lives, nor never received any benefit from him; yea, whilst I write these things, tears gush from me whether I will or no. How many souls hath that axe wounded which cut off More's head!"



LADY JANE GREY.

XXXI.

LADY JANE GREY.

A. D. 1553.

IN the time of the Tudors people in England grew to care much more than they had done before for learning. Since printing had been invented, books had grown cheap and plentiful, and any one could possess them. Not only boys were carefully taught, but girls too were encouraged to study, and some women became very learned. One of the most learned women of those days was at the same time one of the simplest and most virtuous. This was Lady Jane Grey, the daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, and grand-daughter of Henry VIII.'s sister Mary. She was brought up quietly, and lived a life devoted to study. When she was fifteen she was learning Hebrew and Greek, and when she was sixteen she was able to write Latin letters to a learned German. We can judge how much she loved learning from the account that Roger Ascham, a well-known scholar, has left of a visit he paid to her. When he reached her parents' house in Leicestershire he found that the Duke and Duchess, with all their household, both gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park, but Lady Jane was sitting in her chamber reading Plato in Greek with as much delight as another lady would have read a merry tale. After saluting her, Ascham asked how she could bear to miss

the pleasure in the park ; but she answered smiling, "I wiss all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato ; alas ! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant." Then Ascham asked her how she had gained this deep knowledge of pleasure, and she answered : "One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me is that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a school-master. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go ; eat, drink, be merry, or sad ; be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer, who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, that I think all the time nothing whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else but learning is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure and more, that in respect of it all other pleasures in very deed be but trifles and troubles unto me."

Lady Jane had been brought up a Protestant, and her religion was true and pure, and influenced her whole life. She might have lived happily and usefully had it not been for the fact that she was nearly related to Henry VIII.

The Duke of Northumberland, who was the head of the Government of Edward VI., saw with alarm the failing health of the young King. If Edward died and his elder sister Mary became queen, Northumberland knew that he would lose all his power, for he had always supported the Protestants, and Mary was a strong Catholic. Northumberland could not bear to think of losing his great position, and he made a plan to prevent Mary becoming queen. Edward VI. was a decided Protestant, and Northumberland persuaded him that it would be very wrong for him to let his Catholic sister Mary become queen after him. So Edward made a will, in which he said that his cousin, Lady Jane, was to succeed him ; and Northumberland hoped, when Edward died, to make Mary a prisoner, and make Lady Jane queen with the help of the Protestants. He married his son Lord Guildford Dudley to Lady Jane, so that when she became queen he might still be the chief man in the land.

Lady Jane knew nothing of Northumberland's plans ; but as she was so young when she was married, only sixteen, and her husband was but little older, she begged to be allowed still to live with her mother. No objection was made, and she stayed with her mother till it was known that Edward VI. was dying, and she was told that she must go to her father-in-law's house till "God should call the King to His mercy," when she would have to go to the Tower, for Edward had chosen her to succeed him. She thought this was only a jest, and made no preparations to leave home. But at last the Duchess of Northumberland herself came to fetch her. Poor Lady Jane

did not wish to go, and her mother did not wish to part from her, so high words passed between the elder ladies. At last the Duchess of Northumberland brought in her son, and he commanded Lady Jane, as his wife, to obey him and return with him. Then Lady Jane gave way, for she did not wish to be disobedient to her husband. She was carried off by the Duchess and kept for some days quietly at one of the Duke's houses.

On Sunday, the 9th of July, word was brought to Lady Jane that she was wanted at once at Sion House to hear a message from the King. She went alone, and when she reached the palace, Northumberland and some other lords came in, and one of them, as he drew near, knelt and kissed her hand. Northumberland then began to speak, and told her that Edward VI. was dead, and that his last wishes were that she should wear the crown after him. As he finished speaking he dropped upon his knees, and the other lords did the same, swearing to be faithful to Lady Jane as their queen.

When she understood what was happening, Lady Jane trembled and covered her face with her hands, and fell down fainting. When she came to herself she cried that it could not be; that she could not wear the crown; she was not fit for it. Then with a sudden change she clasped her hands and prayed God that, if the great place to which she was called was justly hers, He would give her grace to govern for His service and for the good of His people. Whilst Lady Jane was trying to get accustomed to the idea that she must be Queen of England according to Northumberland's orders,

sermons were being preached in different parts of London to persuade the people to accept her. One part of Northumberland's plans had failed, for the Lady Mary had escaped and fled to her friends in the north. But the next day, being Monday, the royal barges came to fetch Lady Jane, and she went down the river to the Tower, the usual home of royalty at that time. Only a few scattered groups of people were gathered at the Tower to see her arrive. They looked on in silence, as if they were watching a curious spectacle. Lady Jane went up the broad staircase in state, her train borne by her mother. In London the proclamation of Lady Jane Grey as queen was received with silence; only the heralds cried, "God save the Queen," and the archers waved their caps and cheered, but the crowd held their peace.

Late that night, as the lords who were in the Tower were consulting together, a letter was brought in from the Lady Mary. She wrote to them as their queen, blaming them for not having told her at once of the death of her brother, and bidding them proclaim her at once in London and other parts of the kingdom. This letter was listened to with anxious looks by the lords, and the ladies who heard it sobbed and shrieked with grief and fear. Lady Jane had gone to her chamber, and knew nothing of the letter. The Marquis of Winchester came in to wish her joy. He brought the crown with him, that she might see whether it would fit her. She said it would do very well as it was. Then he told her that another crown was to be made for her husband before the coronation. Lady Jane listened with surprise, and, when he

had gone, sat thinking over what he had said till her husband came in. She then told him that the crown of England was not a thing to be trifled with, and that before he could be crowned, the consent of Parliament must be asked. Dudley, vexed and disappointed, went to tell his mother his grievance, whilst Lady Jane sent for some of the lords and told them that it was not in her power to make her husband a king, but she would make him a duke. She was still talking with them when Dudley came back with his mother, who was very angry, and loudly insisted that he must be crowned king. Dudley repeated in a whining voice that he would be no duke; he would be a king. Jane stood firm, and then the Duchess bade her son come away with her and leave his ungrateful and disobedient wife alone.

Poor Lady Jane did not find it any pleasanter being queen than she had expected. The next days were full of trouble and uncertainty. No one seemed to pay any heed to Lady Jane, but every day more people went to join Mary. North-amberland busied himself with trying to get an army together to go and seize Mary. But he did not know who was to lead it. He feared to leave London himself, lest the other lords should declare for Mary as soon as he was gone. But he could trust no one else to go against Mary, so at last he had to agree to go himself. He set out the Thursday after Jane had been brought to the Tower. Crowds came out to see him go through the streets of London, but no one said "God speed you!" The farther he went into the country the more clearly he saw how all the people were devoted to Mary's cause. He

did not dare to press on, and sent to London for more men and more money. The men he had with him deserted in great numbers to go and join Mary.

The lords who were left behind in London, now that they were no longer frightened into obedience by Northumberland, began to see how foolish it was to lead the country into all the miseries of civil war by supporting a queen whom nobody wanted. They left the Tower in order that they might discuss more freely, and after consultation with the Lord Mayor they declared for Queen Mary, and sent a body of men to the Tower to demand the keys in her name. The Earl of Suffolk was there with his daughter. He was a good man though a weak one, and when he heard their message he knew that it was useless to resist. The gates were opened, and then Suffolk hastened to Lady Jane's room. With his own hands he tore down the canopy under which she was sitting, saying that she was no longer queen, and needed no such distinction. In a few hurried words he told her what the lords had decided. She answered simply that his present words were pleasanter to her than those in which he had advised her to accept the crown. Now that her reign was at an end she asked if she might leave the Tower and return home. This, alas, was not to be, and she had to stay there as a prisoner.

Meanwhile all London was rejoicing over Queen Mary. The peals of the bells and the joyful shouts of the people must have reached Lady Jane's ears as she sat in her lonely rooms in the Tower. She too would have rejoiced if they had but let her go free. A few days afterwards Northumberland was

brought back to the Tower a prisoner. When he had found out that his cause was hopeless, he himself proclaimed Mary at Cambridge, but this did not save him. The Londoners, who had watched him go out in silence, now greeted him with shouts of rage and hatred. He bowed humbly to them, but they only answered with cries of "Traitor! Death to the traitor!" They even tore his scarlet cloak from his back, and he hid his face with shame as he rode into the Tower.

The next week a very different sight was seen at the Tower. In the midst of joyful shouts Queen Mary rode through the streets with her sister Elizabeth by her side, followed by troops of gaily-dressed horsemen. All was joy and merriment, and Mary in her happiness was full of merciful thoughts towards the prisoners in the Tower. But these bright days did not last. The Protestants soon began to murmur when they saw Mary begin to set up Roman Catholicism again, and they said that this was worse than being governed by the Duke of Northumberland. Then Mary's advisers urged her to punish those who had set up Lady Jane as queen. Northumberland was tried and condemned to death. But Mary had no wish to punish Lady Jane, whom she knew to have been innocent of any wish to be queen, and she was kept as a prisoner in the Tower.

Soon there were new troubles in England, for Mary wished to marry Philip II., King of Spain, and the people hated this marriage, because Philip was a Spaniard and a Roman Catholic. In different parts of the land there were risings against Mary. A great number of men gathered together in Kent under Sir

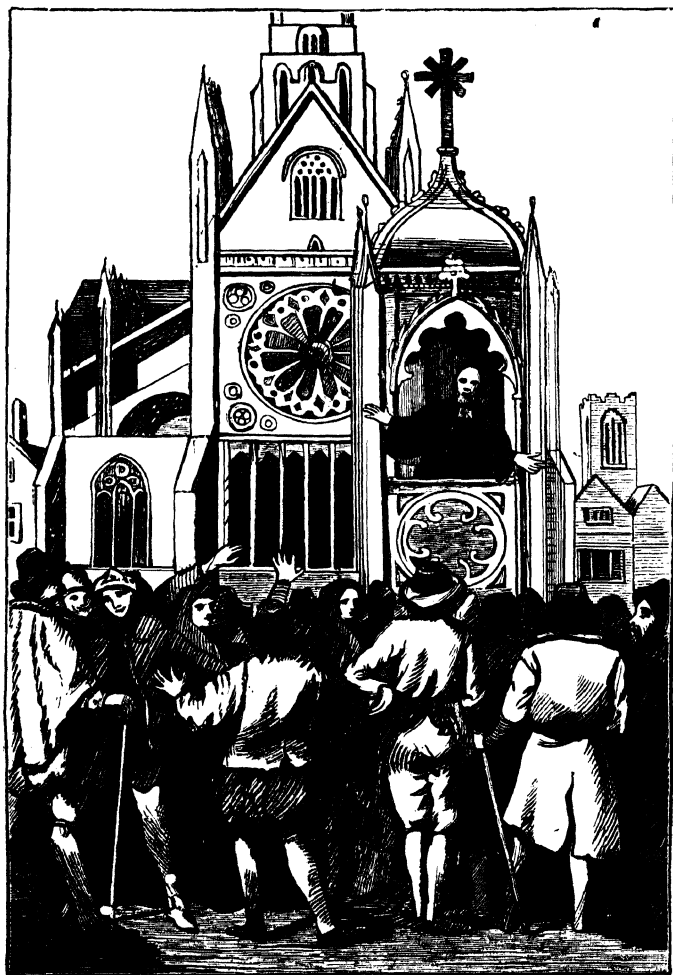
Thomas Wyatt, and marched upon London. For a moment it seemed as if the Queen was in great danger, and every one was terrified. But Mary herself was not afraid. "Fear not the rebels," she said to the citizens, "for I fear them nothing at all." She would not fly from the city, and when the people saw her courage they gathered round her to defend her. Wyatt forced his way into London, but every one turned against him, and he was taken prisoner.

After this rising once more Mary's advisers told her that she must punish her enemies, and Mary, angry herself, was willing to agree this time. Lady Jane had had nothing to do with Wyatt's rising, but it was decided that she must be punished now for having once been called queen. Mary sent a Roman Catholic priest, Feckenham, to tell her that she must die the next morning. Feckenham was a good and gentle man, and being a Roman Catholic, he thought that if Lady Jane were to die in the Protestant faith her soul would be lost. He hoped to speak with her, and to try and convert her. Lady Jane heard his message calmly, but she said that the time before her was too short to be spent in arguments. Feckenham, sad at her answer, hurried to the Queen and begged for a little more time, and Mary said that Lady Jane might live three days longer to give him time to convert her. Lady Jane hardly rejoiced at the news; she said that she had given up all thoughts of this world, and would take death patiently whenever her Majesty desired. Feckenham would not leave her, and she did not like to be rude to the old man, who meant to be kind to her. But his discussions wearied

her, and did not change her faith. The day before her death she wrote a few words of advice to her sister on the fly-leaf of her New Testament, and she sent a beautiful letter to her father.

Her husband was to die too on the same morning, but before her. He wished to see her once more to bid her farewell ; but she refused, saying that the meeting would do no good to their souls, but would only increase their pain ; they would meet soon enough in another world.

From her windows she saw him led out to die, and a little while afterwards she saw his dead body brought back in a cart. But her courage did not fail. She was led down to the green, followed by her attendants, who were weeping bitterly ; she shed no tears herself, but only prayed. Feckenham still went with her, and at the foot of the scaffold she said to him, "Go now ; accept my warm thanks for your attentions to me, although indeed those attentions have tried me more than death can terrify me." She went quickly up the steps, and then said a few words to those who stood round, telling them that she had meant no wrong in what she had done, and bidding them bear witness that she died a true Christian woman. Then she said the Fifty-first Psalm, and when it was done let down her hair and bared her neck. The executioner kneeled to ask her forgiveness, which she gave very willingly, praying him to do his work quickly. She tied a kerchief about her eyes, and then, feeling for the block, she said, "What shall I do, where is it?" One of the bystanders guided her to it. She laid her head down upon the block and stretched out her



body, saying, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit." With one stroke her head was severed from her body, and the innocent girl was dead.

XXXII.

BISHOP LATIMER.

A.D. 1491-1555.

EARLY in the reign of Henry VII. Hugh Latimer was born in a farmhouse in Leicestershire. His father was an upright and worthy man, who rented a small farm, and was well enough off to be able to find a horse on which he might, when called upon, ride to fight for the King. He brought up his family to love and fear the Lord, and his hospitable house was ever open to his poor neighbours. Little Hugh, when he was seven years old, helped to buckle on his father's armour when he went to fight for the King against the rebels, who had gathered at Blackheath. Hugh himself had a soldier's training; his father with great care taught him how to draw the bow in the true English way. As he grew in strength his bows were made bigger and bigger. But he was not to win his fame as a soldier. He soon showed that he was fond of learning, and his father, who had saved enough money to pay for his education, sent him to school. He did so well at school, that when he was fourteen he was sent to Cambridge. There he studied

eagerly, and he found many who were able to help his studies, for a new life had come into the universities, and they were crowded with keen and learned students. Latimer worked so hard that his health suffered. He not only read many books, but he studied also the world around him; and as his sharp eyes looked closely into the doings of men, he quickly found out their weaknesses and wickednesses. When he began to preach he spoke to men in a way that went straight to their hearts, as with simple and earnest words he warned them of their sin. He was not afraid even of calling upon his hearers by their name. There was something so new in his way of preaching that people flocked to hear him. But his boldness sometimes brought him into trouble. Once, when he was preaching at Cambridge, the Bishop of Ely, being curious to hear him, came into the church. Latimer stopped till the Bishop was seated; then he changed the subject of his sermon and began to draw a picture of what a bishop ought to be, which was very unlike what every one knew this bishop to be. The Bishop of Ely was so angry that he complained to Wolsey. Wolsey sent for Latimer, and asked him what he had said. Latimer told him, and they talked together for some time. Wolsey, instead of being angry, was very pleased with him and said, "If the Bishop of Ely cannot abide such doctrine, you shall preach it to his beard, let him say what he will." He then gave Latimer permission to preach in any church in England. So Latimer went on making for himself many enemies amongst the great people in the Church, because of the free way in which he rebuked the errors of their lives. After Wolsey's fall Henry VIII.

protected him and made him one of his chaplains. Latimer was not afraid to speak plainly even when he preached before the King, but Henry VIII. did not take offence at his plain speaking, and gave him a living in Wiltshire. He stayed quiet there for a time, but soon began to wander about again, preaching wherever he was invited.

The bishops watched eagerly for a chance of attacking Latimer. It was not hard to find one in those days, when many men were suffering cruel tortures and death for their religious opinions, because Henry VIII. wished to make every one believe as he did. Latimer was at last summoned before the bishops, and asked many questions in hopes that he might say something which they could find fault with. He was brought before them many times, and one day, coming into the room, he noticed that its appearance had changed, and that the arras or hangings covered what the time before had been the fireplace. A very puzzling question was asked him, and, as he began to answer, one of the bishops said, "I pray you, Master Latimer, speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and here be many that sit far off." This surprised Latimer and made him notice that from the fireplace behind the arras he could hear the scratching of a pen. Some one was sitting there hidden, ready to write down all his answers. But God, he says, told him what to answer, and helped him to escape their traps. Still the bishops ordered him to be imprisoned, but his friend the King interfered, and said that he was to be allowed to go back to his parish.

It was at this time that many earnest men, especially in Germany, had been filled with the desire to do away with

much that they thought wrong in the beliefs and customs of the Roman Catholic Church, and had brought about what is known as the Reformation. Henry VIII. at first hated the views of the reformers, and even wrote a book against them himself. But his own plans led him to put an end to the power of the Pope over the English Church; he also suppressed the monasteries in England, and so did some of the same work in England that the reformers were doing in Germany. Latimer was just the sort of man to be eager in the work of reform, and Henry VIII., who liked him for his honesty, made him Bishop of Worcester. The other bishops did not like Latimer any better now that he was one of their number, for he grew still plainer in telling them their faults. His anger was particularly directed against those bishops who loved ease and luxury, and set their hearts chiefly on growing rich. "I would rather feed many coarsely than a few deliciously," he said. And at another time, when he was speaking of how little he had spent on adorning his house, he said, "I delight more to feed hungry bellies than to clothe dead walls."

When the clergy came up to London for Convocation, in 1536, Latimer was bidden to preach to them at their first meeting in St. Paul's. Most of them must have listened to him with rage in their hearts. They would rather have gone to see him burnt than to hear him preach. His sermon did not make them like him any better. He called them strong thieves, and said that there was not enough hemp grown in the kingdom to hang all the thieves in England. They burned with anger as they listened, but they could not harm

him, for at that time the King was the friend of the reformers. But Henry VIII. did not wish for all the changes the reformers wanted ; he liked the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, and when he thought the Protestants, as the reformers were called, were going too far, he was willing to listen to the bishops and let them draw up the chief beliefs of the Roman Catholic religion in six articles, which every one was bound to agree to. Latimer could not agree to the articles, and so he gave up his bishopric, and he now thought that at last the time was come when the hatred of the bishops would bring him to his death. He was for a time imprisoned in the palace of the Bishop of Chichester, and then in the Tower. Till the end of Henry VIII.'s reign the preacher had to keep silence, and could no more rebuke the sins of men. We do not know how he spent these years of silence, but immediately after Henry VIII.'s death, when Edward VI. became king, Latimer was let out of prison. Edward VI. was only a child, but he seems from the first to have favoured the Protestants, and those who governed the land in his name were all for the new religion. Archbishop Cranmer could now make all the changes in the Church that he liked, and the English Prayer-book as we have it now was put together and ordered to be used in the churches.

Latimer had not preached for nearly eight years, but now he was allowed to preach again. He preached his first sermon from St. Paul's Cross, a spot outside St. Paul's, where in those days sermons were generally preached, and not inside the cathedral. In the following weeks he preached again several times at the same place. Some wished that he should be made

Bishop of Worcester again, but he refused ; he seems to have wished to devote himself to preaching. He was called to preach before the young King, a pulpit being set up in the King's private garden at Westminster. This was the first sermon ever preached there ; perhaps the spot was chosen because so many people about the court wished to hear the famous Latimer. We are told that more than four times as many people could hear him there as could have heard in the King's chapel, and a fortnight afterwards he preached there again. The next year he was chosen to preach before the King at Whitehall on the Fridays in Lent. Edward VI. was then only eleven years old, but wise and serious beyond his years ; he doubtless listened with interest to the reformer's glowing words. Latimer made his hearers feel their guilt so deeply that many of the officers of the court brought to him money which they had unjustly taken from the King, and begged him to return it, which he did on condition that he was allowed to hide their names. After these sermons Latimer left London, and spent some years in the country, also preaching busily.

When Edward VI. died and Mary came to the throne, her first wish was to bring back the Roman Catholic religion. The Roman Catholics whom she found in prison were set free, and Protestants were put into the empty cells. Amongst others, notice was sent to Latimer that he was to be brought before the Queen's council in London. He might have managed to escape and leave England had he wished ; but he was not a man to flee before his enemies, for out of his own country life

was of no value to him. He went up to London, and was again imprisoned in the Tower. As he entered the Tower he met a warder whom he had known when he was in prison before. "What, my friend," he said, "how do you? I'm come to be your neighbour again." Some rooms in the garden were given him to lodge in, and being left in the winter without a fire, as he was growing old and infirm he sent a message to the Lieutenant of the Tower to look better after him, or he should give him the slip yet. Some of his friends among the bishops, Ridley and Cranmer the Archbishop, were soon sent to prison in the Tower also. For more than a year they were kept there, and then all three were sent to Oxford, and imprisoned in the common jail called the Bocardo.

We do not know how Latimer spent the weary days in prison. He must have known that there was little hope for him in this life, and no doubt he spent this time in preparing for death. At last, after two years in prison, he was brought before three Catholic Bishops who had been sent to Oxford to try him. Latimer in the sixty-five years of his busy life had not grown rich. He came out now before his judges in an old threadbare gown of Bristol frieze; on his head he wore a handkerchief with a nightcap over it, and another cap over that with two broad flaps buttoned under his chin. Round his waist he wore a leather belt, to which a Testament was fastened, and his spectacles, without a case, hung round his neck. A great many questions were asked him, and then he was sent away.

Next day all the chief men in the University and the

town met with the three bishops in St. Mary's Church. Ridley and Latimer were brought before them and condemned to be burnt as heretics. But they were not to be allowed to die till some attempt had been made to make them change their religion. A Spanish friar was sent to argue with them, but it was in vain, and the day was fixed for their death. The spot where they were to be burnt was just outside the town walls near to Balliol College; it has since been marked by a monument.

On the day which Ridley called "his marriage day" he came out first dressed in a furred black gown, such as he had worn as bishop, with a furred velvet tippet and a velvet cap. He had dressed himself with care and trimmed his beard. He turned round to look up at the windows of the Bocardo, hoping to send a last greeting to his friend Cranmer, but he could not see him. He saw Latimer coming along in his old frieze coat, with his cap on his head, just as he had been at his trial, only that under his coat he wore a long new shroud.

"O be ye there!" cried Ridley when he saw him.

"Yea," answered Latimer; "have after as fast as I can follow."

Ridley ran and embraced him, saying, "Be of good heart, brother; God will either assuage the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it." They knelt and prayed together, and then spoke to one another for a few minutes in a low voice. Before they were called upon to suffer, a sermon of a quarter of an hour was preached to them, and then Ridley asked to be allowed to say a few words. He was told that if he would recant he might both speak and live.

"So long as the breath is in my body," Ridley answered, "I will never deny my Lord Christ and His truth. God's will be done."

Then he quickly got ready for his death. He gave his cloak and tippet to his brother-in-law who was with him, and to each of those who were standing near he gave some little remembrance. To one he gave a new groat, to others handkerchiefs, nutmegs, slices of ginger, his watch, and other trifles. Each tried to get something of his, if it was only a rag. Latimer had nothing to give; he took off his coat and stood clad in his long shroud.

Chains were put round their bodies, and a kind man hung round the neck of each a bag of powder to hasten the work of the flames. Then the lighted torch was laid to the faggots. As the flames began to crackle Latimer cried out, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley; play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust shall never be put out."

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit; Lord, receive my spirit," cried Ridley.

"O, Father of Heaven, receive my soul," said Latimer. Then as the flame blazed up around him he bathed his hands in it and stroked his face. The powder exploded and he became senseless.

Ridley's sufferings were more terrible; the fire had been badly made and smouldered slowly round his legs. "I cannot burn," he cried; "Lord, have mercy on me, let the fire come to me; I cannot burn."

His brother-in-law tried to help by throwing on more wood but this only choked the fire still more. At last some one lifted the pile with a bill ; then the red tongues of flame shot up fiercely. Ridley struggled into the midst of them ; the powder exploded, and he died.

Five months passed before Cranmer suffered the fate of his friends. In a moment of weakness he tried to save himself by recanting, and wrote confessing that the opinions he held were grievous errors. But this was not enough to save his life, and he grew bitterly ashamed of his weakness. Before he died he told the assembled people how he repented of what he had written, and when he was tied to the stake, before the rest of his body was touched, he held his right arm in the flame, saying, "This was the hand that wrote it, therefore it shall first suffer punishment." He neither stirred nor cried out whilst his hand was burnt.

XXXIII.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S DEATH.

A.D. 1586.

AMONGST the gay courtiers who gathered round Queen Elizabeth there was one whose pure and noble character made him for all times the model of what a true gentleman should be. This was Sir Philip Sidney. By his pleasant manners



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

he charmed all who had to do with him, whilst he was famous not only in England but also in Europe for his bravery as a soldier and his skill as a writer. He was amongst the first who was content to write on a serious subject in English, and expressed himself in his mother tongue in a way which makes us still look upon him as one of our great prose writers. His poems are even more famous than his prose writings, and make him worthy of a place beside the great poets of his day—Marlowe, Spenser, and Shakespeare. Besides all this Sidney was a truly earnest religious man. He loved and honoured his Queen, but he did not try to gain her favour by flattering her vanity and paying her empty compliments. He would speak the truth to her even when he knew it would offend her, and was never afraid to give her such advice as he thought needful for the good of the country. In this way he sometimes earned the Queen's displeasure, but Elizabeth could not help liking him and admiring his great qualities. She was glad to keep him at court, but she would not give him any office. He disliked leading an idle useless courtier's life and busied himself instead with writing books. But his great wish was to serve his country in some active way.

During the whole of Elizabeth's reign the great enemy that England had to fear was Spain. But Elizabeth knew that peace was needed by England, and was careful not to allow open war to break out with Spain. At last it became clear that peace could not be kept much longer. Elizabeth agreed to help the Protestants in the Netherlands, who with desperate bravery had long struggled against the tyranny of

Spain. It was the wish of her wisest advisers that, putting herself at the head of the Protestants in Europe, she should resist Spain—the enemy of them all. Sir Philip Sidney's longing for active work was at last satisfied, and at the age of thirty-one he was made Governor of Flushing, a town in the Netherlands which was given over to Elizabeth for a time in return for her promise to help the Protestants.

When Sidney reached Flushing he was very much pleased with the look of the place ; it was a pleasant town in a strong situation. He set to work at once to try and find out all about the nature of its inhabitants, that he might be able to govern them well and wisely. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, had been chosen to command the English soldiers in the Netherlands. It was not a good choice, for Leicester was vain and selfish, and cared only to get a great name for himself, and he was not a good leader of men. But Sidney loved and trusted his uncle, and hoped that great things were going to be done in the Netherlands. All that he could do himself he did with great zeal, and was grievously disappointed that Elizabeth did not push the war more eagerly. As he saw more of Leicester's way of conducting the war he understood at last how bad a general his uncle was.

One of the things which the English wished to do was to take the town of Zutphen. The Spanish general, the Duke of Parma, a very clever soldier, tried to stock the town with food and men, so that it might be able to resist the English. But Leicester determined that these stores should not be

allowed to enter the town, and this led to a battle outside the walls.

It was a misty autumn morning, in which a man could not see ten paces in front of him. Sidney, at the head of two hundred horsemen, advanced as far as the very walls of the town. Then suddenly the fog cleared and he found himself with his few men in a very dangerous position. They were within the range of the great guns in the town, and a thousand of the enemies' horsemen were standing waiting for them. Sidney had gone out that morning stoutly armed for the battle, but having met one of his brother officers who was not so well covered as he, and not wishing to seem to care more for danger than any other man, he threw off his armour and went out only lightly covered. Now, finding himself in such a dangerous position, with his small body of men he boldly charged the enemy, and after an hour and a half's hard fighting was able to retreat with honour. But his horse was killed under him, and he was in great danger.

He was not daunted, and, mounting a fresh horse, some other men having come up, he led a second charge, and then a third, with great effect. But in this third charge a musket ball struck Sidney's leg and pierced the bone. His new horse, not used to the noise of battle, took fright and galloped off the field. But Sidney, though faint with the loss of blood, kept his seat. He was carried to the place near which Leicester was standing. Overcome with thirst, he called for something to drink. After a few moments a bottle of water was brought, and he eagerly put it to his lips; but at that moment a

poor wounded soldier was carried by. Sidney saw a look of terrible longing come over the poor man's face as he caught sight of the bottle. In a moment, without waiting to drink a drop himself, Sidney handed the flask to him, saying, "Thy need is greater than mine."

Those who crowded round Sir Philip were deeply grieved to see how badly he was wounded, and whilst tears fell from their eyes they praised him for the courage he had shown, to which he answered that he had only done what he was bound to do for God and England. His uncle, the Earl of Leicester, stood by him whilst the terrible wound was dressed, and wondered at the patience and courage with which he bore the pain, talking all the while of his devotion to the Queen, and saying that he would only rejoice if his hurt and death might honour her. Afterwards Sidney was taken as carefully as possible by water in a barge to Arnheim, where he was hospitably taken into the house of a Dutch lady.

The doctors who attended him were filled with surprise at his cheerful courage. They treated him, as he said himself, with love and care well mixed, and for sixteen days they were filled with hope that he would recover. But Sidney himself never had much hope. His first thought, when he had been carried from the battlefield, was to give thanks to God for not taking him at once, but giving him time to prepare for death. It was in this preparation that he spent these last days. He sent to beg a dear friend, George Gifford, a famous preacher, to come to him, which Gifford gladly did. Sidney's one wish was, with the help of his friend, to turn his thoughts entirely

to God. They talked and prayed and read the Bible together, and all who gathered round that deathbed were astonished at the godly mind of the young soldier. Amongst others his wife, who had some time before joined him at Flushing, hastened to Arnheim as soon as she heard the sad news. His brothers came too, and the Earl of Leicester visited him whenever he could.

As the days passed on Sidney suffered more and more terrible pain, and his bones were worn through the skin from always lying in one position. Still he never murmured, and few who saw him guessed how much he suffered. He himself felt that the end was drawing very near. He was not afraid to die ; the only thing he feared was lest his mind should fail before his body. So, wishing all to know for certain in what faith he died, he gathered round him all the ministers, both Dutch and English, who had delighted to visit him, and to them confessed his faith. Then he asked them to pray with him, saying that he himself wished to say the prayers, for he knew his own sins best. Then, as he prayed aloud, those who knelt around were moved to sighs and tears by his earnest and beautiful words.

During the last days he talked almost solely of heavenly things, loving most of all to speak of the immortality of the soul, saying that he was anxious, now that his earthly pain should be over, that his heavenly joys might begin. One of the last things he did was to read over his will and make some additions to it, so that he might be sure that all his earthly affairs were left in order. When, as he grew weaker, those

who stood by saw that the end must be very near, his brother could not keep back his grief, but wept aloud, till Sidney, clasping his hand for the last time, asked him to leave him; he was afraid lest the sight of his brother's grief should disturb his own peace. "Love my memory," he said to him; "cherish my friends. Above all govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator; in me beholding the end of the world with all her vanities."

With these words his head sank down upon the pillow, and his eyes closed. They thought that his fear had come true, and that his senses had forsaken him. Then Gifford asked him to hold up his hand if he still felt his joy and comfort in God. At once the white thin hand was stretched out and held up for a little while, and the beholders cried out with joy to see that he still understood them. About an hour afterwards they asked him to give some other sign whether he still trusted in God's mercy. He could not speak nor look at them, but he raised both his hands and put them on his breast, the palms together, the fingers pointing upwards. He had not strength to move them again. His friends placed them gently by his side as he ceased to breathe.

So, after twenty-five days of suffering, his pure and gentle spirit left its beautiful body. He was only thirty-one, in the first bloom of youth and strength. Had he been spared, who can tell what work he might not have done for his country? How much he influenced others we can best judge from the grief that was spread over England for his loss. It was to each as if he had lost not only the best ornament of his country, but a

dear personal friend. His pure and lovely mind we can still study for ourselves in his poems and writings, beautiful both for the thoughts they contain, and for the language in which these thoughts are clothed.

Many mourned his loss in poems and sonnets, and none so beautifully as his own sister, the Countess of Pembroke, who sang,

“ There liveth he in everlasting bliss,
Sweet spirit never more to die ;
Nor dreading harm from any foes of his,
Nor feeling savage beasts’ more cruelty ;
Whilst we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

“ But live thou there still happy, happy spirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament,
Not thee that dost thy heavenly joys inherit,
But our own selves that here in dole are drear.
Thus do we weep and wail and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others our own miseries.”

XXXIV.

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.

A.D. 1577-1580.

FRANCIS DRAKE was a native of Devonshire, who, as a lad, took to a seafaring life. He soon showed himself a brave and fearless sailor, and, like the other seamen of those days,

learned to hate the Spaniards, not only as the enemies of his Queen, but because of the cruel way in which they tortured and killed the English sailors whom they captured. When he was still quite a young man Drake won fame for himself by seizing a quantity of Spanish gold and silver at the Isthmus of Panama. Whilst he was there wandering about amongst the mountains, he climbed to the top of one of the highest, and mounting into a high tree he saw a wonderful sight. For not only could he see towards the east the great Atlantic Ocean, where he already felt quite at home, but towards the west glimmered the waters of the mighty Pacific, on which as yet no English ship had ever sailed, and which the Spaniards looked upon as their own. Drake came down from the tree to fall upon his knees, and pray God that he might one day sail in those waters. Five years afterwards, in the year 1577, his wish was fulfilled. Queen Elizabeth, who feared to go to war with so strong and rich a King as Philip II., wished to harm him secretly, and she gave Drake most of the money needed to fit out ships to sail into the Spanish seas. He took with him, besides his own ship, called the "Pelican" or the "Golden Hind," four others; but three of these were very small, and the "Golden Hind" itself we should now look upon as quite a little schooner. One hundred and sixty-four men manned the ships. Drake was only thirty-two, but he knew how to make himself feared and obeyed by his men, and taught them to treat him with great respect. He took with him rich furniture for his cabin, silver vessels for his table, and even musicians to play to him whilst he was at

dinner. He wished to be surrounded with such grandeur as to command respect both for himself and for his country from the folk amongst whom he might go.

He sailed directly for the southern parts of South America. On the way Doughty, who was second in command to Drake, became discontented and left the little fleet with his ship. But he was pursued and captured. His ship was set on fire and left behind, whilst he and his men were taken on board the "Golden Hind." When they reached the coast of Patagonia, Doughty was solemnly tried by Drake as a deserter, and beheaded. In this way Drake thought it needful to teach his men that they must all keep with him.

After this sad adventure he had to face dangers which pleased him better. He was now going to sail where no Englishman had been before, and where he had no chart to guide him. He did not know that he could get into the Pacific by sailing round Cape Horn, but thought that his only way lay through the Straits, which the Portuguese Magellan had named and discovered, but through which no English ship had passed. It was cold and stormy, and through the narrow straits, with mountains like high walls on either side, the little ships made their way with difficulty. They had some friendly dealings with the inhabitants of these coasts, and caught thousands of wild sea-fowl. After sixteen days they came out safe into the open sea, and began to sail northwards, eager to escape from the cold. But they fell in with terrible storms which scattered the little fleet. One ship was blown away and never heard of again. Another, after

being separated from the "Golden Hind" by bad weather, sailed back through the straits to England and told men that Drake had been lost. A third was wrecked, and only one of its crew escaped, who, after living some time with the natives, got back to England. Drake was left alone in the "Golden Hind." At last spring came and with it fairer weather. Drake, as he sailed along the coast, made friends with a native fisherman, who told him of the Spanish harbour of Valparaiso, where there was a richly-laden vessel. The "Golden Hind" sailed into the harbour. The Spaniards, who had never seen an enemy's ship there, thought that it was a Spanish vessel, and hoisted their flags in welcome. But the "Golden Hind" sailed up alongside. In a moment the English were on board the Spanish vessel, and in another moment they had bound fast the Spaniards, who were too surprised to resist. Then they took all that there was in the ship—gold, and wine, and precious stones, and having plundered the little Spanish town also, they sailed away farther north.

At another place they halted, because they heard that silver was brought down there from the mountains, to be shipped. They saw the silver bars piled on the pier, whilst the weary labourers who had carried them from the mines slept by their side. No one had heeded the approach of a ship, for no one on that coast dreamt that any one but a Spanish vessel could be sailing on those seas. An enormous quantity of silver was easily taken on board the "Golden Hind," and then she sailed on still in search of more.

Drake hoped to get the richest booty at Lima, the chief

town in the Spanish colony of Peru. When he drew near to it he captured a little Portuguese vessel, and offered to let it go free if the captain would pilot him into the harbour of Lima. Secretly, in the dead of the night, the little "Golden Hind" sailed into the harbour into the midst of seventeen trading ships. No one was prepared for an attack. Without even firing a shot Drake plundered the ships. He did not get the riches he had hoped for, as these ships were laden only with silk and linen. But he was told that a large treasure ship had just sailed off to Panama. Without wasting time he started off in eager pursuit after this splendid prize. Drake offered a gold chain as a reward to the man who should first see the Spanish vessel. After ten days a joyful cry was heard that the vessel could be seen. The captain of the Spanish ship, thinking the "Golden Hind" was a friendly vessel, waited for it to come up with him. Drake sailed up alongside and bade the captain submit to him. Then the guns of the "Golden Hind" shot the mast of the Spanish ship overboard, whilst an English arrow wounded the captain. The Spaniards yielded without a struggle, and this time Drake found plunder enough. There was gold and silver and precious stones worth at least £90,000.

"The Golden Hind" had as much as she could carry. It was time to think of turning homewards. But it would not be possible to go back by the same way as they had come, for by this time the Spaniards were alarmed, and would be on the look-out for them. Drake determined to sail northwards. Like all the English seamen of those days, he thought there

must be a sea-passage round the north of North America, by which he could get back into the Atlantic. He sailed on northwards, passed the Isthmus of Panama, and then, when he had got quite clear of the Spanish settlements, he ran the "Golden Hind" into a little bay, and there spent a month in repairing his ship to fit her for the long and dangerous voyage that still lay before her.

When all was ready Drake started northwards again ; but the sailors, who were accustomed to the hot sun of the tropics, grew discontented as the weather became colder and the nights frosty. To get time to repair his ship Drake landed on the coast of California, in what is now the harbour of San Francisco. There the natives came in crowds to see the wonderful strangers whom they looked upon as gods. Their king came himself, and taking his crown off his head put it upon Drake's head and hung chains round his neck, whilst his people sang and danced in triumph. Drake had many friendly dealings with these natives, and he took possession of their land in the name of Queen Elizabeth.

Seeing how much his men feared the cold, Drake gave up his plan of going home round the north of America. He determined to sail westward over the Pacific, and home round the Cape of Good Hope.

He knew nothing of the seas through which he had to sail, but his own skill was so great that he brought his little ship safely through these unknown waters. Once the adventurers were nearly lost. Beating about amidst the dangerous currents near the island of Celebes, the ship struck on a rock.

There was no room to land, and having lightened the ship by throwing overboard eight guns, they partook of the Sacrament, and turned their hearts in prayer to God. A happy change of the wind lifted them off the rock, and they sailed on into more open seas.

After this the voyage went on prosperously. Three years had passed since the "Golden Hind" left Plymouth. For eighteen months nothing had been heard of Drake, and every one thought that he and his gallant company were lost. It seemed to men like some strange fairy tale when the "Golden Hind" sailed into Plymouth Harbour, and Drake once more walked in the streets, and told to eager listeners the tale of his wonderful adventures. Before his wondering countrymen had gazed their fill, Drake took the "Golden Hind" away to Deptford on the Thames, and went to give an account to the Queen of what he had done.

At first Elizabeth was uncertain how to receive Drake. The Spanish Ambassador complained loudly of the way in which Drake had plundered his master's subjects when Philip II. and Elizabeth were at peace, and demanded that his spoils should be given up to Spain. Elizabeth was afraid lest she should be drawn into war with Spain if she refused; but she did not wish to give up Drake's treasures. Some of her ministers thought it would be the best thing possible if she could be forced into war, and they persuaded her to keep what Drake had brought home. Those who had helped to fit out his ships received their share of profits, and a large part went to the Queen. Drake and his companions astonished the

Londoners by the rich clothes and jewels with which they adorned themselves. Elizabeth herself visited the "Golden Hind" at Deptford, and sat down to a splendid banquet which Drake had provided for her on board. She showed her favour still more by making him a knight at the banquet, and she accepted a crown set with enormous emeralds and a diamond cross which he gave her, and wore the crown on New Year's day. Drake gave rich presents of plate to the chief lords about the court, but some would not accept them, for they did not like to take things gained by piracy. Drake was grieved that all did not approve of what he had done. He must have been glad to show in after years his bravery and love for his country by the way in which he fought against the Spaniards when they were at war with England, and helped in the work of destroying the Great Armada.

XXXV.

THE FIGHT OF THE "REVENGE."

June 20-22, 1594.

IN the days of Queen Elizabeth Englishmen looked upon Spain as their mortal foe. They knew that Philip II., the King of Spain, desired to destroy their liberty and their greatness, and so they were eager to harm him whenever they could. The bravery of the English seamen, helped by a

terrible storm, had defeated the Great Armada with which Philip hoped to invade England ; but it was always possible for him to fit out another Armada. Every year great ships sailed across the Atlantic, bringing to Spain rich cargoes of gold and other precious goods from America. This wealth made it always easy for Philip to fit out new ships to fight against the English. But the English were clever sailors and brave fighters. They did not see why all these great prizes should go to Spain, to be used for the hurt of England. Any gentleman who could afford it was glad to help to fit out some swift-sailing little vessel to cruise about the Atlantic, in the hopes of waylaying and capturing the Spanish treasure ships. This was very much like what we should call piracy in these days ; but the brave Elizabethan seamen thought anything lawful that harmed the Spaniards, and turned pirates as much from love of their country as from love of gain.

It was three years after the Great Armada fight, and it was well known to the English seamen that a great fleet of Spanish treasure ships was on the way home from the West Indies. This would be a prize indeed worth capturing, and in the hopes of winning both riches and glory, a number of English ships under the command of Lord Thomas Howard sailed out of Plymouth Harbour to search for the Spanish ships. For five months they waited about the Azores, but could hear no news of the Spaniards.

Philip II. was anxious for the fate of his treasure ships, and sent a mighty fleet of fifty sail to protect them, when he

learned what the English were doing. Howard heard of the coming of this fleet. He was quite unfit to meet it. In all he had only about eighteen ships, many of which were very small, and others quite out of order; besides this, more than half of his men were sick, and not able to fight. The Spaniards came upon him sooner than he expected, whilst he was lying among the Azores; in haste he put out to sea, hoping at least to gain time to get ready for the battle if there must be one. But one of the English ships, called the "Revenge," could not be got ready in time to go with the others. Her commander, Sir Richard Grenville, would not leave his sick men, who were on shore, to the mercy of the Spaniards, and by the time they were all carried on board, the Spanish fleet was close at hand. Sir Richard was one of the bravest and fiercest of English seamen. He scorned to fly before the Spaniards, and said he would rather die than dishonour himself, his country, and the Queen's ship. He told his men cheerily that they would be able to force their way through the Spaniards, and the little "Revenge" sailed bravely on right into the midst of the great fleet of fifty-three ships. Boldly they went on past the few first ships, till a mighty vessel, called the "San Felipe," sailing towards the "Revenge," quite overshadowed it, and took the wind out of its sails. Then the Spanish ships closed round the "Revenge;" it seemed as if in a moment the little ship must be destroyed. But from three in the afternoon till daybreak next morning the Spaniards tried in vain to board her. Again and again their ships were driven back disabled by English shot.

But there were always ready others to come up and take their place.

"And the sun went down, and the stars came out, far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the fifty-three.
Ship after ship the whole night long their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship the whole night long with her battle thunder and flame ;
Ship after ship the whole night long drew back with her dead and her shame,
For some were sunk and many were shattered, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before ?¹

About midnight a shot struck Sir Richard in the body, and whilst the wound was being dressed another shot killed the surgeon on the spot, and wounded Sir Richard in the head. Still he only cried, "Fight on."

They fought on till all the powder was spent, till nearly all the men were either wounded and dead, till the masts were beaten overboard, and the ship was even with the water and could only move and rock at the will of the waves of the sea. Even then Grenville would not yield to the Spaniards. He proposed that they should blow up the ship, and so yield themselves to none but to God ; why should they shorten the honour of their country by gaining a few more hours or days for their lives ? The master gunner and several others were quite of the same mind, but the rest still clung to life. If life were left them, they said, they might still do harm to the Spaniards. Whilst they were trying to persuade Sir

¹ A. Tennyson.

Richard, who refused to listen to their reasoning, one of them had himself taken on board a Spanish ship, and told the Spaniards what Sir Richard meant to do. Then they, fearing lest more harm should be done to their ships if the "Revenge" were blown up, promised that if the English would yield they would spare the lives of all and send them to England.

When the rest of the English heard what the Spaniards offered, they loved life too well to refuse to yield, and stole away to the Spanish ships. The gunner would have slain himself rather than yield, but his sword was taken from him and he was locked into a cabin. With the honour due to such a valiant enemy, one of the Spanish commanders sent to beg Sir Richard to come out of the "Revenge," for its deck was swimming in blood and covered with dead bodies. Sir Richard answered that they might do as they pleased with his body, for he cared not for it. As they carried him from the ship he fainted, and when he came round again he begged them to pray for him. The Spaniards treated their brave foe with great courtesy and kindness; they could not but admire him for the way in which he had fought, and did all they could for him whilst he lingered amongst them for four days in grievous pain from his wounds. He was brave and cheerful to the last, and said to those who stood around him, "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and a quiet mind, for that I ended my life as a good soldier ought to do, who has fought for his country and his Queen, for honour and religion. Wherefore my soul joyfully departeth out of this body, leaving behind it an everlasting fame, as a true soldier who hath done



SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Original Picture at Longleat.

his duty as he was bound to do. But the others of my company have done as traitors and dogs, for which they shall be reproached all their lives, and have a shameful name for ever."

He could not forgive the other English ships for not having joined him in the unequal fight. In truth, seeing how much harm he alone was able to do to the Spanish fleet, it seems that if the other English ships had fought like the "Revenge," they might have scattered the Spanish fleet, and then captured the treasure ships which came up a few days afterwards and got home safe under their care.

XXXVI.

SIR WALTER RALEGH'S FIRST EXPEDITION TO GUIANA.

A.D. 1595.

SIR WALTER RALEGH was the first Englishman who clearly understood how much England might gain in wealth and power by colonising some part of those wonderful new lands across the Atlantic from which the Spaniards brought home such great riches. He had first tried to plant a colony in a fertile part of North America which he called Virginia, after the virgin Queen Elizabeth. But this had not succeeded, and the tales he heard about Guiana in South America made him turn his attention there.

Guiana is the country which lies round the great river Orinoco. It was said to be richer in gold even than Peru, from whence the Spaniards gained most of their treasure. Marvelous stories were told of its chief city Manoa. Gold was so plentiful there that even boxes and troughs were made of it. Great bars of gold lay about in heaps, and the natives adorned their bodies with gold dust. The Spaniards had long been eager to gain this rich land for themselves. In the course of thirty years they made seven or eight expeditions in the hopes of reaching Manoa, but always failed, and great numbers of Spaniards perished in the attempt. All that they had done was to provoke by their cruelties the hatred of the native peoples who dwelt about the Orinoco. Raleigh thought that if he could only gain these rich lands for England he would not only enrich his own country, but harm Spain.

His wife was terrified when he told her his plans and his hopes, for she knew how full of dangers from winds and waves, as well as from Spaniards and natives, the expedition would be. But her prayers could not persuade him to give up his plan. Several gentlemen helped him with money to fit out ships for the expedition, and others volunteered to go with him. At last all was ready, and on the 5th February 1595 he sailed from Plymouth with five ships. They sailed first to the Island of Trinidad, which lies at the mouth of the Orinoco, and on which there was a little Spanish town. This town Raleigh took, and made its governor prisoner, for he did not wish to leave enemies behind him when he sailed up the Orinoco. Then he began to try and make friends with the

natives on the island. He hoped to do this most easily by telling them that his Queen was an enemy of the Spaniards, and wished to deliver all nations who were oppressed by them. The simple natives were ready to believe what he said when they saw how kindly he treated them, and so the name of Elizabeth was honoured and respected by them.

When Raleigh came to explore the many mouths of the mighty river Orinoco, he found that the sandbanks and shifting tides made it impossible for him to think of taking his ships up the mouth of the river. So he decided to leave them on the coast of Trinidad, and explore the river in five open boats, which carried one hundred men, and provisions for a month. First they had to cross a great reach of open sea in the midst of mighty billows and eddying currents. They had taken an Indian pilot with them, but he turned out utterly ignorant of the river, for he had not been there for twelve years. They might have wandered for a year in vain amongst that marvellous labyrinth of streams at the mouth of the river, all so fair and large that it was impossible to know which to take, but by good luck they fell in with an old Indian who knew the river well. He led them, after four days' hard rowing, through the winding streams into one of the mouths of the river called the Amana, a fine wide stream. But here a new trouble met them, for as soon as they were no longer helped on by the tide, the current of the river grew so strong that it was very difficult to row against it. Raleigh had to use every means in his power to persuade his men to go on with the hard work of rowing against so strong a current. He encouraged

them by saying that they would only need to go on for two or three days, and even the gentlemen were made to take their turn at the oars. When three days had passed the men began to despair. The heat was fearful, and the river was bordered with high trees that kept away the air. But Raleigh still encouraged them by promises to press on; they could not make much way against the current. The days passed on, and their food and drink began to fail, whilst the heat grew greater.

But the wonderful sights which they saw helped them to bear their fatigue. The splendid trees which grew by the river-side were covered with fruits and flowers of lovely hues and endless variety, and amongst the trees, flew birds of brilliant plumage. The explorers had good sport in shooting the birds, and were able to feed on them, and on the fruits, and on fish which they caught in the river. But their bread was all done, and they longed very much for more. At last the pilot led Raleigh and a few others some way up a branch stream to an Indian village. They rowed through beautiful plains of fresh green grass, where the deer came down to feed at the water-side. The Indians at the village welcomed them kindly, and gave them bread and fish and hens. After Raleigh got back to the rest of his company they captured two canoes laden with bread. This prize revived their courage. "Let us go on," they cried; "we care not how far." Two other canoes succeeded in escaping from them, and they heard that there were three Spaniards in one of them, who had a good quantity of gold with them. This made them very

eager to catch the Spaniards, but they could not succeed. They only caught the Indian who was acting as pilot to the Spaniards, and heard a good deal about the gold-mines from him.

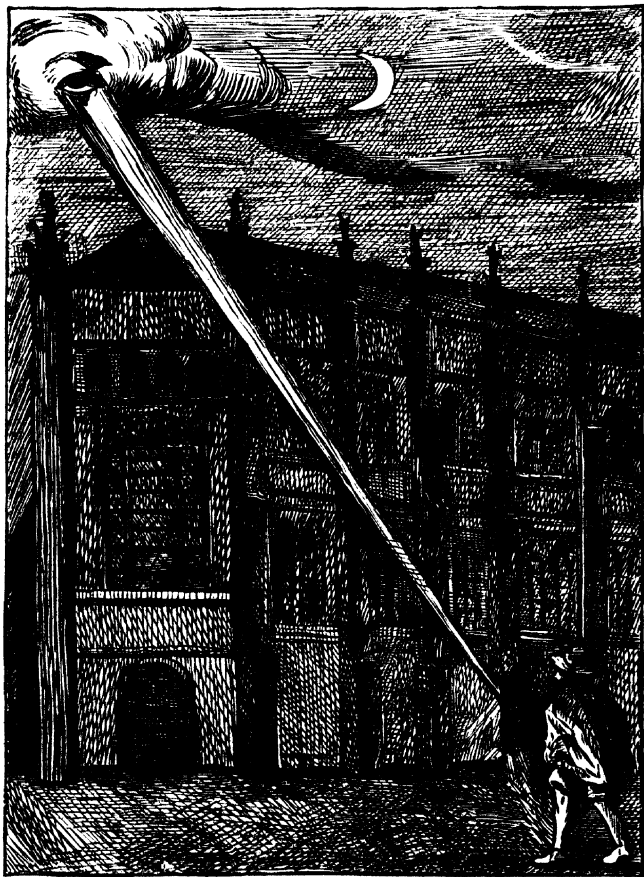
The Spaniards had told the Indians that the English were men-eaters, hoping in this way to keep them from making friends with them. But Raleigh forced his men to treat the Indians well, so that their fear of the English was soon turned to love.

The natives came in crowds with their women and children to the river banks, to look at the wonderful strangers, and they brought them venison, pork, fowls, fish, and very good fruits, amongst others the pine apple, which Raleigh called that "prince of fruits." In one of the little Indian towns, which were prettily situated on the banks, and surrounded with nice gardens, Raleigh had much talk with an old Indian chieftain called Topiawari. Raleigh was delighted with his wisdom and his grave and dignified manners, and promised to come and see him again on his way back. The rains were now beginning to fall, and the river was so much swollen by them that it became impossible to row against the current any more. Leaving his boats, Raleigh went by land to see some great waterfalls, which he called a strange thunder of waters. He was charmed by the beauty of the country through which he passed; the trees, the plants, the beasts, the birds, nay, the very stones in the ground, were all beautiful and strange. Others of his company, meanwhile, had explored different parts of the country, and all came back equally delighted with what

they had seen. But the river was rising so rapidly that it was high time to think of going back. The rains came down in terrible showers, and wetted the men to the skin ten times in the course of the day.

On his way back, Raleigh remembered his promise, and sent for old Topiawari to come and see him again. He came at once, and with him a crowd of natives, each bringing baskets of food, so that it looked like a great market. Whilst his hungry men gathered round the baskets of the Indians, Raleigh had a long talk alone with Topiawari and his interpreter as to how he could best set about conquering Guiana. Topiawari was very anxious he should do so, and gave him his own son to take to England with him, in the hope that he might in some future day be made ruler of the land under the protection of the English. Raleigh left two Englishmen with Topiawari to learn his language. He collected, on his way down the river, all the information about the country that he could, and carried away specimens of the ore which he found to show in England. They were now going with the current, and it carried them along so swiftly that they made their journey in a very short time, but they were filled with fear at the sight of the raging current of the mighty river.

At the mouth of the river they met with a terrible storm, but they could not anchor there, and had to thrust out to sea to cross to Trinidad in the midst of the roaring billows, trusting themselves to God's keeping, and trying as well as they could to keep up one another's courage. They reached Trinidad in safety, and were filled with joy at the sight of



THE POWDER PLOT. THE HOUSE OF LORDS, WITH GUY FAWKES.

From an old print executed in 1605.

their ships. They returned to England after an absence of six months. What he had seen had made Raleigh more sure than ever that there was boundless wealth to be gained in Guiana. He wrote an account of his journey in the hopes of persuading others to share his views, but he never raised enough enthusiasm to make people willing to make the great effort which would be needful if they were to win Guiana. In the end, when some of the English were led to think seriously about seeking a new home across the seas, it was to North America, where Raleigh himself had first turned his attention, that they went, and South America was left to the Spaniards.

XXXVII.

THE GUNPOWDER PLOT.

A.D. 1605.

WHEN James Stuart, King of Scotland, succeeded Elizabeth upon the English throne as James I., both the Puritans and the Roman Catholics hoped that he would look more kindly upon them than Elizabeth had done. But James disappointed their hopes, and little by little ordered the strict laws made in the time of Elizabeth to be carried out both against Puritans and Catholics. The Catholics were bitterly disappointed, and when James ordered that all Catholic priests should be banished from England, their hatred and rage against the Government

led some of the more zealous amongst them to make a desperate plot. The chief of these plotters was Robert Catesby, a man who knew very well how to gain over others to think as he did. When he heard that the Catholic priests were to be banished he gave himself up for a few days to angry and bitter thoughts of revenge, and then he wrote to his cousin Thomas Winter, begging him to come and see him in London on business of importance. Winter came as he was bidden, and found Catesby at Lambeth with a friend of his, John Wright. These three men were all zealous Catholics; they had all suffered for their religion, and had tried by many plots and treasons to help the cause of the Catholics in England. Catesby now told Winter his new plan. He wished to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder when the King came to open Parliament. Afterwards, when the Government of the country was all in confusion, it would be easy to make a successful rising in favour of the Catholic religion. Catesby did not let Winter leave him till he had agreed to risk his life to aid this plot.

A little while afterwards a new conspirator was fetched over from Holland. This was an Englishman named Guido Fawkes, of well-known courage and skill. Another man named Thomas Percy, who was known to be specially angry at the treatment which the Catholics had received, was asked to come to a meeting of the plotters. He burst into the room where they were sitting together with the words, "Shall we always, gentlemen, talk and never do anything?" Catesby told him that they had a plan, and at another meeting, after

all five had sworn a solemn oath of secrecy and taken the sacrament together, Catesby told Fawkes and Percy his plan. Their next step was to hire a house which joined on to the Parliament House. Percy leased the house, and Fawkes, so as to be able to go in and out without suspicion, pretended to be Percy's servant; he had been so long out of England that no one knew him.

The house had been hired in the spring. The conspirators meant to carry out their horrible plan when Parliament should meet, as was expected, in the following February. For a time they separated and went into the country. In the early winter they met again in London, and then began to work to make a passage through the wall which divided the house they had hired from the Parliament House. They found that the wall was nine feet thick, and though they worked hard for a fortnight they got a very little way into it. As they worked they talked over their plans. They hoped that both James and his eldest son Henry would perish with the Parliament, and that they would then be able to seize the King's younger children and set up a Catholic government in the name of one of them. They were still busy at the wall, when they heard that Parliament was not to meet till October. So, as there was no need for haste, they went again into the country for a while, and told one or two more of their friends and relations, after they had sworn secrecy, of the plot. Then they went back to work at the wall. One day, as they were working, they were alarmed by hearing a rustling sound. Fawkes was sent to find out what it was, and came back to say that a

certain woman was selling off a store of coals which she kept in a cellar close at hand. They found out that this cellar ran under the Parliament House, and was just what they wanted for their purpose. They succeeded in hiring it, Percy giving as his reason that he wanted more room for his coals. They were now spared the trouble of working through the wall, and easily opened a door between the house and the cellar. They then put twenty barrels of powder into the cellar, and covered them up thickly with wooden logs and faggots. All was now ready, and they only had to wait till the day when Parliament should meet, which was at last fixed for the fifth of November.

As the time drew nearer, Catesby thought it was necessary for the success of the plot to get at least one or two rich men to join it. He chose three rich Catholics named Rokewood, Digby, and Tresham, to whom he told his plan, and who, after some hesitation, were gained over by him to promise their help. Thirteen people now knew the secret. It would not be safe to trust it to any more, but in order to have a number of discontented Catholics ready to help them, Digby agreed to invite a large hunting party for the day of the meeting of Parliament. When he had heard of the success of the plot he intended to tell it to his guests, and bring them at once to the help of the conspirators.

Of the three gentlemen to whom Catesby had told the plot, one, Tresham, had not joined with his whole heart, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. He knew that his own brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, himself a Catholic,

would be in the House at the opening of Parliament, and he was determined to save him, even at the risk of betraying the plot. He wrote him a letter, to which he did not sign his name, begging him not to attend the Parliament, but to await quietly in the country what should happen, for Parliament was to receive a terrible blow, and yet not to see who hurt it. Monteagle at once took this letter up to London and showed it to the Earl of Salisbury, the head of the Government. Salisbury consulted with some other members of the Government. The mysterious words of the letter made them think that some mischief by means of gunpowder might be meant, and one of them remembered the existence of the cellar under the Parliament House. They made up their minds to do nothing till just before the opening of Parliament, so as not to alarm the conspirators.

On the 3d of November, when the King came up to London, they showed the letter to him. He ordered that the cellar was to be searched. The Lord Chamberlain went to do this the next day. He did not believe much in the plot, and was afraid of being laughed at for going to look for gunpowder, and finding none. So he said he had come to look for something which belonged to the King, which had been left in the care of the man who owned the cellar. Fawkes opened the door to him, and he just looked into the cellar and saw the piles of faggots. He asked to whom they belonged, and when he heard the name of Percy he began to believe that there might be some truth in the story. He went and told the King what he had heard and seen, and James bade him go again and

examine more closely. At eleven o'clock at night Fawkes was found watching over the heap of faggots in the cellar. The faggots were removed, and the gunpowder was discovered. Then Fawkes, seeing there was nothing else to be done, confessed what he had meant to do the next morning. He was bound hand and foot and taken prisoner.

Tresham seems to have tried to give the other conspirators warning in time to allow them to fly. But they to the last clung to the hope that the plot might still succeed. When they learned the ruin of their hopes early on the morning of the 5th November, they took to their horses and fled from London. Digby heard nothing of the bad news, and held his hunting party as had been planned. Catesby himself arrived to tell of his disappointment. He told Digby privately that the plot had failed, but that if they all joined together they might still raise a force which would enable them to do something for the Catholic cause. Digby and a few of his friends agreed to join them, but most of the party indignantly refused.

The conspirators rode off together towards Wales, hoping to get more Catholics to join them by the way, but no one was willing to listen to them or give them any help. At last they stopped their flight at a house in Holbeach, on the borders of Staffordshire. They had lost heart; they knew that they were being pursued, that escape had become impossible. An accident occurred which caused them new terror. They were drying some gunpowder at the fire when a hot coal fell into it, and it exploded, burning the faces and hands of some of them. It seemed to them like God's judgment upon them for the

deed they had planned ; and for the first time the wickedness of their intentions seems to have struck them. They turned their minds to prayer, and confessed that they had been guilty of a great sin.

After a while the men who were pursuing them reached the house and began to fire into it. Some of the conspirators went outside and were shot down. Catesby died kissing a picture of the Virgin ; the rest were taken alive. Meanwhile, in London, Fawkes had been put to torture to force him to tell the names of his fellow conspirators ; but though the particulars of the plot were wrung from him, he did not betray any one. After the conspirators were taken at Holbeach, all was soon known about the plot. At the end of the month the eight conspirators, who were still living, were executed. Their courage did not fail them at the last. They died believing that they were martyrs in God's cause. But they met with no sympathy from the crowds who lined the London streets to see them dragged to their death, and till this day the name of Guy Fawkes has been held up to the hatred of the nation. Still, whilst we hate the foul deed which he and his companions, in their blind zeal, plotted to commit, we must remember that, wicked as their ideas were, they came more from a mistaken devotion to the religion they loved than from a desire to gain anything for themselves.

XXXVIII.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

A.D. 1620.

IN the reign of Queen Elizabeth there were many people who objected to the English Church as the Queen had set it up. The Roman Catholics thought she had made too many changes in religion; others, who were for the most part called Puritans, thought she had not made changes enough. The Puritans wished the worship in the churches to be made as simple as possible; they thought that all kinds of amusement were wrong, and that all men should be grave and serious. Elizabeth and James I. did not like these differences of religion, and thought that every one should be forced to think alike and to worship God in the same way. So many of the Puritans were very hardly treated. A number of poor people in the villages of Nottinghamshire, Lincolnshire, and the borders of Yorkshire, had been led by the teaching of a puritan preacher, John Pastor, to think that it was wrong to have bishops or fixed ceremonies in the Church, and that each congregation of faithful people might worship God in their own way, as His Spirit led them.

In those days it would have been thought wrong to leave these poor people in peace to do what seemed to them right;

and the King's officers tried to force them to follow the religion of the land. These poor people were so much troubled that they began to think of seeking some other land where they might quietly follow their own religion. In past years they had listened with deep interest and sympathy to those who told of the brave way in which the Dutch fought for their religion and their liberty, against the cruel Spanish king and his generals. Now they heard that in Holland the Dutch, free at last from the rule of a tyrant, allowed freedom of religion for all men. So these English reformers, dearly though they loved their country, determined to seek a new home in Holland. But it was not so easy to leave England. The magistrates heard what they intended, and some of them were cast into prison for a time. The next spring they tried again. They fixed a lonely heath near the river Humber as their place of meeting. From it boats carried them to the ship that was waiting for them. The men were already on board ; the women and children were waiting their turn to be taken through the surf to the ship, when suddenly a company of horsemen appeared to capture the runaways. The only prisoners they took were weeping women and children. They could do nothing with such as these, for it was impossible to punish women and children because they would go with their husbands and fathers. They could not be sent home, for they had no homes to go to. After going through miserable anxiety, they were allowed to go to the ship and join the men.

These poor pilgrims, as they called themselves, sailed first to Amsterdam. After a while most of them went on to Leyden.

At first they found it very difficult to earn their livelihood. The Dutch were kind to them, but dared not show them too much favour for fear of offending King James. Still they were both diligent and godly, and soon managed to earn a living.

As years went on the pilgrims did not learn to feel more at home in Holland. The language always sounded strange in their ears; they had to work at trades instead of farming as they had been used to do. Their thoughts began to turn to that wonderful New World on the other side of the Atlantic, of which Englishmen in the days of Queen Elizabeth had heard so much. Some Englishmen were already settled in Virginia, the part of North America in which Sir Walter Raleigh had planted the first English colony. The pilgrims believed that somewhere to the north of Virginia they might find a land where they could live in peace and serve God as they chose. Some of the Dutch, when they heard of the plan, proposed that they should go with them. But the pilgrims wished to found an English colony for the good and glory of that mother country which they still fondly loved, and they refused the help of the Dutch.

The pilgrims had already suffered much for their religion. They were not men, as their leaders said, whom small things could discourage; they were industrious and frugal. To men of this sort some English merchants were willing to advance money for the first expenses of the expedition, looking for a sure return from the labours of the pilgrims.

At last in 1620, twelve years after they had first left England, all was ready for the new start. The youngest and

strongest were to go first, under the leadership of William Brewster, in two ships—the “Speedwell” and the “Mayflower.” Those who were going and those who were left behind met together for a solemn fast and prayer, and afterwards a feast was given to the adventurers by their friends, where, amidst the tears with which they bewailed their separation, they found comfort in singing psalms together. All went to see the travellers sail away. Again they prayed and wept together, and at last their hearts were so filled with sorrow that they could speak no word, and parted in silence, lifting up hands of prayer for one another.

After a short stay at Southampton the “Mayflower” and “Speedwell” sailed on their long voyage. But the captain of the “Speedwell” lost heart when he thought of the dangers before him, and pretended that his ship was too weak to stand the voyage. They were therefore obliged to put back and leave the “Speedwell” at Plymouth. Those of the men in it who wished were taken on board the “Mayflower,” and the little ship with its precious cargo of about one hundred souls—men, women, and children—set out once more. Their voyage was long and stormy, taking sixty-three days. Part of the time the pilgrims spent in discussing the way in which the new Colony should be governed. They each signed an agreement that all the members of the Colony should decide together what was best for the good of all, and that each should submit to the general will. ●

It was at the opening of winter that the “Mayflower” at last got to America. The coast which they reached was bleak

and barren, and the climate was severe. There was of course no one to welcome them. When they wished to land they found that the water was so shallow that they could not get their boat near the land, and they had to wade through the ice-cold water. The first thing was to discover a fitting place to settle in. Some set off to explore the coast in a shallop, a kind of small boat, and met with great hardships as they journeyed through snow and wind, and found no spot that tempted them. Meanwhile some of the others had explored the land, and were worn out with marching up the steep hills and through the deep valleys covered with snow.

Once more the boat started to explore the coast. The cold was so great that the spray of the sea froze on them and made their clothes like coats of iron. At last they were overtaken by a storm of wind and rain; their mast was broken, and their sails thrown overboard. But through the darkness the tide carried them into a little cove, and there, wet and exhausted, they landed, and managed to light a fire. When morning dawned, they found that they were on a little island at the entrance of a harbour. The next day was Sunday, and thinking it wicked to do anything on that day, they spent it in pious rest, though there was great need that they should hasten to explore the shore. The spot seemed very suitable for a settlement. The "Mayflower" was brought into the harbour, and, in remembrance of the last English town in which they had been, they called their new home Plymouth. They at once began to build houses, and for the sake of greater haste it was decided that each man should build his

own house. But they were so feeble from the hardships they had undergone, and the weather was so severe, that the work got on but slowly. Many of the pilgrims died in that sad winter, lying in their last sickness with hardly a shelter for their heads, and the living were scarce able to bury the dead.

Early in March a south wind began to blow, the birds sang pleasantly in the woods, and the weather grew warm and pleasant. Still it was some time before sickness and death ceased amongst the pilgrims. Only the strongest survived, and they lived to a great age. Food was scarce for a long while. In the autumn some new emigrants came, but brought no food with them, and the first pilgrims had to go on half allowance so as to have something with which to feed their friends. Men might be seen to stagger as they walked, from faintness and want of food. In the third year their stores were all finished; at night they knew not where to have a bit in the morning. For three or four months they had no corn at all. When a few friends came to join them, they could give them nothing to eat but a bit of fish and a cup of fair spring water with no bread. But in the midst of all their sufferings they never lost their trust in God, nor their hope for the future.

In the year 1623 they had a harvest to reap, and then their worst hardships were at an end. Land was given to each family to cultivate, and all were happily and busily at work, women and children going joyfully to labour in the fields as well as the men. From the first their dealings with the natives in the country were pleasant and peaceful. The

natives in the immediate neighbourhood had, a few years before, all perished from pestilence, and only their ruined huts were to be seen. But after a while an Indian chieftain came to visit the English village. He had learnt a few words of English from fishermen, and entered the village with the words "Welcome, Englishmen." He was received with great friendliness, and a treaty was made with him. The Indians were glad to come and trade with the pilgrims, and brought them skins and furs in return for corn and English manufactured articles. Some of the pilgrims went on foot through the forests to visit the home of their new friends, and both sides gained great good from their trade.

At first the colony increased very slowly. But as years passed on, the troubles of the Puritans in England thickened. Charles I. and Archbishop Laud spared neither threats nor cruelty to make all men conform to the Church, and Laud made new changes, which made the Puritans dislike the Church still more. Many sailed to join their brethren in New England across the seas. It was not now poor simple men like the first pilgrims, who left their native land to seek a new home, but educated, well-to-do men—some clergymen, some lawyers, some scholars, some farmers. With sad hearts and cries of "Farewell, dear England!" they left their beloved country. They, too, had to endure hardships at first, but in spite of these they rejoiced for the freedom that they found. "We now enjoy^a God and Jesus Christ," wrote one of the chief amongst them. "I thank God I like so well to be here; I do not repent my coming. I never had more content of

mind." In ever-growing numbers many of her best and godliest men left England. In one single year 3000 new colonists reached America, and in the ten or eleven years during which Charles I. ruled without a Parliament 20,000 Englishmen in 200 ships sailed to America. This was the beginning of that great country which we now know as the United States—a lover of freedom and equality from the first. But though the Colonists wished to govern themselves as far as their own affairs were concerned, they ever looked with love and gratitude to their mother country, and owned all due obedience to the English king, till in after years sad mistakes broke the tie which bound them to England.

XXXIX.

AN ENGLISH PATRIOT.

1628-1632.

AMONGST those members of Parliament who pointed out the mistakes of the early government of Charles I., and the harm which came to the country from the power of Charles' favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, none was so bold as Sir John Eliot. He had once been a friend of Buckingham's, but he loved his country better than his friend, and when he saw what harm the unwise government of the favourite was doing, his love for his friend was turned into hatred of his country's

foe. Eliot was a man who had read and studied much, and who had the great gift of speaking so as to force men to listen to him whilst he stirred their hearts by his glowing words.

Charles was always in want of money ; so when he asked Parliament to give him some, Eliot made a speech in which he said that before doing anything else, the bad government of the country must be put an end to. Later on he did not fear to name the great Duke of Buckingham as the cause of all the evils that had come upon the country. The anger against Buckingham grew so great that the Commons insisted at last that he should be impeached—that is, brought to trial before Parliament. He came himself to sit in his place as peer to hear the charges brought against him. As usual he was magnificently dressed and covered with jewels, and on his face was a proud and insolent smile, as if he cared nothing for his judges, but rather despised them. Eliot's wrath burst forth when he saw sitting there, haughty and resplendent in his ill-gotten wealth, the man whom he honestly considered as the cause of all the evils of his country. In passionate words he described the conduct of the Duke. "What vast treasures he has gotten," he cried ; "what infinite sums of money, and what a mass of lands ! . . . There needs no search for it ; it is too visible. His profuse expenses, his superfluous feasts, his magnificent buildings, his riots, his excesses, what are they but . . . a chronicle of the immensity of his waste of the revenues of the Crown ? No wonder, then, our King is now in want, this man abounding so. And as long as he abounds, the King

must still be wanting." Eliot, with his strong feeling for his country's sufferings, accused Buckingham wrongfully in many ways. The Duke was vain and extravagant, and not wise enough either to govern well, or command armies successfully, but he had not wilfully done harm to the country. Still the people who had suffered from his mistakes were only too ready to believe all that Eliot said. Charles, who loved Buckingham more than any one else in the world, was very angry. He came down to the House of Lords himself, and said that Buckingham was innocent of all that he was accused of. He was so angry with Eliot that he ordered him to be taken as a prisoner to the Tower. When the Commons heard this, they refused to go on with their business till Eliot was released. The King found that he could bring no just charges against Eliot, and, after spending a week in prison, he was allowed to go. But prison had not taught him to keep silence in fear. The Commons returned to their attacks upon Buckingham. They would not give the King money when they knew that it would be unwisely spent and foolishly wasted by his favourite. Charles, impatient at their obstinacy, dissolved Parliament, and sent the members away to their own homes in disgust.

Need of money soon forced Charles to call another Parliament. Eliot came back to Westminster as eager as ever to put wrong things right; and before any money was granted Charles was asked to put his name to a paper drawn up by Parliament called the Petition of Right, in which the chief rights and liberties of the English people were stated. Once

more Eliot spoke of all the misfortunes that had come to England from bad government—"What perfect English heart is not almost dissolved into sorrow for the truth?" he said. But when he began to speak about the King's ministers, the Speaker sprang to his feet and said, with tears in his eyes—for it grieved him to do anything which lessened the dignity of the House of Commons—that he had been commanded to interrupt any who should find fault with the ministers. Eliot sat down at once; he would not speak at all if he might not speak freely. But Charles, who could not do without money, was forced to sign the Petition of Right. The Commons showed their delight by shouts of applause, and their joy was shared by the people. The steeples of the London churches rang out peals of joy, and the night was lit up with blazing bonfires.

Not many weeks afterwards, when he was just about to sail for the war in France, Buckingham was struck dead by the dagger of an assassin. Charles wept for a beloved and trusted friend, but the people looked upon the murderer as a hero and martyr, and followed him with cries of "The Lord comfort thee!"

Charles did not get on any better now that Buckingham was gone. He quarrelled with Parliament about religion and about ways of raising money. The quarrel grew so furious that the King thought it would be well to adjourn Parliament for a week, in the hope that feelings might cool down; but Eliot, who feared lest Parliament should be dissolved again, determined to have his say out. When the Speaker,

who was a friend of the King's, wished to adjourn the House, he was held down in his chair. Some of his friends came to help him to get away from those who were holding him, but he could not get out of the House, and was soon forced back into his chair again. Then, when the uproar was a little quieted, Eliot, from a bench at the back of the House, threw down to the Speaker a paper with resolutions, which he called upon him to have read and put to the vote. But the Speaker refused, and once more all was noise and confusion. Then, as some members tried to leave the House, the doors were locked, that no one might get away. Still Eliot could not persuade the Speaker to put his resolutions to the vote, and at last, in a moment of impatience, he threw them into the fire. Holles, a friend who shared his views, blamed him for this, and Eliot answered courteously, "I give that gentleman great thanks for reproving me for the burning of that paper, and of all obligations that have passed between us I hold this for the greatest."

Just then a knocking was heard at the door. It was a message from the King to adjourn the House. Quickly Holles rose to propose the resolutions that had been in the burned paper as well as he could remember them. In these resolutions he condemned the changes in religion and the ways in which the King had raised money without the consent of Parliament. The Commons shouted, "Aye, aye," and then the door was thrown open and they trooped out; it was eleven years before another Parliament met there. •

The next day Eliot and eight other members were seized

and sent to the Tower. Charles looked upon Eliot as the cause of the boldness of the Commons ; he hated him and was determined to punish him severely. But crowds of distinguished men of all ranks flocked to the Tower to visit and sympathise with Eliot. After a while the prisoners were brought up for trial, charged with causing sedition and riot. They were sentenced to pay heavy fines and to stay in prison till they had owned to their offence and promised good behaviour for the future. The way was made easy for all but Eliot to submit. For him Charles had no mercy. He was only thirty-eight, in the prime of life, with wife and children in a happy home in Cornwall. But he would not deny his principles even that he might see that home again. Without a murmur, with the patience of a true hero, he submitted to his prison life. When, after the trial, he was taken back to the Tower, he was handed over by the official who had charge of him to the Lieutenant with these words, "I have brought you this worthy knight whom I borrowed of you some months ago, and now do repay him again." Eliot wrote to a friend rejoicing that he was free from courts of justice and left to the observance only of himself.

Charles did not grow any more merciful to him as time went on. Two years afterwards, hearing rumours that people came to consult Eliot in the Tower on political questions, he caused an order to be sent limiting the number of persons who might visit him. In the cold Christmas weather, Eliot's lodgings were changed to a room in which he wrote that "candlelight might be suffered, but scarce fire." His health



CROMWELL'S IRONSIDES STORMING BAERING HOUSE.

From a Fresco in Westminster Palace.

was soon broken by his imprisonment, but his thoughts dwelt chiefly on God's love and goodness. When he grew worse, he wrote to Charles and asked leave to be set at liberty till he had recovered his health; then he would come back to prison. Charles did not heed his entreaty, and Eliot spoke no word of anger against him for his hard-heartedness. One of his last acts was to send for a painter to paint his thin worn face, that his descendants might know how he looked as a sufferer in the cause of freedom. His brave spirit passed away to rest after he had been nearly three years in prison. Even after his death Charles would not forgive him, and refused to allow his son to have his body to bury in his native place.

XL.

CROMWELL'S IRONSIDES.

A.D. 1644.

WHEN the differences between Charles I. and his Parliament ended in actual war, men thought at first that one battle would decide the quarrel, for the King had neither money nor arms. But they were quite mistaken. Many who had blamed Charles I.'s conduct thought it wrong to fight against their King, and in the hope that now at last he had learned that he must govern according to the laws, they hastened to help him. The first great battle fought between the two parties

was a victory for neither side, but, on the whole, the advantage was on the King's side in the beginning of the war. There was one man amongst the soldiers of the Parliament who understood the reason of the King's success. This was Oliver Cromwell, then a colonel in the army. "The soldiers of the Parliament," he said, "are most of them old decayed serving men and tapsters, and such kind of fellows." But the soldiers in the King's army were gentlemen's sons. How could it be hoped that the spirits of base and mean fellows would ever be able to stand against gentlemen with honour, courage, and resolution in them? Cromwell felt sure that the troops of the Parliament would go on being beaten unless they could get men with the spirit of godliness to fight for them—that spirit would make them go as far as the gentlemen were likely to go. The King's soldiers, the Cavaliers, were fighting for their King; Cromwell wished to make the Parliament's soldiers, the Roundheads, feel that they were fighting for their God. When Cromwell told his idea to his friend John Hampden, he thought it a very good notion, but not one that it was possible to carry out. Cromwell, however, was not discouraged. He answered that he felt that he himself could do somewhat in the matter, and he set to work to do what he could.

He began to raise a regiment of horse in the eastern counties, from which he himself was sprung. These men soon got the name of Ironsides, so famous were they for the firmness with which they fought. They were for the most part yeomen—that is, small farmers who owned the land on which they themselves worked—and yeomen's sons. Cromwell took

only such as were men of religion ; he did not care about anything else. Some were surprised at the sort of men whom he raised to be captains, but he did not mind their being plain men, if they were only patient, faithful, and conscientious. "Better have a plain russet-coated captain," he said, "that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than what you call a gentleman, and is nothing else. I honour a gentleman that is so indeed."

His rules were very strict. His Ironsides must show by their lives that they were men of religion. No drinking or swearing were allowed, and if any one so far forgot himself as to swear, he at once paid a fine of twelve pence. Cromwell was careful, too, to see that their arms, their horses, and their harness, were all good and well made, for he said, "If a man has not good weapons, horse, and harness, he is as nought."

He was successful in finding the sort of men he needed, and in a few months had a troop of a thousand horse—honest, godly men, of whom he said a few were better than numbers. He looked upon his regiment with delight ; clad in their plain, close-fitting, buff-leather jerkins, they were a beautiful sight in his eyes. He called them "honest, religious, valiant, a lovely company, honest sober Christians, who expect to be used as men." His great difficulty was to get money to pay them. He could not get enough even to clothe them, and was afraid that this would soon discourage them. They were not allowed to enrich themselves by plunder. Cromwell gave as much of his own money as he could to the cause, but he had little to give, for his estate was small. So he had to write again and

again, imploring that the money due to his men should be sent.

The first great battle, at which it was seen what Cromwell's Ironsides could do, was fought at Marston Moor on the 2d of July 1644. The army of the Parliament, together with the Scots, who had come to the aid of the Parliament, was besieging Charles I.'s general, the Marquis of Newcastle, in York. When the fiery Prince Rupert, Charles's nephew, heard how hard Newcastle was pressed, he hastened to his assistance. He saved York, but, not content with that, he was determined to fight a battle. He knew that the enemy was encamped on Marston Moor, seven miles from York; and though Newcastle was very unwilling, he insisted upon marching out of York to attack them. Prince Rupert left York first, and Newcastle soon followed in his coach-and-six. The Parliament's army had already marched away, but when they heard that Prince Rupert was coming to give them battle, they turned back to meet him.

The two armies drew up on either side of a long ditch, which went across the moor. It was getting late before the Royalists were ready, and Prince Rupert thought it was too late to fight that day, so Newcastle retired to sleep in his coach. Not till five o'clock were the Roundheads all ready in their places. It was a close and sultry day, with now and then a shower of rain. No sun shone out to light up the steel which covered the heads of the men and of their horses. The two armies stood and stared at one another across the ditch, and neither would make the first move forwards. Now and

then, as they stood amongst the waving corn, the Parliament soldiers whiled away the time by singing a psalm. The long summer's day was drawing to a close; it was seven o'clock—two hours more and the daylight would be gone. Then at last the order was given to the Parliament's army to advance. They moved forward through the corn like so many thick clouds, and crossed the ditch without difficulty. The battle closed in a terrible confusion. The two bodies of horse were locked together motionless, and hacked at one another with their swords. Prince Rupert did not as usual carry all before him. On the left the Roundheads were successful, and Rupert's horse gave way before the Ironsides, who earned their name that day. But the right wing, under the command of the noblest of the Parliament's generals, Fairfax, was beaten back by Newcastle's famous Whitecoats. These men had earned their name because they begged to have their coats made up without waiting for the cloth to be dyed, saying that they would soon dye them in the blood of their enemies. Only Fairfax's own regiment was successful, and drove the Royalist cavalry in front of them along the road to York. Fairfax turned to see what had become of the rest of his men, and found himself alone in the midst of the enemy. Then he took out of his hat the white handkerchief which the Parliament soldiers wore as their colour that day, for when Englishmen fought against Englishmen, some sign was needed to distinguish friend from foe, and he rode safely across the field to the other wing.

It seemed as if the battle was lost for the Parliament.

Evening was closing in, and the thick clouds of smoke which hung around darkened the air. Then it was that Cromwell turned back from pursuing Prince Rupert's cavalry, and attacked the rear of the men who had routed Fairfax's wing. None could stand before his Ironsides. He said afterwards, "They were as stubble to our swords. We charged their regiments of foot with our horse, and routed all we charged. Give glory, all the glory to God." Only the Whitecoats would not fly. Defending themselves in a small field as best they could, they refused to yield to any one. When at last the Roundheads forced their way into the field, only thirty Whitecoats were found living.

The fight and slaughter went on for two hours after sunset. It was one of the bloodiest battles of the whole war. Fairfax tried to stop the slaughter, and, though wounded himself, rode all over the field to bid his men "spare the poor deluded countrymen." Those of the Royalists who could escape fled to York. It was ten o'clock, and too late to pursue them. Four thousand men lay dead upon the field, and the enemy's guns and arms and standards fell into the hands of the Roundheads.

Cromwell had already lost two sons in battle; at Marston Moor a nephew of his was killed. He himself wrote to tell the young man's father the sad news. He began his letter by speaking of the wonderful victory, and then he said, "Sir, God hath taken away^d your eldest son by a cannon shot. . . You know my^o own trials in this way, but the Lord supported me with this, that the Lord took him into the happiness we all pant

for and live for. There is your precious child full of glory, never to know sin or sorrow any more. He was a gallant young man, exceeding gracious. . . Before his death he was so full of comfort . . . he could not express it. It was so great above his pain. . . A little after he said one thing lay upon his spirit. I asked him what that was. He told me it was that God had not suffered him to be any more the executioner of his enemies. At his fall . . . I am informed, he bade them open to the right and left that he might see the rogues run. Truly he was exceedingly beloved in the army of all that knew him. . . You have cause to bless the Lord. He is a glorious saint in heaven."

XII.

PRINCE CHARLES'S ESCAPE AFTER THE
BATTLE OF WORCESTER.

A.D. 1651.

THE year after Charles I. was beheaded, the Scots invited his eldest son Charles to come to Scotland and be their King. At the head of an army, made up partly of Scots and partly of his English followers, Charles pushed his way into England with a wild hope that many of the English would join him, and he would be able to reach London. He and his troops advanced as far as Worcester, and there, worn out by their

three weeks' march in very hot weather, they had to rest. There was small hope left for them; indeed, as one of their leaders said, they had but one stout argument—despair. Ragged and weary, many wished for nothing but to get away, and Charles himself had to go amongst them, and beg them yet a little longer to stick to him.

Not a week after they were settled in Worcester, Cromwell arrived outside the town with his army. From the Cathedral tower Charles looked out with his officers and saw how his enemies were getting ready for the battle. A few days after his arrival Cromwell began his attack upon the royalists. Charles himself charged with his cavalry, and behaved very bravely. But it was all no good. The royalists were terribly beaten—very few of them escaped, a great many were killed, and still more were taken prisoners. In Cromwell's eyes the battle was a crowning mercy, and he judged rightly, for it was the last battle he had to fight. He was never again called upon to draw his sword in England.

No one knew how Charles escaped from the bloody field. Some say that when he saw that all was lost, he went about in despair bidding his own men to kill him. But he escaped first into the town of Worcester, and then fled with one or two of his own servants. After a while, thinking it safest to be alone, he sent away his servants, first making them cut off his hair, which, like all the Cavaliers, he wore long. As morning began to dawn, he was wandering in a wood, when a man, who had been hidden in a tree, came down to meet him. He was a Catholic gentleman named Careless, who had fought for

Charles's cause. He advised him, seeing that the wood would be sure to be searched as soon as it was daylight, to hide in the oak tree where he himself had passed the night. Its leaves were so thick that it was not likely that any one would find him out. Then they both climbed into the tree, and were so well hidden that, though they could see soldiers searching the wood, and even hear what they said, no one saw them.

Charles had neither eaten nor slept for two days and nights, and when night came on again he was determined to run some risk to get food and drink. They came down from the tree and walked a weary way over the fields, across hedges and ditches, which was made more weary for Charles because he had on his heavy riding boots. After walking all through the night, they reached the cottage of a peasant whom Careless knew to be a pious Catholic. He took them into a barn full of hay; from what he told them, they judged it would be safer not to stay together, and Careless went off, promising within two days to send an honest man to guide Charles. The poor countryman had nothing to give him to eat, but Charles soon fell asleep amongst the hay. In the morning the peasant, who had no idea who his guest was, brought him a great pot of buttermilk, which seemed to the hungry prince the best food he had ever eaten.

In this hay barn Charles had to lie hidden for two days, with no better food than buttermilk. Then at last a man came to him from Careless, and led him a long way across the fields in the night to another house. Here Charles changed

clothes with the landlord. For a moment he hesitated about putting on the poor man's rough shirt, and longed to keep his own fine linen, but in the end he was wise enough to leave all his clothes. The landlord did his best to give him a comfortable pair of old shoes, but they soon hurt his feet so much, as he walked over the fields with his guide, that he threw them away. He walked on in his stockings, which were quickly worn out, and his feet were so cut and wounded with stones and thorns that many times he threw himself upon the ground, and said he must rest, for he could bear the torment no longer. His guide always urged him on, and at last brought him to a house where he might rest through the day in the barn. Here he feasted on meat, porridge, butter, and cheese. They got better shoes and stockings for him, and he was led about for several days from house to house, never daring to stay long in one hiding-place. But he was only taken to the houses of poor humble men, and he began to long for the better food and the comforts of a rich man's house. He was rejoiced when at last a monk came to him from Mr. Careless, and told him that Lord Wilmot, a friend of his, lay hidden in the house of a Mr. Lane, not very far off. The monk brought Lord Wilmot to see Charles, and it was soon arranged that Charles, too, should be taken to Mr. Lane's house. In this house there were some of the secret chambers, still to be seen in many old houses, which were made to hide priests or treasure in. In one of these Charles was lodged, and he was well fed and taken care of. He enjoyed a blessed rest in this kindly shelter for many days, whilst he heard how men were searching the

country for him ; a reward of £1000 had been promised to whoever should find him.

Some means had to be found by which Charles could get to the sea-coast so as to escape to France. It was decided that Mr. Lane's daughter should go to visit a cousin of hers who lived near Bristol, and that Charles should travel as her servant—she riding on a pillion behind him. Mr. Lane's son rode at some distance from them with a hawk on his fist, and several spaniels, as if he was going out hunting. Lord Wilmot also travelled in the same direction, though he seldom rode or even passed the night with the others. When they reached the houses where they were to stay all night, Mistress Lane always said that her father had allowed a neighbour's son to ride with her, in the hope that change of air might do him good, as he was suffering from ague. In this way she managed to get quiet and a good bed for Charles, as well as the best of food, which she often carried to him herself.

As they rode, they often passed people whom the King knew quite well by sight, and when they passed through Bristol he was much interested in noticing the changes in the town since he had last been there.

When they reached the house of Mr. Norton, Mistress Lane's cousin, it was a holiday, and many people were gathered on the bowling-green before the door. Amongst them Charles saw a man who had once been his chaplain, sitting on the rails and watching a game of bowls. Charles was glad to be able to escape at once to the stable, leading Mistress Lane's horse. She soon asked her cousin to have a room with a fire made

ready for him, and he was very pleased to escape from the company of the grooms in the stable.

When supper-time came Mistress Lane bade the butler carry some food to her attendant. When the butler came into the room where Charles was sitting, he looked narrowly at him, and then fell on his knees and told him he was glad to see his Majesty. Charles, very much surprised, tried to treat his remark as a joke; but the butler soon showed that he knew for certain that he was the King, and promised to keep his secret faithfully, which he did. A little while afterwards Charles's former chaplain came in out of kindness to see the young man, who was said to be sick of an ague. Charles, full of fear that he would find him out, withdrew as far from the light as he could. The chaplain felt his pulse, and asked him a great many questions, but Charles answered as shortly as he could, and pretended to be very tired and anxious to go to bed, so that he was at last left in peace.

From Bristol Charles went on without Mistress Lane to the house of a gentleman whom he knew well. He stayed there some days whilst his friends tried to find a vessel to take him to France. At last the master of a small barque agreed to take Charles and Lord Wilmot over to France for a sum of fifty pounds. Of course he was not told who it was that he was to take, but he guessed that it must be some of those gentlemen who had escaped after the battle of Worcester. On the night on which they were to embark Charles went with his friends to a small inn on the sea-coast. The barque was to come to a spot near the inn to pick them up.

When they reached the inn they found a good many travellers there, and were glad to get into any room that could be given them. They hoped to start early in the morning, but when day dawned and they looked out for the ship, it could be seen nowhere. The truth was that the wife of the master of the ship had begun to suspect that her husband was engaged in some dangerous business. As he would not tell her what he was going to do, she locked him into his house and would not let him go out that night. So the poor man had to go to bed instead of keeping his promise.

When ten o'clock had come and the ship was not to be seen, Charles and his friends thought it would be wiser to leave the inn and wait no longer. It was well they did so. For that day was a fast-day, and in a chapel opposite the inn a weaver was preaching to a number of people. In his sermon he spoke much against the Stuart kings and their evil government, and said that he knew Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in the country, and that whoever could find him out would be doing God service.

The weaver had hardly finished his sermon when he was told that the smith had been called upon that morning to shoe the horses of some travellers at the inn, and had noticed that they must have come from far, for he could tell that each of the shoes of one of the horses had been made in a different county. The weaver at once exclaimed that no doubt one of these travellers was Charles Stuart, and men were sent in his pursuit. But Charles was already safe in his friend's house. There it was decided that they had better not try

again to embark in that neighbourhood. So once more Charles set out on his travels to go to the coast of Sussex. He had to pass through a part of the country where there were many soldiers, so he went back to his former plan of having a lady to ride behind him. In this way he rode safely through a whole regiment of horse, and even met its colonel face to face. In every part of the country he found houses belonging to his friends who were willing to take him in. He lay hidden for some days in the secret chamber of the house of a widow lady, who waited upon him herself so that no one else might see him, until his friends found a ship to take him to France. He sailed at last in safety from Brighton, which was then a small fishing village. It was nearly three months after the battle of Worcester when he reached France in safety. His wonderful escape, and the way in which, wherever he went, he found people ready to hide him and help him at the risk of their lives, shows that, though at that time the royalists seemed to be entirely crushed, their cause was still dear to a great number of the English people, and that the time would come when Charles would be called upon to ascend his father's throne.

XLII.

THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT
AND LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

A.D. 1683.

It was in the reign of Charles II. that the party names of Whig and Tory were first used. A number of Popish outlaws, who led a wild life amongst the bogs of Ireland, were then called Tories. Their nickname was given as a term of abuse to those men in England who were friends of Charles II.'s brother, the Duke of York. In return the Duke of York's friends called those who wished to exclude him from the throne because he was a Papist, Whigs, after some fanatical Presbyterians in Scotland. The Whigs as a party were those who opposed the court and maintained the rights of Parliament, whilst they wished to treat all Protestants with toleration. The Tories were friends of the court and did not think that James should be excluded from the throne because he was a Roman Catholic.

The Whigs succeeded in getting a Bill to exclude the Duke of York from the throne passed by the House of Commons, but it did not pass the Lords. After this Charles II. tried in vain to get together a Parliament more inclined to do as he wished, but at last he gave it up in despair. The law did not oblige him

to call another Parliament for three years, and he determined to do without one as long as possible. In the meantime he meant to be as severe as he could towards the Whigs, and try to make it impossible for them to resist his will for the future. The Whigs were in despair. It seemed to them as if their own lives as well as the liberties of their country were in danger. The chief of them held secret meetings, in which they discussed many different plans. The more violent wished to rise in arms against the Government, but to the wiser ones this idea seemed rash and foolish. One of the wisest and best amongst the Whig leaders was Lord William Russell, the eldest son of the Duke of Bedford. He was quite against any violent plot, but it happened, unfortunately for him, that he was once or twice present when such things were talked of.

Just at this time it was suddenly discovered that a desperate plot had been made to seize, and perhaps even kill, the King and his brother. The conspirators were to lie in wait for them near a house called the Rye House, a lonely spot which they had to pass on their way from Newmarket to London. But a fire broke out at Newmarket, and, as it did some harm to the King's house there, he set out for London sooner than he had intended, and so escaped the conspirators. Not even Charles II. himself believed that the Whig leaders had anything to do with this plot, and many people thought that the whole story was an invention to throw blame on the Whigs. It gave a new reason for severity towards them. Lord William Russell guessed that he was in danger. He had time to escape, but he scorned to fly, for he felt that then it

would look as if he knew he had done wrong. He waited quietly in his house till he was arrested and taken to the Tower. The Earl of Essex and some others of the chief Whigs were also arrested. Another of the Whig leaders, Lord Howard, thought only of how to save himself, and to do this he determined to betray his friends. The news of Lord Howard's conduct made Essex despair. Russell had never trusted Howard, and had not wished Essex to bring him to any of the Whig meetings, but Essex had insisted. Now it seemed to Essex that through his fault they would all be ruined. One morning the servants who attended him in the Tower saw him pacing up and down his room for a long time in deep thought. Then he went into his dressing-room. Half an hour afterwards they went in to seek him, and found him lying dead on the floor—he had cut his throat with a razor.

That very morning Lord William Russell was being tried for his supposed share in the plot; he was charged with conspiring the King's death, and consulting to stir up insurrection. He had been now four days in the Tower, and from the first moment that he had stepped across its threshold he had given himself up as a lost man. He had spent his days reading the Bible, particularly the Psalms, and preparing himself for another world. But his friends, and especially his wife, had been doing all they could to save him. His wife not only loved him with all her heart, but was a brave and wise woman, and instead of spending her days in vain lamentation, she set to work at once to do all she could to help her husband. She asked him to allow her to be present at his trial, for she

thought she might be of use to him then, and when the time had arrived she was by his side.

Lord William Russell asked the judge for pen and paper, and permission for some one to take notes for him, and the judge answered, "Any of your servants shall assist in writing anything that you please." Then Russell answered, "My wife is here, my lord, to do it." All through the trial she sat by his side and wrote for him.

Several witnesses were called to prove that Lord William Russell had been present when risings against the King were discussed. Chief of all was Lord Howard the traitor. His conduct had brought Lord Essex to his sad end, and now his words were to lead to the condemnation of another whom he had once called his friend. It was whilst Lord Howard was answering the questions put to him that he heard of the sad death of Essex. Perhaps for a moment he repented that he had turned traitor, for his voice was so choked with emotion that he could not be heard, and one of the jury called out, "We cannot hear you, my lord." Then Lord Howard answered, "There is an unhappy accident happened which hath sunk my voice; I was but just now acquainted with the fate of my Lord of Essex." But he conquered his feelings, and went on to take away the life of Russell also.

When all the witnesses against him had been heard, Lord William Russell himself addressed the court. He told them how he hated the very idea of murdering even a private person, and how much more a prince; and he said, likewise, that nothing so wicked as going about to make or raise a rebellion

had ever entered his thoughts. But the jury believed the evidence against him, and he was declared guilty of high treason.

His friends did not yet despair of saving his life. Charles II., however, not only believed the charges against him, but considered the opinions which he was well known to hold, and which he freely confessed, as most wicked and dangerous. Russell held that a nation was justified in defending its liberties, and he would not change his opinions even to save his life. He gave in to Lady Russell's entreaties so far as to write letters both to the King and to the Duke of York, in which he confessed that he had done wrong in being present at meetings at which treasonable matters had been spoken of, and asked their pardon. Some of his friends believed that if he would also own that his opinions were wrong, the King would pardon him; but all their persuasions would not make him say what he did not think. Burnet, a clergyman, who in many things shared the opinions of the Whigs, was a great deal with him in these last days. Russell had only a week granted him between his condemnation and his execution. He had no fear of death, for he felt within him the assurance of God's mercy. He told Dr. Burnet that he forgave all his enemies, but he could not help looking upon Lord Howard with scorn, though he wished him no harm, and he trusted that this feeling was not wrong. A dear friend of his, Lord Cavendish, sent a message to him, asking to be allowed to change clothes with him, and stay in his place in prison whilst he escaped. Russell, smiling at the proposal,

Saturday was the day fixed for Russell's death, and on Friday he decided to take the Sacrament. As a rule he talked about politics and the state of Europe during his meals, but on that day he wished to turn his mind entirely to religion, and he spent most of the time listening to Dr. Burnet, and talking with him. He said that he felt sad for the cloud which seemed to be hanging over his country, but hoped that his death would be of more service than his life could have been. After dinner a few of his friends visited him, and his children came to bid him farewell. He did not allow himself to show the sorrow he felt at parting from them. His wife remained after they had gone, for he said to her, "Stay and sup with me ; let us eat our last earthly food together." He talked cheerfully during supper-time, chiefly about his two daughters. He even made a joke of a letter which came to his wife, proposing a new means of saving him. Then, when it began to rain hard, he

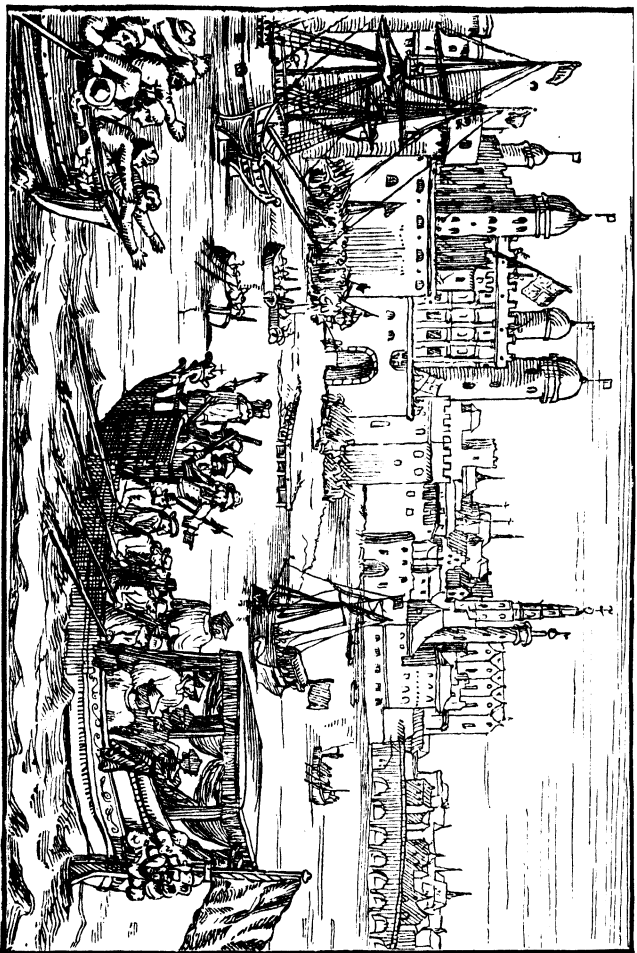
remarked, "Such a rain to-morrow will spoil a great show, which is a dull thing on a rainy day."

When the time drew near for his wife to go, he took her by the hand, and said, "This flesh you now feel in a few hours must be cold." At ten o'clock she left him. He kissed her four or five times; but each of them, determined not to add to the other's sorrow, succeeded in keeping back all sobs and tears, and they parted in silence. When she was gone he said, "Now the bitterness of death is past." Then he began again to praise her, saying how great a blessing she had been to him, and what a comfort it was to leave his children in such a mother's hands. He passed on to speak of the wonderful change that was so soon to take place in him. Before twelve he went to sleep, bidding his servant wake him at four, and when the servant came in to call him he found him sound asleep. He awoke and asked what o'clock it was, but fell asleep again, whilst the servant was preparing the things for him to dress. Dr. Burnet came in and woke him again, saying, "What, my lord, asleep?" "Yes, doctor," he said; "I have slept heartily since one o'clock." He then asked Burnet to go and tell Lady Russell that he was well and had slept well, and hoped that she had done the same, and that he had prayed for her. For some time he prayed by himself and with Burnet and Dean Tillotson. Then he gave Burnet messages for his friends, and wound up his watch, saying, "I have done with time, now eternity comes."

When he came down to drive to the place of execution, he met his friend Lord Cavendish and bade him farewell. But having parted from him, he went back again to him and spoke

very earnestly, begging him to think more seriously of religion, which had been such an infinite comfort to himself during the last days. Then he got into the coach with Burnet and Tillotson. He looked into the faces of the crowd as they drove along and said that some looked joyful enough, but that he was more touched by the tears he saw in the eyes of others. Only once did a tear drop from his own eyes, when he looked towards the spot where his house was. As they drove on he sang to himself, and Burnet asked him what he was singing; he said it was the 119th psalm, but he should sing better very soon.

He was surprised to see the great crowd which had gathered to see him die, and said that he expected in a little while to be in far better company. On the scaffold he spoke but few words, for he said, "I was never fond of much speaking, much less now;" but he gave the sheriff a paper in which he had written down his last sentiments. He begged the Dean to pray, and he gave him a ring, and his watch to Dr. Burnet. Then he knelt down and prayed three or four minutes by himself, and afterwards quietly took off his coat and arranged his dress. He laid his head upon the block, but his face did not change nor his hand tremble, even when the executioner laid the axe to his neck. In two strokes the head was off.



THE SEVEN BISHOPS GOING TO THE TOWER.

XLIII.

THE TRIAL OF THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

A.D. 1688.

JAMES, Duke of York, the brother of Charles II., was a zealous Roman Catholic. Many people in England wished that he should be excluded from the throne because of his religion, but his friends were strong enough to prevent this. When, at the death of Charles II., he succeeded him as James II., his first words as King were to promise that he would defend the Church of England, and respect the laws. Men were filled with hopes that in spite of his religion he would govern justly and for the good of his people. But they were soon disappointed.

At that time no one who was not a member of the Church of England could hold any office under Government. James II. knew quite well that he could not get Parliament to alter this law, so on his own authority he admitted several Roman Catholics to offices which they could not legally hold. He soon went further, and published what he called a Declaration of Indulgence, which gave leave to all Dissenters, as well as to all Roman Catholics, to fill any office in the State, and to hold their services wherever they liked, in spite of the laws which forbade their doing so. In this way James II. hoped to gain

the Dissenters over to his side. The Dissenters would have rejoiced greatly if they could, in a rightful way, have gained permission to hold their religious services. But they loved the liberties of their country too well to be grateful for the favours shown them by the King, who had no right to put aside the laws on his own authority. Instead of being delighted, as James II. had hoped, most of the Dissenters began to show clearly that as Protestants they felt far more sympathy with the Church of England than with James II. and the Roman Catholics.

James was disappointed in the effect of the Declaration of Indulgence, and a year afterwards he ordered it to be published again, to show people that he had not changed his mind. It seemed as if he wished to irritate the clergy of the Church of England as much as possible, for he gave orders that the Declaration should be read in all the churches on two successive Sundays. This put the clergy in a very difficult position. They had always taught that it was the duty of subjects to obey their King, and to believe that what he did was right. But they could not help looking upon the Declaration as unlawful ; and, if so, how could they read it in their churches ? The London clergy, at a general meeting, decided not to read the Declaration, and several of the Bishops and chief clergy met together at Lambeth Palace to consider what was to be done. After praying together, they discussed the matter very seriously. In the end the Archbishop of Canterbury drew up a petition to the King, which he and the six other Bishops present signed. The words of the petition were very respect-

ful ; but it said that as the Bishops considered the Declaration illegal, they could not in honour read it in God's house.

The next day the Bishops went across the river to White-hall to give the petition to James. The Archbishop did not go, for he was out of favour at court. James ordered the Bishops to be at once admitted to his presence. From what he had heard he believed they were willing to do as he wished, and he was in very good humour. When the six Bishops knelt before him he bade them rise, and took the paper from them. "This is in my lord of Canterbury's hand," he said. "Yes, sir, his own hand," was the answer. James's good-humour quickly disappeared as he read the paper. His face grew dark as he folded it up, and looked round upon the Bishops. "This," he said, "is a great surprise to me. I did not expect this from your Church, especially from some of you. This is a standard of rebellion." The Bishops answered by passionately assuring the King of their loyalty. James, with his usual obstinacy, only repeated his words again. "We put down the last rebellion," said one of the Bishops ; "we shall not raise another." A second exclaimed, "We rebel ! we are ready to die at your Majesty's feet." Another, full of courage, said, "Sir, I hope that you will grant us that liberty of conscience which you grant to all mankind." But James only grew more angry. "What do you do here?" he cried at last. "Go to your dioceses, and see that I am obeyed. I will keep this paper. I will not part with it. I will remember that you have signed it." The Bishops went quietly and sadly away. That very evening the

petition was sold publicly all over the streets of London, and eagerly bought by every one. No one knew how it became public. It was cried about the streets, and people rose from their beds to buy it. All praised the conduct and the courage of the Bishops, and on the next Sunday the Declaration was read in only four out of the hundred parish churches in the city of London. The same thing happened on the following Sunday. James, in his anger and disappointment, was determined to punish the Bishops, and they were bidden to appear before him in council. They were given advice by the best lawyers in England how to answer the questions put to them. The people, intensely anxious about the fate of the Bishops, crowded round Whitehall to see what would happen.

At first, following the advice which had been given them, the Bishops very respectfully refused to answer the questions which the King put. "Sir," said the Archbishop, "I am not bound to accuse myself. Nevertheless, if your Majesty positively commands me to answer, I will do so in the confidence that a just and generous prince will not suffer what I say in obedience to his orders to be brought in evidence against me." James grew very angry with the Bishops, and at last, in obedience to his commands, they owned that they had written and signed the petition. They were then ordered to give sureties that they would appear, when summoned, before the Court of King's Bench, to answer for a charge of libel. They answered that the best lawyers in England had told them that they, being peers, need give no sureties in a case of libel. The King grew more and more angry because

he thought that they wished to go against him in every point, and said that as they would not give sureties they must go to prison. A barge was got ready to convey them down the river to the Tower.

The crowd outside Whitehall was growing more and more impatient to know what was to be done to the Bishops, and the sight of the barge made numbers of people jump into little boats on the river to be able to follow it. When the Bishops came out, guarded by soldiers, the excited people fell on their knees and prayed aloud for those who, with such true Christian courage, had resisted the tyrant. Many followed the Bishops even into the river, and, plunging up to their waists in mud and water, asked the holy fathers to bless them. All down the river the barge passed through lines of boats crowded with men, who shouted, "God bless your lordships!" Even the sentinels at the Tower asked for a blessing as the Bishops passed in, and that night the soldiers in the Tower passed their time drinking the health of the Bishops.

Every one crowded to show sympathy to the imprisoned Bishops. The gates of the Tower were beset with the coaches of the first nobles in England, and the poorer people thronged Tower Hill. Even ten dissenting ministers came to visit the Bishops, and this enraged James more than ever. He sent for some of the ministers, and scolded them himself; but they answered bravely that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to stand by the men who stood by the Protestant religion.

After a week in the Tower the seven Bishops were brought

before the King's Bench. Again the people crowded to see them on their way, and called down blessings upon them as they passed. "Friends," answered the Bishops, "honour the King, and remember us in your prayers." To the accusations brought against them the Bishops pleaded "Not Guilty." It was fixed that their trial should take place in a fortnight's time, and till then they were allowed to go where they pleased instead of being sent back to the Tower. This delighted the common people immensely, and made them think that the troubles of the Bishops were over. Merry peals rang from the church steeples, and the people crowded round the Bishops so eagerly, trying to touch their hands or kiss the skirt of their robes, that they could hardly get along. A number of soldiers had gathered at the Archbishop's palace at Lambeth to do him honour, and asked his blessing as he passed. They wished very much to show their joy by lighting a bonfire, but he would not allow it.

On the day fixed for the trial, Westminster Hall and the yard outside were densely filled with people. The chief men in England had gathered there, and the cleverest lawyers were engaged on either side. The Bishops were charged with having written a false, malicious, and seditious libel in the county of Middlesex. Amongst those who spoke on the Bishops' side none was so clever as a young lawyer named John Somers, who proved in a few weighty and eloquent words that the petition was neither false, seditious, nor malicious. Everything possible had been done by the King to secure judges and a jury who would condemn the

Bishops, but all his efforts could not triumph over the truth. It was already dark, though it was the middle of summer, when the jury retired to consider their decision. The judges and the Bishops went to spend the night in their own homes, but the jury were shut up in a room at Westminster. The solicitor of the Bishops, with a number of servants, watched all night on the stairs which led to the room, to see that no food was sent to any of the jury. They were not even allowed a candle or a pipe. At four in the morning some basins of water to wash with were sent into them.

At first nine of the jury said that the Bishops were not guilty, and only three said they were guilty. Two of the three soon gave way, but the other would not give way. One of the others, a country gentleman, who had paid great attention to the trial, said to him, "Look at me—I am the largest and strongest of the twelve ; before I find such a petition as this a libel, here I will stay till I am no bigger than a tobacco-pipe." But not till six o'clock in the morning did the last man give in to the opinion of the others.

At ten o'clock the court met again. The hall was crowded more densely than ever. There was a breathless silence when the jury were asked what their verdict was. When the answer "Not guilty," was heard, one of the nobles who was present, Lord Halifax, sprang up and waved his hat. Seeing this the people in the galleries began to shout, and in another moment the great crowd which filled the hall raised a shout which made the roof crack. The people outside heard the

noise and answered with another shout; the boats on the Thames began to cheer, guns were fired, and the news in a few moments was carried all over London. Thousands in their excitement sobbed aloud for joy, and horsemen galloped away from London to bear the news all over the country.

The Bishops went quietly to the nearest chapel to get out of the way of the crowd who begged for their blessing. The jury could hardly make their way out of the hall, for every one wished to shake hands with them. "God bless you!" the people called as they passed; "God prosper your families! You have done like honest good-natured gentlemen—you have saved us all to-day." The noblemen who had come to the court to support the Bishops, as they drove off in their coaches threw money from the windows to the crowd and bade them drink the health of the King, the Bishops, and the jury. All the church bells rang merry peals, and many of the churches were open that people might go in and thank God for the deliverance of the Bishops.

James that morning had gone to visit the camp at Hounslow Heath, where were gathered the soldiers who formed the army with which he hoped to frighten the people into obedience to his wishes. A messenger was sent to him with the news. He was much agitated and exclaimed, "So much the worse for them." As he rode away from the camp to London, he heard an immense shouting behind him; the soldiers had only awaited his departure to show their delight. In surprise he asked what the noise meant. He was told that it meant nothing but that the soldiers were glad the Bishops were

acquitted. “Do you call that nothing?” he answered; and repeated again, “So much the worse for them.”

In London the evening was even more joyful than the day had been. Bonfires blazed in the streets and crowds gathered round them to drink good health to the Bishops and confusion to the Papists. Rows of candles flared in the windows. In each row were seven candles; one in the middle taller than the others was meant for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Squibs and crackers were let off, and guns were fired. Figures were made to represent the Pope, and carried about the streets to be burnt afterwards on the bonfires. The same joyful excitement was shown in many towns in the country. It was clear enough to any one who was not so obstinate as James II. that people who behaved in this way would not suffer the Roman Catholic religion to be set up again as the religion of the country.

XLIV.

THE SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY

A.D. 1689.

IN England James II. was driven from the throne without any one striking a blow in his favour, and William and Mary peacefully became King and Queen. But in Ireland, where most of the people were Roman Catholics, James II. was still regarded as rightful King. After he had enjoyed for

a while the hospitality which Louis XIV. showed him in France, James went to Ireland. Louis XIV. helped him in every way he could ; he gave him money and clever French officers to help to get the Irish army into order. Louis was anxious to stir up trouble for William, whom he hated as his bitterest enemy. William was too busy in England to come to Ireland at once, and except in the north, where the people were mostly English Protestant settlers, the Irish received James gladly and acknowledged him as their King.

The chief town which stood out for William was Londonderry ; but its walls were weak and overgrown with grass and weeds, and there were few provisions in the town, so that no one seriously thought it could hold out against James's army. James determined to have the glory of being himself present at the capture of Londonderry, and joined the army that was marching against the city. Lundy, the Governor of Londonderry, had made up his mind not even to try and defend his city against James. When he heard that the army was drawing near he called his council of war, which he had made up mostly of men who thought as he did. There was an English officer there who had just arrived in the river in command of two ships with troops in them. Lundy bade him not disembark his men, but sail away at once, as he was not going to defend the city.

The people of Londonderry with horror saw the English ships quietly sailing away and leaving them to their fate. Then they heard whispers of what had been said in the council

of war. The treachery of Lundy filled them with rage, and their courage was stirred up by the words of George Walker, an aged Protestant clergyman, who had taken refuge in the city. When they found that night that the gates of the city had been left open and unguarded, and that the keys had disappeared, they cried out that Lundy had sold them to their enemy. The officers themselves manned the walls and called the people to arms. In the morning James, with some of his officers, rode up near the gates, expecting to enter without resistance. He was greeted with a shout of "No surrender" and with the fire of cannons, and he retired as quickly as he could.

If the people could have got at Lundy they would have torn him to pieces. He hid from their rage in an inner room until the good clergyman Walker helped him to escape. Disguised as a porter, he climbed down the wall by means of a pear-tree, and got away in the night.

The people of Londonderry were now determined to resist to the last. They were zealous Protestants, and their faith helped them to face the dangers and difficulties which lay before them, for they felt that they were suffering for their religion, not for themselves. After Lundy had deserted, no one had any right to command, but the people chose two governors—Baker, an officer, and Walker, the clergyman. Baker had the command of the soldiers, whilst Walker's task was to keep the town quiet and look after the stores. Everything was put into excellent order: each man had his special duty and knew what it was. When not on guard the men spent most of their time praying or listening to preachers.

There were clergy of the Church of England as well as Dissenters in the city, and in this hour of common danger they forgot their differences and worked together to keep up the courage and spirits of the people. The cathedral was of use in different ways. On the top of its broad tower cannon were placed; powder and shot were stored in its vaults; in the choir the service of the Church of England was held every morning, whilst in the afternoon it was used for the worship of the Dissenters.

James tried by promises and commands to make Londonderry yield to him, and when he was disappointed in his hopes he went away to Dublin, leaving the siege to his generals. Then the first attack was made upon the city. The besiegers succeeded in setting fire to it in several places; houses were crushed; chimneys and roofs fell in. But after the first horror the besieged grew accustomed to these terrible scenes. In their turn they rushed out from the gates to attack the besiegers and succeeded in slaying some of the best French officers, and taking several flags. Weeks passed on, and the besiegers seemed to make no advance. Another terrible attack was planned, and many men vowed to make their way into the city or perish. They came on with fearful uproar, but the men on the walls stood ready waiting for them. In the thickest of the fight the women of Londonderry helped by serving out water and ammunition to their husbands and brothers. At last the besiegers were driven back. A few of them did succeed in reaching the top of the wall, but only to be killed or made prisoners.

After this it was decided to wait till hunger should force

Londonderry to give in. It was well known that there was but little food in the city, and great care was taken to prevent any from being carried in. The besieged were already, in spite of the utmost care in the use of their provisions, beginning to suffer cruelly from hunger. Horseflesh was almost the only meat that could be bought, and that was so dear that many were glad to buy tallow instead. When their condition was known in England, a fleet was sent to their relief, with troops and food and ammunition. With intense joy the sentinels on the top of the cathedral saw sails appearing far off on the sea, and for a few brief hours the city was filled with joy; then they saw the fleet sail away without doing anything for them. The commander of the fleet thought it too dangerous to try and make his way through the besiegers to help the starving city. Great indeed was now the need of the unhappy people in Londonderry. By strict search through the city some provisions were discovered which had been hidden in cellars. But pestilence, which always accompanies famine, broke out, and many died; amongst others fifteen officers in one day.

James now sent Rosen, another general, to command the besieging army and bring matters to an end. Rosen was a cruel and violent man, and he was furious to think that a city with such wretched walls could hold out so long. He spared no means to terrify the inhabitants. He sent on all sides to find any Protestants—old men, women, and children—who had remained in their homes, and had them driven by hundreds under the walls of Londonderry. • But this sad sight did not destroy the courage of the besieged.

They made a rule that no one should utter the word surrender on pain of death, and the word was never spoken. They had some prisoners of high rank in the town, and till now they had treated them kindly. But after Rosen's cruel conduct, they put up a gallows on the walls, and sent word that the prisoners should be hung up there, if the poor Protestants under the walls were not allowed to go away to their own homes. Every one was disgusted with Rosen; his own officers, with tears of pity and anger, begged him to let the poor creatures go. Still for two days he persisted in his cruelty, and many of the miserable Protestants died of their sufferings. Then when Rosen saw that his cruelty did not make Londonderry yield, he at last let the rest of the poor wretches go away. After this the gallows on the walls of Londonderry were taken down again.

Even James, a cruel man himself, was angry when he heard what Rosen had done. He called him away from the command of the army, which was given to an Irishman, Hamilton. The sufferings of the wretched men in Londonderry were growing terrible. The fire of the besiegers went on constantly, and with difficulty could the walls that had been knocked down in the day be rebuilt during the night. The fighting men were so weak that they could hardly stand at their posts. The grain that was still left had to be given out by mouthfuls, and men tried to satisfy their hunger by gnawing salted hides. Dogs were the greatest delicacy that could be got, but few could afford to buy them, for a dog's paw was sold for five shillings and sixpence. People died so

fast that no one could be found to bury them. Despair was beginning to creep into the hearts of many. They could still see the sails of the English fleet, but the sight only added to their anguish, since nothing was done to help them. At last everything seemed at an end. It was impossible to make their provisions hold out for more than two days longer. Just at this time an order was sent from England to Kirke, the commander of the fleet, telling him that he must wait no longer, but force his way into Londonderry at once. Two ships, laden with provisions, that were with the fleet were eager to go to the help of Londonderry. The captain of one of them, Browning, was a native of the town, and they were now sent with a war-ship to force their way up the river.

It was late on a summer evening at the end of July. The sun had set, and the starving people of Londonderry were just coming out of the cathedral, where they had been listening to the preacher who tried to comfort their despairing hearts. Just then the sentinels on the tower caught sight of three sails making their way up the mouth of the river. The besiegers, too, had seen them, and were on the watch all along the banks of the river. The ships were in great danger. There was little water in the river, and they could only get along slowly. But Leake, the commander of the men-of-war, protected the other ships as well as he could, and answered the fire of the Irish on the banks with his guns. Across the river the Irish had made a great boom of wood to prevent ships from sailing up. Browning's ship dashed boldly at the boom, which cracked and gave way, but the ship, as it bounded back from

the shock, stuck in the mud. The Irish shouted with triumph, and, rushing to their boats, prepared to board her. But Leake, by the fire from his ship, disturbed them for the moment, and the third ship passed safely through the break in the boom. The tide was rising fast, and it lifted Browning's ship out of the mud and carried it safely through the broken boom. At the very moment when he was carrying deliverance to his fellow-townsmen, a ball struck Browning, and he died with the knowledge that he had saved Londonderry. It was already dark when the ships passed the boom, but the flash and noise of the guns had told the besieged what was going on. They had waited in terrible anxiety; and when at ten o'clock the ships reached the quay, the whole town was there to greet them, and watch the unloading of the stores of provisions that had come to put an end to their hunger. That night bonfires blazed along the walls, and the church bells rang out merry peals in answer to the guns of the besiegers. For three days the besiegers continued their attack, but on the third night flames were seen rising from their camp, and when morning dawned their huts stood deserted and blackened with smoke, whilst in the distance the retreating army could be seen. The siege had lasted a hundred and five days. Londonderry has never forgotten it, and on a lofty pillar rising from her walls may be seen the statue of Walker, who so bravely kept up the courage of his countrymen in those terrible days.

XLV.

THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

A.D. 1692.

THE last men who held out for the cause of James II. were the clans who lived in the Highlands of Scotland. The Highlanders were for the most part wild lawless people, but they were warm-hearted and faithful to their chiefs. They had not suffered by the misgovernment of James II., and it was natural to their loyal natures to be willing to fight for the cause of their King, when they heard that he had been forced to flee from his throne and his country.

When the other parts of the kingdom were in order, William III. was anxious to do something to put a stop to the disturbances in the Highlands, and make the Highland clans obedient to the law. James could do nothing for the Highlanders; they had spent all they had in his service and were in great poverty, and he had no money to give them. William III. was told by his Scottish advisers that if he were to offer a sum of money and a free pardon to those chiefs who would take an oath of allegiance to him, and cause their clans to lay down their arms before a certain day, they would probably all submit. William agreed to this proposal, and the 31st December 1691 was

fixed as the day before which the Highlanders must accept his conditions.

The Highland chiefs were very proud, and it caused them a severe struggle before they could make up their minds to yield. But by degrees, feeling how hopeless their cause was, one after another gave in. The last to give in was MacIan, the chieftain of a small tribe called the Macdonalds of Glencoe. This tribe lived in a desolate valley near Loch Leven and Ben Nevis. There were only few of them, but they were a fierce wild race; the soil of their valley was unfruitful, and they lived almost entirely by plundering the lands of the Campbells, which lay round them, and driving away their herds of cattle. The Campbells very naturally hated them, and longed to destroy them as a nest of troublesome robbers. MacIan was an old man—very proud and fierce; he could not make up his mind to give in to the Government. But when he knew that all the other chiefs had given in, his pride was satisfied by thinking that he had held out the longest. On the very last day he went to Fort William to take the oaths. He found that there was no one there who could receive them, and now he became terrified at the risk he was running. The nearest place where he could take the oaths was Inverary, and he set off with haste to go there. He had to pass through a wild mountainous country in the midst of winter, and his journey was delayed by snowstorms. The old man travelled with the greatest possible haste, but he did not reach Inverary till the 6th of January. The Sheriff hesitated at first to take his oaths, as the proper time was over. But MacIan begged

him with tears to let him swear ; at last he consented, and sent the news of the late submission of the chieftain of Glencoe to Edinburgh.

MacIan's enemies were already rejoicing at the thought that the day fixed upon was passed without his having given in, and that they would be able to destroy him as a rebel. They were bitterly disappointed when they heard that he had submitted. His enemies, the chief men of the clan of the Campbells, were very powerful at Edinburgh. They succeeded in having the certificate which told that MacIan had taken the oaths privately declared null and void. They then went on to make a plan for his destruction. They sent word to William that all the Highlanders had submitted except MacIan, and they asked him to sign an order for the extirpation of the Macdonalds of Glencoe. William, in the press of business, signed the order, it is said, without reading it, and the matter was now in the hands of MacIan's bitterest enemies, the Campbells. A band of soldiers was sent to surprise and murder by treachery the followers of MacIan.

All the Macdonalds of Glencoe lived in two or three little clusters of huts, which were scattered over their dreary valley. It was early in February that they were alarmed by seeing the red coats of soldiers drawing near their home. John, the chief's eldest son, with a band of followers, went out to meet the soldiers and ask what their coming meant. Lieutenant Lindsay, the commander of the little band of soldiers, said they came as friends, and only wanted to lodge in the village for a little while. One of the other officers, Glenlyon, was the

uncle of the wife of MacIan's son, Sandy, and this helped to make the Macdonalds trust the words of the soldiers. The Highlanders were always hospitable, and they did their best to make their guests comfortable. The officers were lodged in different houses about the villages, and well fed and cared for. For twelve days they lived in the most friendly way together. MacIan was quite pleased with their visit; he sat round his peat fire with some of the soldiers at night playing cards and drinking brandy with them. The officers meanwhile were preparing, by carefully examining the place, for their horrid deed, which was to be done on the night of the 13th of February, when another body of troops was to arrive under Lieutenant-Colonel Hamilton.

John, the chief's son, began to have his suspicions roused by the way in which the soldiers behaved, and from some stray remarks which he overheard he thought some evil must be meant. When, on the 13th of February, the card-playing and drinking was over for the night, John went to the quarters of the soldiers and found to his alarm that they were all up and seemed to be busy getting their arms ready. He asked what they were doing, and was told that they were getting ready to go against some bands of men who had been plundering the country. "Do you think," said Glenlyon, "that if you were in any danger I should not have given a hint to your brother Sandy and his wife?"

John believed his words and went home to bed without any more anxiety. The next morning at five o'clock Hamilton was expected to arrive, but the bad roads had detained him,

and he was still some way off. Lindsay and Glenlyon, however, had been ordered to begin their work whether he was there or not. So at five o'clock Glenlyon turned first upon his own host and the other men who lived in the little huts around. Ten men were dragged out of their beds, bound hand and foot, and murdered. A boy only twelve years old prayed hard for life, clinging round Glenlyon's legs, but a soldier shot him dead without pity. In another little village in the glen a Highlander was sitting with eight of his family round the fire, when, without any warning, a lot of muskets were fired at them, and all but one lay dead or dying on the floor. The one who was unhurt asked as a favour to be allowed to die out of doors, and one of the soldiers agreed, saying, "I will do you that favour for the sake of your meat which I have eaten." When the Highlander came out, he rushed upon the soldiers, who were just going to fire at him, threw his plaid over their faces, and in the confusion escaped.

Lindsay himself went to the house of MacIan and knocked at the door, asking in a friendly way to be allowed to come in. The door was opened at once, and MacIan, who was only just then getting up, bade his servants bring some refreshment for his visitor. But as he was putting on his clothes he was shot through the head. The soldiers rushed upon his wife to tear off her clothes and the rough jewels she wore. Her rings did not come off easily, so one of the soldiers tore them off with his teeth. She died the next day, but MacIan's sons escaped. The firing of the guns in the different parts of the valley had given notice of the dreadful work that was being done. Without

waiting to put on their clothes the Highlanders sprung from their beds and fled through the darkness into the pathless hills around their valley. MacIan's sons had been roused from sleep by their faithful servants, and the murderers only succeeded in slaying about thirty of the Macdonalds, though they had hoped not to leave one of them alive. Their plan would have succeeded better if Hamilton had come up in time, but it was broad daylight before he arrived. He saw some dead bodies lying in pools of blood before the doors, but all the rest had fled except one old man over seventy, who had been too feeble to fly. Without any pity for his age or weakness he was murdered, and then Hamilton ordered the villages to be set on fire, and the sheep and goats and cattle belonging to the Macdonalds were driven away by the soldiers.

The sufferings of those Macdonalds who had escaped were perhaps more terrible than the sufferings of those who had been murdered. Fleeing from the fierce soldiers over the snow-covered hills in the cold winter winds, many old men and women with little babies in their arms, without food or shelter, lay down in the snow to die. When the troops were quite gone, those of the Macdonalds who had survived the cold and the hunger crept out from their hiding places and went to seek amongst the smoking ruins of their houses the dead bodies of their relatives, that they might bury them with sad songs of lamentation. How they found means to live in their desolate villages, where all their possessions had been destroyed, we do not know, nor how many of them survived the terrible treatment they had met with.



SARAH JENNINGS, DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

It was some time before the horrible story of the massacre of Glencoe was publicly known. But little by little it came out, and men were filled with horror and loathing of the cruel deed. It was four years after the massacre that the Scottish Parliament ordered an inquiry to be made into it. But even when its full horrors were made known, the men who had been chiefly guilty of it escaped punishment, for they were too powerful to be treated as they deserved, and the matter was allowed to drop.

XLVI.

QUEEN ANNE AND THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

A. D. 1702-1710.

ANNE, the daughter of James II., was still a child when she made a friendship which in after years was important, not only for herself but for her country. She was naturally affectionate, but she was slow and stupid, and not able to form opinions of her own, and she was fascinated by a girl who at the age of twelve was sent to be brought up at the court of Anne's mother, the Duchess of York, and who seemed to have all the qualities which Anne wanted. This girl was Sarah Jennings, the younger sister of a famous court beauty. Sarah and Anne grew up together, and Anne was filled with tender and admiring love for her companion. Sarah, even as

a girl, liked to command, and it was very pleasant to her to feel how much power she had over one who was so far above her in rank.

As she grew up Sarah became very popular amongst the gay courtiers who, in the careless frivolous days of Charles II., spent their time in idle amusement. Sarah had a face full of expression, a pretty figure, lively pleasant manners, and a quantity of beautiful hair; her liveliness delighted Anne, who was quite willing to submit meekly to her friend in everything, and Sarah was as pleased to command as Anne was to obey.

Amongst Sarah's admirers the most ardent was a young officer named John Churchill. He was poor, and very eager to make a great place for himself in the world, but he lost his heart to this fascinating girl of sixteen, who was as poor and as ambitious as himself. Churchill's parents wished him to marry a girl with a large fortune, whom they had chosen for him. But he would not hear of her, and married the one woman whom he ever loved, and to whom he was faithful and devoted all his life.

Anne married five years after her friend. The husband chosen for her was Prince George of Denmark, a man even more stupid and dull than she was herself, who cared for nothing but eating and drinking. She was an affectionate wife; but her chief love was still given to her dear Sarah, who had been made her Lady of the Bedchamber. Sarah was not the kind of woman to treat any one, even a Princess, with respect, and she scolded Anne and ordered her about in the freest possible

way. Anne let her do just as she liked ; in fact, she was eager that they should behave just like equals. She wrote to Sarah begging her not to call her "your Highness," and proposed that they should each choose new names which might make them seem to be equals. Sarah was quite willing and decided to call herself Mrs. Freeman, whilst Anne took the name of Mrs. Morley.

When Anne, at the age of thirty-seven, became Queen on the death of William III., one of her first acts was to shower favours upon her friend and her friend's husband. John Churchill had by this time become Earl of Marlborough. William III. never liked or trusted him ; but he saw what a clever soldier he was, and knew how useful he might be in the wars against Louis XIV., King of France, and so he had made him an earl and shown him some favour. When Anne became Queen, Marlborough became at once the chief man in the kingdom, and Lady Marlborough was of course the chief lady at the court.

But unfortunately Sarah did not grow more amiable as she grew older. Each year she lived, she wished more and more to get her own way and to make others do just as she pleased. Some people can get their own way and manage others quietly, so that no one sees what they are doing. But Sarah tried to get her way by scolding and interfering. She gave her husband a great deal of trouble by the way in which she was always interfering and making mischief in his affairs. When he was away at the war and had quite enough to do to keep him terribly anxious and busy, instead of writing kind pleasant

letters to him, she used to write letters full of complaints, telling him about all the quarrels at court, as if she wished to annoy him. He always wrote back kindly and gently, telling her how much he loved her, and begging her not to mix in so many quarrels. But he could not persuade her to change her ways.

Queen Anne was very meek, but she was very obstinate too, and when she had once made up her mind about anything it was not easy to get her to change. She and Sarah had very different views as to the men who ought to be the chief ministers, and Sarah would not leave the Queen alone to do as she thought best. She scolded her and bullied her, and treated her with very little respect, telling her that she must remember how other members of her family, meaning her father James II., had been ruined by their obstinacy. At last she wearied even Anne's patience, and Anne, who always wanted some one to be fond of, began to make a friend out of another of the ladies at her court. This was a person of very much less importance than the Duchess of Marlborough, by name Abigail Hill. She was a cousin of the Duchess, and the Duchess herself had brought her to court as a way of helping on a poor relation, and had her made a lady of the bedchamber. She thought that Mrs. Hill would be always grateful to her for her help, and that as she was not at all a clever woman she never could be of any importance at court. But the proud Duchess was quite mistaken. Anne found Mrs. Hill so gentle and submissive that it was a most pleasant change to talk with her instead of listening to the Duchess's scoldings.

Mrs. Hill was clever enough to understand how it was that the Duchess had vexed Anne, and she behaved in quite a different way, and was always very humble and pretended to agree with all that the Queen said.

For some time the Duchess did not believe that the Queen could care for any one but her, she had always felt so sure of having her own way with Anne. But at last she began to guess how friendly the Queen and Mrs. Hill were growing, and to find out that Mrs. Hill even dared to speak about public affairs to the Queen. This was all the worse because Mrs. Hill was connected with Harley, a man who opposed the Duchess and her friends in everything, and who hoped to get into power himself some day. Harley was very glad to have a friend about the Queen, and he told Mrs. Hill what to say, and advised her how to behave. The Duchess tried to mend matters by scolding both Anne and Mrs. Hill with great violence, and she also wrote angry letters to Anne, which Anne answered very humbly, calling herself "your poor unfortunate but ever faithful Morley."

Soon the Duchess was made still more angry by finding out that Mrs. Hill had been secretly married to Mr. Masham, a gentleman for whom she herself had got a place at court, and that the Queen had been present at the wedding. She at once rushed to Anne, and scolded her more violently than ever, but her reproaches did not help to win back the Queen's friendship. It was not very long before their disagreement led to a public quarrel. There was to be a Thanksgiving Service at St. Paul's for a great victory won by the Duke of Marlborough. The

Duchess, as Mistress of the Robes, had put out the jewels which the Queen was to wear when she went to church, but the Queen did not wish to wear those which the Duchess had chosen, and the Duchess thought this must be Mrs. Masham's doing. When she was in the coach with the Queen, driving to church, she began to scold her for what she had done, and even during the service whispered reproaches in Anne's ear. When Anne wanted to answer, she stopped her, and told her to be quiet lest they should be heard. Even then she did not think she had scolded enough, but wrote Anne a very angry letter afterwards. This time Anne did not answer kindly, but only sent a very short cold note. The Duchess wrote again, still more rudely, and finally went to see the Queen. Whilst talking with her, she grew so angry that her loud tones could be heard in the next room. She came out with her eyes full of tears of rage, and the Queen too was found weeping.

After this for a few weeks they neither wrote nor spoke to one another. Then Anne's husband fell dangerously ill, and this news made the Duchess hasten to Kensington Palace. She was present at his death, led the Queen away from the deathbed, and knelt by her in her closet, trying to comfort her in her sorrow. She then persuaded Anne to move to St. James's Palace, and the Queen agreed. But she made the Duchess very angry by giving her her watch, and bidding her go away till the hand had reached a certain spot, and meanwhile send Mrs. Masham to her. The Duchess went away as she was told, but she did not send Mrs. Masham. The Queen, however, managed to get a message sent to Mrs. Masham, bidding her

join her at St. James's. The Duchess did not find that she had gained much by coming back to court again. She only saw every day more clearly how fond the Queen was of her new friend. She always either found Mrs. Masham with the Queen, or met her just coming away from her room. So in disgust she left the court again, and contented herself with writing angry letters to the Queen.

But after a time the Duchess grew restless. She did not like being away from court, and she did not like hearing that her enemies charged her with neglecting her duties and speaking disrespectfully of the Queen. She wished to show people that she was still of importance; so she came to London and asked to see the Queen in private. Anne had no wish to be scolded any more, and perhaps was a little afraid of the Duchess; she tried to put off the meeting, and asked the Duchess to write what she had to say. But the Duchess wrote saying that she only wished to defend her own conduct to the Queen, and would ask for no answer from her. She did not wait for a reply to this letter, but followed it at once to the Palace, and sent a page to ask whether she might see the Queen. The proud Duchess, who had once had everything her own way in the Palace, had to sit down and wait in the window till the page brought back an answer. She waited for some time, and then was at last allowed to go to the Queen. She began at once with tears and passionate words to defend her conduct; the Queen remained quiet, but looked very contemptuous and impatient. From time to time, when the Duchess paused in her flow of words, she said, "You can put

it in writing." When she had said this several times she took to saying instead, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." At last, when the Duchess, instead of growing quieter, only grew more passionate, Anne said, "I will quit the room." The Duchess followed her in floods of tears, but the Queen only repeated, "You desired no answer, and you shall have none." At last the Duchess, quite beside herself, cried out, "I am confident you will suffer in this world or the next for so much inhumanity." The Queen answered angrily, "That is my business," and left the room. There was nothing for the Duchess to do but to sit down and dry her tears by herself. After a while she scratched at the Queen's door, and said that if it pleased the Queen, she would not go to her lodge at Windsor as long as the Queen was at the Castle. The Queen answered through the door that she might come if she pleased; it would give her no uneasiness. In this way their friendship ended; they never spoke together again after this.

The Duchess's friends all lost their places in the Government about this time, and her enemy Harley became supreme. He brought about the disgrace even of the great Duke of Marlborough himself, who had won so many splendid victories in the war against France. The Duke and Duchess went to spend the last years of Anne's reign on the Continent, and the Duchess was never again a person of importance at the English Court.

XLVII.

THE CHEVALIER CHARLES EDWARD.

A. D. 1745-1746.

THE Stuart Princes, as they wandered from one place of refuge in France or Italy to another, never gave up hope that some day they might win back the throne of their fathers. James II.'s son, James Edward, had since his birth been called by his enemies the Pretender; he was afterwards more politely called the Chevalier de St. George; his eldest son, Charles Edward, was called either the young Pretender or the young Chevalier. The old Chevalier had made one descent in Scotland to fight for the crown, which did not succeed, and after that he seems to have lost heart. But his son was fired with a desire to try his fortune, and see whether he could not win a throne for his father.

The young Chevalier was a brave handsome man with very winning manners. He did not fear danger, and loved wild adventures. At one time it seemed as if the French, who were at war with George II., King of England, would be willing to help him with soldiers and money. A fleet was got ready to take him to England. But a storm kept the fleet back, and the French gave up their idea of helping the Chevalier, though they allowed him to stay in France.

Charles Edward was bitterly disappointed, but he would not give up his hopes. He sent a trusted messenger to Scotland to see what chance there was of his friends joining him if he went there. But every one seemed to agree that it was a very bad time to choose to make a rising in favour of the Stuarts, and begged him to keep quiet. He had, however, made up his mind, and was determined to try his fate. He started for Scotland in a small ship with a few followers and such money as he could scrape together. With only seven men he landed in the Hebrides, where he hoped for a warm welcome. But all wise men were convinced of the madness of his undertaking. For a moment it seemed almost as if Charles Edward himself would give in and go back to France, but he determined first to see what the Highlanders on the mainland would do for him. He landed on the 25th July 1745. A good many chieftains came to talk with him, though they were all quite sure that his cause was hopeless. But when they saw him, their devotion to the Stuarts came back; and as they listened to his eager words they were forced in spite of themselves to agree to throw in their lot and risk everything with him. The Highland chieftains were fiery quarrelsome men, and very proud, but Charles showed great skill in managing their tempers. He made them love him, and their love to him bound them together and kept them from quarrelling with one another.

In Edinburgh at first men refused to believe that the young Chevalier had really landed. But every day brought fresh news of his doings, and of the Highlanders who had

joined him. There were very few soldiers in Scotland, and it was needful to take some steps to put down the rebellion quickly. Sir John Cope, who was in command of the troops in Edinburgh, determined to march at once into the Highlands and destroy the rebels. When the Highlanders knew what he was doing, they planned to attack his army whilst it was passing through the steep mountain paths. To their great disappointment he took a different road from what they had expected. But he left the way to Edinburgh open, and Charles Edward pushed on as quickly as possible to reach the capital. More and more men joined him on his way—amongst others two distinguished noblemen, the Earl of Perth and Lord George Murray. In Edinburgh no one knew what to do. The citizens were well satisfied with the government of George II., and had no wish to see their city overrun by a host of wild Highlanders ; but neither did they care to bring war to their doors by actively resisting Charles Edward. They were still in confusion, and undecided what to do, when the Highlanders reached the outskirts of the town. In the night they surprised one of the gates, disarmed the few watchmen who guarded them, and on the morning of the 17th September the inhabitants of Edinburgh awoke to find their city in the hands of the rebels. The poorer citizens were excited and pleased by the news, and when about noon it was known that Charles Edward was drawing near to the Palace of Holyrood, crowds rushed to welcome him. They pressed round him, to touch his clothes or kiss his hand, with such violence that they almost threw him down. To escape from them he mounted his horse and rode into the town sur-

rounded by his chief followers. His handsome face and pleasant manners charmed the people, and they were delighted to see him dressed in a short tartan coat, and wearing a blue bonnet with a white rose on his head. With curious anxious looks the people studied the Highlanders who followed their Prince. Only few of them were properly armed and clothed : some were without coats, some without hose or shoes, some had their shaggy locks tied back with a leather thong and wore no bonnet. Some were armed only with scythe blades, or with clubs and cudgels ; to the city folk they seemed a wild fierce set of men—a proper set of ragamuffins to overturn the Government.

The peaceable possession of Edinburgh covered the Stuart cause with glory. James Edward was solemnly proclaimed king at the City Cross. At night there was a splendid ball at Holyrood Palace, and rich and beautiful ladies flocked to do honour to a prince whose romantic career aroused their warmest admiration and love. Charles himself was full of hope and courage ; he determined not to rest in Edinburgh, but to march out to meet Sir John Cope, who was returning in hopes of winning back the capital.

The two armies met near Prestonpans. Sir John Cope had posted his army behind a morass in such a way that he thought it would be impossible to attack him. But Charles was determined to fight. He was sleeping amongst his men in the camp, with a bunch of pease straw for a pillow, when he was awakened with the news that a gentleman in the army knew of a path through the morass by which he could lead

the Highlanders to attack the English. Charles was delighted, and at once preparations were made for the attack. The Highland army was led by a narrow path through the morass, and then formed to charge the English. With hideous yells they rushed upon their enemy. In six minutes the battle was decided. The English were thrown into a panic and driven to flight by the rapid rush of the Highlanders. It was in vain that their officers and their general tried to make them form again ; their one idea was to get away as fast as possible. Many were killed, many were taken prisoners, and the whole army was destroyed. The Highlanders were surprised and delighted at the booty which fell into their hands ; with wondering eyes they gazed at the luxuries, such as chocolate, watches, wigs, belonging to the English officers, and did not know what could be their use.

Edinburgh welcomed Charles with enthusiasm on his return from his victory. Many of the richest and noblest people in Scotland now gathered at his court in Holyrood Palace. The ladies were more than ever delighted with the young and handsome hero, and persuaded their fathers and brothers and husbands to join his cause. There were plenty of concerts and balls at Holyrood, and many hoped that in very truth the Stuarts would be restored. Charles was so delighted with his success that he formed the wild plan of marching at once into England. He believed that as soon as he was over the border he would be joined by great numbers of the English, who were in heart still Jacobites, as the followers of the Stuarts were called. Most of his wisest advisers thought the plan far too

rash ; but Charles, with the obstinacy of his family, would listen to none of their objections. He answered them by saying, "I see, gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country ; but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone." All that Lord George Murray could do was to persuade him not to march to Newcastle, where there was a large body of English troops under General Wade, but to enter England by Carlisle. The Highland soldiers were not at all pleased with the idea of the march into England, and about a thousand deserted before the army reached Carlisle, leaving Charles Edward with 4500 men.

Carlisle was forced to open its gates to Charles Edward, but the inhabitants welcomed him coldly, and showed no wish to join him. From Carlisle he boldly led his little army on the road to London, without paying any heed to General Wade and his army at Newcastle. He wished to share the fatigues of his troops, and gained their affection by wearing their dress and marching on foot at their head, whilst he allowed an aged nobleman to ride in his carriage. He never took dinner, but, making a hearty meal at supper, would throw himself upon his bed at about eleven o'clock without undressing, and rise at four next morning. He believed in his good fortune, and pushed on with courage, though he was bitterly disappointed by the way in which the English received him. To the common people it made little difference whether James Edward or George II. were King. They came out to look at the Highlanders as they marched by as if they were a strange

show, but they had no wish to join them. Those gentlemen who were Jacobites at heart did not care to risk anything by joining Charles Edward before they saw how he would succeed. In London people were seriously alarmed ; there were hardly any troops to defend the city. When news came that Charles Edward had advanced as far as Derby, there was such terror that the day was afterwards remembered as Black Monday. The King even sent some of his valuables to the river to be ready to be sent over the sea if need were ; but he was not in the least afraid all the same, and when people told him their fears, he answered, " Pooh, don't talk to me that stuff."

However, at Derby the hearts of the adventurers began to fail. No one had joined them ; they could not conquer England with 5000 Highlanders. It would be better to go back before they were ruined, and see what they could do in Scotland. Charles Edward at first listened to his advisers with angry impatience, but he was obliged to give in and sullenly agree to return to Scotland.

Early on a gray December morning the little army marched northwards out of Derby. At first the common soldiers did not notice which way they were going ; but when the rising sun showed them, they broke out into lamentations and sorrow. Hurriedly and gloomily they marched along, and the Prince loitered behind in angry disappointment. Near Penrith they fell in with the English army commanded by George II.'s son, the Duke of Cumberland ; but a general battle was avoided, and there was only a slight skirmish, in which Lord George Murray drove back the English.

When Charles got back to Scotland, his Highlanders still remained true to him, and he once more won a victory over the the English troops which were sent against him. This filled the English with new alarm ; they had hoped that his cause was ruined after his retreat from Derby. The Duke of Cumberland was now sent to Scotland to put an end to the rebellion. A bloody battle was fought at Culloden Moor, and this time the English stood firm in spite of the rush of the Highlanders, and the Prince's army was entirely scattered. Charles Edward fled away to a little village in the Western Highlands, and thence sent a message to those chiefs who were still faithful to him, bidding them to think of their own safety, for he must return to France.

The difficulty now was for Charles Edward to find means of escaping to France. His enemies were hunting for him, and he had to hide from them in a miserable hut. In his danger a young lady called Flora Macdonald made a plan for his escape. She dressed Charles Edward up as her female servant, and after many dangers reached the Island of Skye with him. The island was full of troops, and at one place the Prince with his guides had to creep through a narrow defile between the posts of two sentinels. His condition was most miserable ; his clothes were in tatters ; he was often without food, or fire, or shelter. At last he found a refuge in a cave where several outlaws were living. They soon discovered who he was, and treated him most kindly. They made an expedition to see what they could get for his comfort. One of them killed an officer's servant, and brought away, for the use of the Prince, the clothes which he

was taking to his master. Another went into the fort to get news for him about what was going on, and brought him back plenty of news and a penny cake of gingerbread. He stayed with these kind friends for about three weeks. After a while he fell in with some of his own followers, who were also hiding, and lived with them in a hut in the midst of a thicket on a mountain side. At last a French ship came off the coast and picked up the unhappy Prince and about a hundred of his followers, and carried him safely to France, after he had been a wretched fugitive for five months.

XLVIII.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.

A.D. 1751.

ONE day, some time in the first half of the eighteenth century, the inhabitants of the little town of Market-Drayton, in Shropshire, were terrified by discovering a boy seated astride on a stone spout near the top of the tall church steeple. This boy, Bob Clive by name, who got down as safely from his dangerous position as he had got up to it, was well known to all the people in the place as a source of endless troubles. The idle boys of the town looked upon him as their leader, and he urged them on to all kinds of mad pranks. He went so far that the shopkeepers could only save their windows from being broken

by paying his mischievous band a sort of black mail in apples and halfpence. Things went no better with Bob Clive when he was sent to school. His mischievous tricks and his idleness caused him to be turned out of one school after another, till his parents looked upon him as a hopeless dunce. They were very glad to get a writership for him in the service of the East India Company, and before he was eighteen he was sent off to Madras. His chances of getting on in India were not very hopeful. India was still governed by native Princes, and the only places owned by the English were a few seaports, near which there were one or two forts manned by any soldiers that could be got to serve, to protect the merchandise brought by ships to India. No one in England but the members of the East India Company had the right to trade with India. It was as one of the Company's clerks that Clive went out. These clerks were very badly paid, and their only chance of getting on was to trade for themselves as they got older, and some of them by industry and perseverance succeeded in getting large fortunes together.

It took a long time to get to India in those days; six months was considered a short voyage, and Clive was more than a year on the way. The ship stayed some months in the Brazils, and here Clive spent the little money his father had given him. When he reached Madras he had no money left; he could only get miserable lodgings, and in consequence suffered terribly from the heat. He had no friends, for the only gentleman to whom he had a letter of introduction had sailed for England just before Clive reached Madras. In his solitary miserable condition he pined for home, and wrote to his family, "I have not

enjoyed one happy day since I left my native country." One of his few amusements was reading, and fortunately the Governor had a good library, which he allowed him to use. Clive did not behave any better to those who were set over him in his office than he had behaved to his schoolmasters, and several times he very nearly lost his place. In his disgust with his lot in life he twice tried to shoot himself, and each time the pistol refused to go off. When he examined it carefully and found it properly loaded, he cried out with surprise that surely he was reserved for something great.

Just when Clive was thoroughly wearied of his office-life, a new chance opened before him. The French, as well as the English, had an Indian trading company which had some possessions on the coast, and the French governor at this time was a very clever man named Dupleix. As there was war in Europe between the French and the English, the French in India also attacked the English. Clive got leave to enlist as a soldier in the Company's army, and found fighting more to his taste than office-work had been. But when peace was made in Europe in the year 1748, peace was also made in India, and Clive had to decide whether he should go back to his office-life or remain a soldier. The question was soon decided for him. Dupleix, the French governor, had formed a plan to make himself the greatest man in Southern India. There was no strong native Prince there, and Dupleix managed to get two native Princes or Nabobs killed, and have others who were willing to be guided by him set up in their place. It seemed as if Dupleix would be able to found a French empire in India. He gained for himself large sums of

STORIES FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

money and magnificent jewels, and displayed his power and wealth to the wondering eyes of the natives and Europeans. The English at Madras began to fear that they would be driven out of the country altogether. They wished to do something to stop the growth of Dupleix's power, and they sent some soldiers to help the son of one of the slain Nabobs. But these soldiers were defeated, and the Nabob they had hoped to help lost all his lands except one town called Trichinopoly, where he was closely besieged. Whilst the officers of the English Company were filled with despair at the way in which things were going, only one Englishman seemed to be able to face the danger without fear. This was young Clive, then only twenty-five years old. He told his superiors that unless something was done to save Trichinopoly, Dupleix and his allies would have things all their own way in India. He proposed that with a small body of troops he should march on the important town of Arcot; if he could surprise that, he thought that the French and their allies would have to give up the siege of Trichinopoly.

Clive's plan was approved of, and he was allowed to march to Arcot at the head of 500 men, partly English and partly sepoys, as the native soldiers were called. He had a stormy march, but he was not afraid of thunder, lightning, or rain, and he was able to give his own daring and spirit to his men. They pushed on to Arcot, and the garrison were so terrified at their unexpected appearance that they fled without striking a blow. Clive knew that he would not be allowed to stay quietly at Arcot, and he began at once to prepare for a siege. He collected provisions, and improved the fortifications

of the town. The garrison soon got the better of their fear, and were joined by other soldiers from the surrounding country, so that they numbered about 3000 men ; and they encamped near Arcot. Clive did not wait till they attacked him. At dead of night he marched out at the head of his little force and surprised the camp. A great many were slain, the rest fled, and Clive went back to Arcot without having lost a single man.

But soon a still mightier army advanced to win Arcot back from Clive. Ten thousand men attacked the town, which was defended only by Clive's small body of followers. It seemed as if it would be impossible for them to hold out. The walls were in a ruined condition ; they had few provisions ; there were only four officers to lead and encourage the little force. But this small band, inspired by the spirit of their commander, resisted for fifty days. It was devotion to Clive that kept up their courage and helped them to brave hunger and death without a murmur. No complaints were heard at the hardships which they had to endure. On the contrary, the sepoys came to Clive and told him that they could do with less food than the English. "Let the grain," they said, "be given to the English ; the thin gruel which is strained away from the rice will do for us."

The English at Madras tried to send help to Clive, but failed. Help was coming, however, from another side. A large body of natives, half soldiers, half robbers, who hated the French and their allies, were willing to aid the English, now that they saw how they could fight, and began to march towards Arcot. The besiegers heard that they were coming, and

determined to take Arcot by storm before they could arrive. But first they offered a large bribe to Clive if he would surrender. He refused with proud scorn, and then the last attempt was made to destroy him.

It was on the day of a great Mahometan festival that Arcot was stormed. The Mahometans believed that any one who died on that day would be forgiven all his sins, and go straight to the gardens of the blessed. Wildly excited by this belief, they prepared for the attack. They drove before them elephants, whose foreheads were armed with iron plates to batter down the walls. But the elephants could not bear the English musket balls; they turned and fled, trampling many under foot on their way as they rushed madly through the hosts of soldiers behind. The besiegers still pressed on, but they were greeted by a terrible fire. Part of the English never ceased firing, whilst the others loaded the muskets and handed them to their comrades as fast as they were required. Clive himself was everywhere, directing everything, and inspiring all with courage. At last, after an hour's terrible fight, the besiegers withdrew; they had lost 400 men, whilst Clive had lost only five or six.

All through the night Clive watched anxiously, expecting that the attack would begin again. But when morning dawned he could see the enemy nowhere; they had gone off in the night. The English at Madras were filled with joy and pride when they heard of Clive's success. More troops were sent to him, and he did not disappoint the hopes which he had raised. Beginning with the defence of Arcot, he went on till, by his

daring deeds, he had laid the foundation of the English empire in India. The natives had for a moment been dazzled by the success of Dupleix, but his fame was forgotten in the glory that attended the deeds of Clive. Before many years the French had lost all their possessions in India, and Clive had settled who were to be the foreign masters of that great and powerful country.

XLIX

THE BOSTON TEA RIOTS.

A.D. 1773.

THE English colonists who went to seek a new home in America, that they might have freedom in the practice of their religion, were joined as years went on by many others, until the English settlers in America became a great people. Desire for liberty had first of all led them to cross the Atlantic, and as years went on their love for liberty did not grow cold. But they loved their mother country also, and freely owned their allegiance to her.

In George III.'s reign the colonies were rich and important, and he, in his desire to assert power over his dominions, wished to make the colonies feel that he was their King in deed as well as in name. Wars with France and Germany had brought England into great need of money, and one of the ministers, Charles Townshend, thought it would be a splendid thing to make the Americans pay taxes for the good of England. The Ameri-

cans answered by saying that as they sent no representatives to Parliament, it had no right to tax them ; but no heed was paid to their grumbling, and no one thought they would resist. Still they succeeded in making the English Government feel how determined they were to oppose the taxes ; and after a while all the taxes were withdrawn except a small duty on tea. George III. was so anxious to show his right to tax America, that this duty was kept for that purpose. The Americans did not care whether it was small or great ; they felt that they must resist it, because to allow it to be paid would be to own that the English Government was right.

The Americans warned the East India Tea Company that they would only suffer loss if they tried to bring tea to America ; but when the Company consulted with the English Government, they were told, "It is to no purpose making objections, for the King will have it so. The King means to try the question with America." When the Americans found that no heed was paid to their remonstrances they determined to combine together to resist the tea duties. At Philadelphia, one of the towns to which the East India Company was to send tea, the people met together and declared the duty illegal, and called upon the agents of the East India Company to resign, which they all did after a little delay. At Boston the same thing was tried. The tea-ships coming to that town were known to be on their way. The consignees—the merchants to whom the tea was to be sent—were bidden to come to a general meeting of the people and give up their commissions.

Bells were rung to summon the people to the meeting, and

a large number of the chief citizens gathered together, but the consignees did not appear. A number of citizens were chosen to go to them and tell them the will of the people. The consignees were found all together in a warehouse, and a paper was read to them calling upon them to promise not to sell the teas, but to send them back to London in the same ships in which they came. One after the other they all refused. Then a second resolution passed by the people was read to them, stating that the consignees who should refuse to do as they were asked were enemies to the country. When the people, who were anxiously waiting outside in the street, heard of the conduct of the consignees, they were furious, and cried, "Out with them—out with them!" But they were wisely persuaded to leave them alone, and do no violence.

Another attempt was made a day or two later, and again a fortnight afterwards, to get the consignees to give way to the will of the people, but they continued to refuse. Then committees from several neighbouring towns met a Boston committee, and all agreed to prevent the landing and sale of the expected tea. Steps were taken to be ready to resist it by force if need be. The other towns felt that Boston was struggling for the liberties of their country, and that they must not stand by idle spectators, but be ready to help if their help was needed.

On Sunday, 28th November 1773, the ship "Dartmouth" appeared in Boston harbour with 114 chests of tea on board. The people of Boston were very strict in their observance of Sunday, but in this case it was impossible to wait. Meetings

were held to discuss what was to be done. The consignees could not be found. Favoured by the Governor of Boston, they had taken refuge in the castle. But a promise was got from the owner of the "Dartmouth" that he would not enter the ship till Tuesday, and messages were sent out to invite the committees of the neighbouring towns to a mass meeting on the morrow.

The next morning numbers of people streamed into Boston, and a meeting of above 5000 persons resolved unanimously "that the tea should be sent back to the place from whence it came, and that no duty should be paid on it." One man remarked, "The only way to get rid of it is to throw it over-board." The consignees asked for time before they sent their answer to this resolution, and they were given till the morrow. But the owner and master of the ship were forced to promise not to land the tea; and, to make all safe, twenty-five men watched the ship all night.

The next morning the consignees sent their answer. They said it was utterly impossible for them to send back the teas, but that they would store them till they received directions what to do with them. Their answer was received with great wrath; and the owner and master of the "Dartmouth," and the owners of the other tea-ships which were expected, carried away by their sympathy for their fellow-citizens, promised that the tea should go back as it came without touching land or paying a duty. So it was hoped the matter would end. Every shipowner was forbidden, on pain of being held an enemy to the country, to bring tea from England until the unrighteous Act should be repealed.

But the Governor of Boston, who was opposed to the American patriots, took care to see that the tea-ships should not leave the harbour without permission. According to law, if the ships were not cleared of their cargo within twenty days of their arrival, and given a clearance, they might be seized by the revenue officers, and then the tea could be landed at the castle. In this way the Governor hoped to triumph over the citizens. Boston and the towns which had joined with it grew more earnest in their resolution to prevent, even by force if need be, the landing of the tea, and voted that they would none of them use any tea till the duty was repealed. Seven thousand men from the different cities met, and agreed once more unanimously that the tea should not be landed. In the evening the owner of the "Dartmouth" came before them and said that the Governor would not allow his ship to leave because it had not been properly cleared. Then the appointed word was given, a shout was heard at the porch, followed by a war-whoop. Fifty men disguised as Indians rushed down to the wharf. Spies were posted to see that none came to disturb them, and they boarded the three tea-ships that were lying there. In about three hours they had emptied the 340 chests of tea which the ships contained into the sea. They did it with great order, taking care to do no harm to anything else. Deep silence reigned, and no sound was heard but the breaking open of the tea-chests. When the work was done, the town became perfectly quiet, and those who had come in from the country carried news of what had been done to their villages.

The American patriots were full of joy. Other towns fol-

lowed the example of Boston in refusing to allow tea to be landed, the consignees took warning and submitted to the will of the people, and every one left off using tea. But the conduct of Boston gave George III. the excuse which he wanted to enable him to use force in making the colonists obey his will. The colonists began to prepare seriously for a struggle which they felt must come, and it seemed as if George III. wished to drive them into it. In February 1775 the first fighting took place, and the war began which ended in the Independence of the United States.

L.

HOW NELSON LOST HIS ARM.

A.D. 1797.

NELSON had already gained great fame by his conduct in several battles at sea, when he was ordered in 1797 to go and attack the Island of Teneriffe. Teneriffe belonged to the Spaniards, and as at that time the Spaniards were the allies of the French, England was at war with them. It was well known that Santa Cruz, the chief place in Teneriffe, would not easily be taken, but Nelson was just the right man for a difficult undertaking. He was ordered not to land himself if he could avoid it, as his own life was thought too precious to be lightly risked.

Nelson's plan was to bring his ships as near land as possible

in the night, and then let the boats land under cover of the darkness, and surprise the fort. But a gale of wind and a strong current from the shore prevented the ships from advancing, and it was daybreak before they got within a mile of the shore. Now that they could be seen, all chance of a surprise was over. Nelson quickly made a new plan. He decided to batter the fort with the guns from some of his ships, whilst his men landed in another place and gained the heights above the town. But he was again hindered by wind and tide—a calm had followed the gale, and the current was contrary. Still Nelson would not give up ; he thought that he would disgrace his nation and lose his own honour if he went away after doing nothing. He ordered his boats to prepare to land that night to attack the fort, as had been first intended, and he determined to lead the attack himself. When he had made all his arrangements, he wrote to his commander-in-chief to recommend to him his stepson Josiah Nisbet, in case anything happened to himself.

He said in his letter : “This night I, humble as I am, command the whole destined to land under the batteries of the town, and to-morrow my head will probably be crowned either with laurel or with cypress.” He was very anxious about his stepson, who was a lieutenant on board his own ship, the “Theseus,” and he begged the young man not to join in the attack, but to stay in the ship. “Should we both fall, Josiah,” he said, “what would become of your poor mother ? The care of the ‘Theseus’ falls to you ; stay, therefore, and take charge of her.” But Nisbet answered, “Sir, the ship must take care of herself ; I will go with you to-night, if I never go again.”

That night Nelson supped with his captains on board the "Seahorse," which was commanded by Captain Freemantle. Mrs. Freemantle, a newly-married wife, was on board, and presided at the supper. At eleven o'clock the boats put off for the attack. The night was very dark, and at first the boats were not seen by the Spanish garrison. They were almost on shore when the alarm was given, but the Spaniards were well prepared; in a moment fire from forty cannon, as well as from muskets in every part of the town, opened upon the English. Still the English pushed on, but in the black darkness many of the boats missed the mole where they were to land. The boat in which Nelson was, and a few others, found it, and landed in the midst of a terrible fire.

Just as Nelson was stepping out of the boat he was shot in the right elbow, and fell. But even as he fell he caught the sword which he had just drawn in his left hand, for he was determined never to part from it while he lived. Nisbet was behind him, and, lifting him up, placed him at the bottom of the boat. The blood was gushing from the wound, and Nisbet covered it with his hat, so that Nelson's faintness might not be increased by the sight of the blood. Then he looked at the wound, and with great presence of mind tied some silk handkerchiefs from his neck tightly above the wound to stop the flow of blood. One of the men in the boat tore his shirt to shreds to make a sling for the arm of his beloved commander. Then at last they got the boat afloat. Nisbet seized an oar himself, and ordered the men to row under the guns so as to be safe from the fire. Nelson begged to be lifted up, that he

might look about him. He could see nothing but the flashes of the guns in the thick darkness. Just then the air was filled with a terrible cry. The "Fox," an English cutter, with 180 men on board, had gone down. Nelson himself helped in trying to save the drowning men, without thinking for a moment of the new pain and danger to his wound caused by this exertion, and eighty-three were rescued from the water.

At last the boat reached the "Seahorse," but Nelson would not go on board. They said it would be a new risk to his life to try and reach another ship, but he answered, "I had rather suffer death than alarm Mrs. Freemantle by letting her see me in this state, when I can give her no tidings whatever of her husband." So they pushed on for the "Theseus," and reached it safely. When they got alongside, he would let no one help him on board; his one anxiety was that the boat should go back as quickly as possible to see if it could save any more of the drowning men from the "Fox." He asked to have a single rope thrown over the side for him, and twisted it round his left arm, saying, "Let me alone; I have yet my legs left and one arm. Tell the surgeon to make haste and get his instruments. I know I must lose my right arm, so the sooner it is off the better." He jumped up the ship's side with a spirit and a courage which amazed everybody, and soon after he was on board his arm was cut off. Meanwhile many brave men had been killed, but those who had landed came to honourable terms with the Spanish governor; each side gave up their prisoners, and the English were suffered to return safely to their ships.

Nelson was bitterly grieved both by the failure of the attack and by the loss of his arm. "I am become," he wrote, "a burden to my friends and useless to my country;" and again he wrote, "A left-handed admiral will never again be considered as useful; therefore, the sooner I get to a very humble cottage the better, and make room for a sounder man to serve the State."

When he reached England he was treated with great honour. But he had to go through three months of almost constant suffering from his arm. Lady Nelson, at his wish, learned to dress the wound herself; day and night the pain never ceased. One night after intense pain he had taken a dose of laudanum in the hopes of falling asleep. That night London was illuminated in honour of a victory gained at sea over the French. But no one had thought of putting lights in the windows of Nelson's lodgings in Bond Street. An indignant and furious mob attacked the door to ask why these windows were dark in the midst of the general joy. They were told that Admiral Nelson lay there badly wounded. At once the angry mob was hushed. The leader amongst them said respectfully, "You shall hear no more from us to-night." He kept his promise, and no one was suffered to make a noise round that house all through the confusion of the rejoicings.

At last the wound was healed, and Nelson sent to St. George's, Hanover Square, this form of thanksgiving, "An officer desires to return thanks to Almighty God for his perfect recovery from a severe wound, and also for the many mercies bestowed on him."

In a former engagement he had lost one of his eyes, but with one eye and one arm he was still to win glory for his country and undying fame for himself.

II.

SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

A.D. 1808.

NAPOLÉON Buonaparte aimed at nothing less than the conquest of the entire continent of Europe. When he had subdued Germany he turned to Spain, where he hoped to make his brother King. But the Spaniards in all parts of the country rose against the hated invaders, and sent messengers to England asking for help. The English gladly agreed to help them with men and money, and some English troops were sent to Portugal in 1808, under the command of Sir John Moore, to march from thence into Spain.

Unfortunately Sir John Moore found that he could not count upon the help of the Spaniards. Their generals made promises which they did not keep, and their Government thought of little but increasing its own importance. Instead of losing heart at all the difficulties he met with he determined to press on into Spain, that he might draw the attention of the French to him, and leave the Spaniards in the south free to gather more strength before they were again attacked.

He knew that he was not strong enough to risk a battle with the French, and he made his preparations for retreating so soon as they should come near him.

It was in the middle of the winter that he began his march, in deep snow, through a country where it was almost impossible to find fuel. But his men were strong and brave, and bore their hardships without murmuring.

Things turned out just as Sir John Moore had thought. As soon as Napoleon heard of the advance of the English he himself left everything else, that he might lead an army of 50,000 men against them. With the greatest haste he urged on his men through the snow-covered mountains, amidst storms of hail and sleet so fierce that many soldiers and horses died of their sufferings.

But Moore turned back in time and placed the river Elsa between himself and the French. He took all his baggage and stores safely across, and then ordered the bridge over the river to be destroyed. In the midst of torrents of rain and snow half the troops worked painfully to blow up the bridge, which was very strong and well built, whilst the other half, posted on the high river bank, kept the enemy at bay, for the French cavalry were scouring the plain. It was nightfall before the work was done. Planks were then laid across the broken arches, and silently, in the darkness of the stormy night, the English troops crossed over the river, the waters of which were so swollen by the rain that it seemed every moment as if they would break over the planks.

After this, with the river between them and their enemies,

the English were able to rest for two days at the little town of Benevente. But they had no means of carrying off the supplies which were stored in the town, and had to destroy them, so that they might not fall into the hands of the French. After this rest the English continued their retreat, for Moore knew well in what danger they were from the great French army which Napoleon was hurrying on to destroy them. Fifty thousand French troops had been brought by Napoleon in the depth of winter across snowy mountains, from Madrid to this remote corner of Spain, in less time than it would have taken the Spanish diligence to do the same journey. Moore had done what he intended, for by leading Napoleon to undertake this march he had given the other parts of Spain rest, and he had retreated so quickly that Napoleon had not succeeded in catching him.

Napoleon himself was now obliged to go back to France, but he left one of his generals, Soult, to continue the pursuit of the English. Moore's plan was to retreat to Corunna, where he would find English ships to take his troops on board. From thence he hoped perhaps to sail to Cadiz, a place which it would be easy to defend against the French. He was much troubled by the bad conduct of his troops, who had at first kept good order, but now, owing to the carelessness of their officers, who knew little of war, behaved in a most disorderly way. At one place, falling in with some rich stores of wine, hundreds of men became drunk and unable to march. Moore had to go on without them, leaving a small guard to protect them. But the French cavalry came up and dashed through

this mob of shrieking drunkards, who threw away their arms in their madness, and were cut down by the galloping horsemen.

The same thing happened in the next town, where the soldiers plundered the peaceful citizens in the most disgraceful manner. More and more men straggled in the rear, unable to keep up with the army, and the women and children constantly dropped behind, falling exhausted in the snow. Moore, by stern rebukes to the officers and by the punishment of some of the offenders, did his best to bring back order. At last he thought himself in a position strong enough to stand and offer battle to the French. The thought of a battle brought back the English soldiers to a better mind, and they were soon awaiting the French in good order and full of confidence.

For two days the English waited opposite to the French army, which was drawn up in a strong position, but the French did not attack. Moore did not feel himself strong enough to attack, and as his provisions were at an end he could afford to wait no longer, and prepared to retreat secretly in the night. Unfortunately that night there was a terrible storm of wind and rain. Many of the officers lost their way, confused by the darkness and the storm, and when morning dawned many of them found themselves still very near the spot they had left. More men were lost in that march than in all the former part of the retreat. But Moore got the rest together in an orderly body and marched on to Corunna. He looked anxiously out to sea, but no ships could be seen on the wide expanse of water. Contrary winds had delayed the fleet, and there was nothing for him to do but await them and keep back the

French as best he could. Everything was done to strengthen the town, and the Spaniards lent willing hands to help in the work; it was the only time that Moore had not been disappointed in his hopes of Spanish help.

The French army was now collecting, and Moore had to take up his position for a battle. But the French were exhausted with marching, and were not impatient to fight. Before they were ready the ships had arrived, and Moore hoped to withdraw secretly in the night. Everything was ready, and the English were awaiting darkness to move towards the ships, when at two o'clock in the afternoon the French advanced to the attack.

Sir John Moore directed everything himself with the greatest care, and was earnestly watching the fight when a cannon shot struck him in the breast and threw him from his horse. He at once raised himself, and, sitting on the ground, watched with unmoved face and eager eyes the movements of his troops. But when he saw that they were gaining ground, his face brightened and he suffered himself to be carried to a place of safety. Then it was seen how terribly he was hurt. He was placed in a blanket to be carried from the field, and as the soldiers moved him his sword hilt got into the wound. An officer tried to take the sword off, but Moore said, "It is as well as it is. I had rather it should go out of the field with me."

In the meanwhile the English had been gaining ground. The French were in great confusion, and night was coming on. But as the French were far stronger in number than the

English, it was decided that in the night the English should embark in their ships, whilst a number of fires were kindled to make the French believe they were still encamped.

Moore had been carried into the town in great agony, with the blood flowing fast from his wound. But he was so calm and steadfast that some of those who were around him hoped that his wound might not be mortal. He himself looked at it for a moment, and then said, "No, I feel that to be impossible." When he came to his lodgings, and the surgeons examined the wound, they said there was no hope. The pain grew still more terrible, and he could hardly speak; but he said to an old friend standing by, "You know that I always wished to die in that way." He was quite happy when he heard the French were defeated, saying, "It is a great satisfaction to me to know we have beaten the French." He asked after the safety of his friends, and his last words were, "I hope the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice."

The battle was hardly over when his body, wrapped in a military cloak, was buried by his officers in the citadel of Corunna. The next morning the English fleet, with all the troops on board, sailed safely out of the harbour for England.



THE MEETING OF WELLINGTON AND BLÜCHER AFTER WATERLOO.

From the Fresco by D. Machise at Westminster.

LII.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

1815.

FOR many years Napoleon was the terror of Europe. He had conquered all the nations of the Continent, one after another, and made them obey his will. England alone would never yield to him, though he had tried to subdue her by every means in his power, for her resistance filled him with anger. But the sea had been the best protection for England against the armies of Napoleon. The English Government had always gone on trying to stir up the other peoples of Europe to resist Napoleon, and at last an English general, the Duke of Wellington, was found who could conquer the French armies.

Napoleon had been accustomed to nothing but success. Now everything began to go against him, and he was forced, on the 11th April 1814, to lay down his crown and go as a prisoner to the little island of Elba, near the coast of Italy. Louis XVIII. became King of France, and the allies who had fought together against Napoleon met at Vienna for a congress to settle the affairs of Europe. Vienna was crowded with the great people of all countries, and, besides the serious work of the Congress, many festivities went on. On the night of the

15th March 1815 there was a grand ball ; but in the midst of the amusement news was suddenly brought in which made people look at one another with pale and anxious faces. It was whispered that Napoleon, the dreaded man who had so long troubled Europe, had escaped from Elba. The following days brought more certain news. Napoleon had gone straight to his soldiers with the words, "Here is your Emperor ; if any one wishes to kill him let him fire." The men whom he had so often led to victory answered with shouts and tears of joy. As he passed on through France, he was received wherever he went in the same way. Louis XVIII. fled from Paris, and Napoleon was again Emperor of France.

The allies quickly settled the affairs of the Congress, and separated to gather armies to go against Napoleon. In vain Napoleon tried to gain some of them over to his side ; all stood by one another. Still Napoleon did not lose courage. He worked hard at getting his armies together ; his old soldiers gladly came back to him, and by the beginning of June he had 220,000 men in the field. Wellington, too, had got an army of 92,000 men ready in Belgium, and the Prussian general, Blücher, had an army of 110,000 men quartered not far from Wellington's army. Napoleon's plan was to defeat Wellington and Blücher before the rest of the allies could get their armies together. Wellington did not like to move far from Brussels, for fear lest that important city should fall into Napoleon's hands. So he waited about Brussels till he knew which road Napoleon would take. When he heard on the 15th June where Napoleon was, he gave orders that his troops were to march that night ;

but the orders were kept strictly secret, for he did not wish the people of Brussels to be alarmed. The Duchess of Richmond was to give a ball that evening, and Wellington bade his officers go to the ball as if nothing were going to happen. They went and joined in the dance, and then one by one stole away to go to their regiments, some of them not even waiting to put off their ball dresses. Wellington himself was at the ball, and stayed till past midnight. After he had bidden the Duchess good-night, he went up to the Duke of Richmond and asked him in a low voice, "Have you a good map of the country in the house?" When the Duke told him that he had, they went off together to the Duke's bedroom and examined the map. Wellington said as he looked at it, "Buonaparte has gained a day's march on me; I have arranged to meet him at Quatre-Bras. If I am not able to stop him there, I will fight him here;" and he made a mark with his thumb-nail at Waterloo. With this he went quickly away, and the Duke of Richmond went back to his guests.

A little while afterwards, early in the morning of the 16th of June, Wellington rode off to go to Quatre-Bras, a farmhouse where four roads meet, which was the spot where he had bidden his troops to draw up. Only a small part of them were ready, and had been already attacked by some bodies of the French. After giving some directions, Wellington rode on to Ligny, where the Prussian army under Marshal Blücher was preparing for battle. He had a great friendship and admiration for Blücher, but he was not quite satisfied with the way in which his army was placed, and made some remarks

which made Blücher slightly change his plan. Still Wellington, as he rode back, said to those who were with him, "If Buonaparte is what I suppose he is, the Prussians will get a good licking to-day."

That day Napoleon led the chief part of his army against the Prussians at Ligny, and at nightfall the Prussians had to give way, and retired in good order. Meanwhile Ney, one of Napoleon's most famous generals, attacked the English at Quatre-Bras, but they stood firm. At night they lay down to rest on the ground where they had fought. The Duke stayed with his men, and before sleeping, by the light of the camp-fire, looked through a bundle of London papers which had just been brought to him. He was in capital spirits, as he always was on the field of battle, and chatted with his officers in the gayest manner before going to sleep.

The next morning he heard of Blücher's retreat, and determined to withdraw a little himself so as to protect Brussels and be ready to fight the French in a position where Blücher could help him. He sent word to Blücher that he would accept a general battle with the French, if Blücher would promise to come and help him with part of his army.

Blücher willingly promised, and Wellington knew that he could trust in him. When his men had rested, he withdrew from Quatre-Bras to Waterloo, where he took up his position on the gently-rising ground on one side of a long narrow valley. A fearful thunderstorm swept over the country, just as the English took up their ground. The Duke passed the night in the little village of Waterloo; he went early to bed,

and rose the next morning at two. He dressed and shaved with his usual care, and then sat down to write by candle-light to the chief men in Brussels and the other towns in the neighbourhood, telling them what to do in case the allies were beaten.

When the Duke went out that morning to inspect his troops, he saw, ranged on the hills on the opposite side of the valley, the magnificent French army. Till that day Wellington and Napoleon had never met in battle, though Wellington had fought against most of Napoleon's generals. When Napoleon had left Paris he had said, "I go to measure myself with Wellington ;" and now the moment was come. Wellington mounted his horse, and rode all round the lines of his army to give his last directions. There was a farm called Hougomont in the valley between the two armies, surrounded by a little beech-wood, about which he was very anxious, and a body of English troops were posted in it with orders to defend it at all costs. When Wellington had seen that everything was in order, he galloped back to the high ground in the centre of his army, and sat there talking cheerfully with his staff, whilst he watched the movements of the French.

It was not till ten o'clock that the French got ready for the attack, and it was half-past eleven before they advanced. Wellington's one object was to stand firm till Blücher should arrive. The French began by a desperate attack upon Hougomont, but the allies resisted them steadfastly ; and, in spite of repeated attacks, Hougomont was held till the end of the day.

At one o'clock Ney led a tremendous charge of four massive

columns against the centre and left of the English. Down they swept, and it seemed as if they must carry all before them. Some Dutch and Belgians turned and fled, but the English met them by a volley and a charge, and drove back the French with their bayonets. Napoleon was seated on the heights, before a table covered with maps, watching the battle. In the dim distance he could see through his telescope the approaching Prussians ; but he knew it must be some time still before they could arrive, and before then he hoped to break the English. But Wellington had formed his foot soldiers into solid squares, with bayonets pointed outwards, and against them the French charged in vain ; they stood as if rooted to the ground. The Duke was amongst his men wherever the fight raged thickest, cheering them on—"Hard pounding this, gentlemen, but we will try who can pound the longest ! Stand firm, my lads ; what will they say of this in England ?" To his officers he said, "You must hold your ground to the last man, and all will be well." His own staff were, one by one, all killed around him, till he had no one left to carry a message. Still the Prussians did not come. They had been expected to be at Waterloo by three o'clock, but they had twelve miles to march, and the rain had made the ground so heavy that they could not get on fast. Blücher had sacrificed one part of his army to occupy a body of French troops who had been sent after him, and with the others he pushed through swamps and marshes. The men, wearied with trying to drag the cannon along, cried out, "We cannot get on." But Blücher answered, "You must get on. I have given my word to Wellington, and you surely will not

make me break it. Only exert yourselves for a few hours longer, and we are sure of victory." His words gave them new courage, and they moved on, though they moved but slowly with pain and toil.

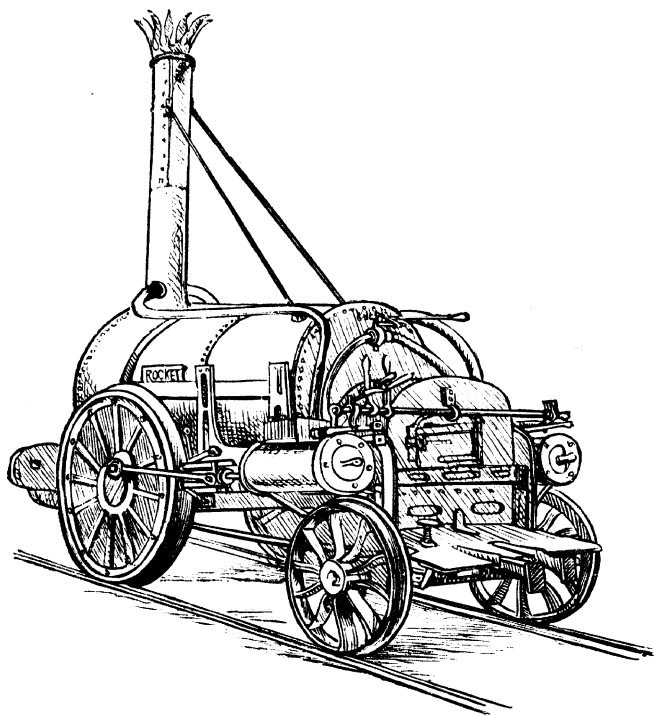
Napoleon watched the behaviour of the English troops with admiration, and exclaimed, "I could never have believed that the English had such fine troops." He mounted his white horse, and himself pointed the way for his famous Old Guards, the best French troops, to charge. Wellington made the British Guards lie on the ground to await the attack. It seemed to the astonished Frenchmen that there was only the Duke with a few officers awaiting them. But when they had come within fifty yards, the Duke cried out, "Up, Guards, and at them!" and up sprang the soldiers, and sent a deadly fire against the French. It was too much even for such well-trained troops, and the Old Guards became confused. A second attack made them turn and fly; and Napoleon, seeing his Guards closely followed by the English, cried out in despair, "They are ruined!"

Then Wellington felt that he might at last lead his troops to attack the French. The sun was setting, but the Prussians were near at hand, and he gave the order which his men had longed for all that day. He led the way himself, saying to one who begged him to take more care of himself, "Let them fire away; the battle's won, and my life is of no consequence now." With the English attacking them, and the Prussians advancing behind them, the French fled from the battlefield. Wellington rode on till he met Blücher, and the old Prussian in his joy

hugged the victorious Duke. The English were too exhausted to pursue their enemy, and that task was left to the Prussians, who followed the French through the moonlight night on the way to Paris.

The Duke of Wellington rode back slowly over the ghastly battlefield, lit up by the summer moon. The wounded raised themselves feebly to cheer him as he passed ; the dead lay in heaps, and the Duke, who had been in such spirits all through the day, was utterly cast down by the thought of all his gallant soldiers who had perished. When he reached his lodging he found dinner prepared for him, but he ate little and in silence, and went sadly to rest.

The next morning his army surgeon came to him with a list of the dead and wounded. Wellington sat up in bed to hear it read. Worn out with fatigue the night before, he had neither washed nor shaved, and his face was black with dust and powder. As the surgeon read the sad list, tears ran down the Duke's cheeks, making furrows through the grime ; the surgeon stopped, choked with his own emotion, but the Duke cried out, "Go on, go on ; for God's sake, go on. Let me hear it all—this is terrible." The surgeon finished, and then went out to leave the great Duke alone in his sorrow. He could hardly rejoice over the wonderful victory he had won ; he wrote at the time : "The losses I have sustained have quite broke me down, and I have no feeling for the advantages I have acquired." But his great victory brought peace to Europe, and not many weeks afterwards Napoleon was sent a solitary prisoner to the Island of St. Helena.



THE "ROCKET."

LIII.

THE STEPHENSONS.

A.D. 1781-1848.

ABOUT a hundred years ago there was an engine-fireman, named Robert Stephenson, living in a colliery village called Wylam, near Newcastle. Robert and his wife were hard-working industrious people ; but they were very poor, and it was only with the greatest care that Robert's earnings could be made to supply the wants of his family. They lived in one poor room with mud floor and unplastered walls, and they had enough to do to feed their six children without being able to think of sending them to school. Little George, the second son, who was born in 1781, played about upon the door-step until he was old enough to carry his father's dinner, and listen with wondering ears to the stories his father found time to tell to the children who gathered round whilst he tended his engine fire. At the age of eight George began to work, and he earned twopence a day for taking care of some cows out grazing. He found out many amusements to pass the time whilst he watched the cows—the best of all was to model little clay engines. He was very proud when he was considered old enough to be employed at the colliery where his father worked. He began with a wage of sixpence a day, and at last, to his great joy, when he was four-

teen, he was made assistant fireman to his father, with a shilling a day. He was so steady and hard-working that he got on very quickly, and when he was eighteen was made an engineman.

George had now the sole charge of an engine, and this was a great delight to him. He cared for his engine in the most tender manner, taking it to pieces to clean it, and studying it till he understood exactly how it was made. Studying his engine made him think more and wish to know more; but he was stopped at once by not knowing how to read. He was kept twelve hours of the day at his engine, yet he managed to find time to attend a night school, and by hard work learned to read and write. He was eager to learn arithmetic, and used to bring the sums which his teacher gave him to work out on his slate by his engine fire.

George often had to change his home to suit his work; but he always stayed in the neighbourhood of Newcastle. He married when he was only twenty-one, and was able to give his young wife a comfortable, though a very simple, home. After his marriage he went on as busily as ever trying to learn more, and at the same time he worked hard in his spare moments to add to his weekly earnings. He used to mend shoes, and even taught himself to clean clocks and watches. Only four years after his marriage his wife died, and George was left alone with one son—Robert. His grief was very deep; but he went on working as industriously as ever. He supported his father, who was now old and blind, and his chief happiness lay in his little boy, who early learned to take an interest in his father's work.

Little by little it became known how well George under

stood engines, and he was sometimes called upon to put engines to rights when every one else had failed. When he was twenty-five he was made engine-wright at the Killingworth Collieries, and had a salary of £100 a year. But though he had got on so well he was not content; he wanted still to learn more, and most of all he wanted to give his son a really good education. As a little boy, Robert went to a small country school; but when he was twelve, his father, who had carefully saved money for the purpose, sent him into Newcastle to school every day on a donkey. George used to make his son tell him in the evenings what he had learned, and they would read books and study plans and drawings together. Amongst other things George made his son puzzle out how to make a sun-dial, which was put up over their cottage door, and can still be seen at Killingworth.

In those days, though fixed steam-engines were used to pull the coals up out of the pits, no one had as yet found out how to make a satisfactory locomotive engine—that is, an engine that would move along and drag weights after it. The trouble, therefore, of dragging the coals from the pit-mouth to the waterside, where they could be embarked, was very great; and coals could be carried a great distance only by water, so that they were called sea-coal. Rails were laid down from the pit-mouth to the waterside, and this made it rather easier for horses to pull the heavy coal-waggons along; but still the expense and labour was very great. Several engineers were trying hard to discover how to make locomotive engines. George Stephenson, too, was interested in the question. He

saw one of the locomotives that had been made, and thought he could make a better one. The owners of the colliery were willing to let him try, and he set to work. His first trial was not quite successful; but he went on, and soon made a locomotive which was able to do regular work at the colliery, and which was the origin of all our present locomotives. He went on to improve the way in which the rails were laid, and soon improved his locomotive also, and by 1816 made several new ones, which in 1862 were still in use at Killingworth.

Whilst his father was busy with his locomotives, Robert had got on as well as possible. Still George was not satisfied, and he sent his son at the age of eighteen to finish his studies at the Edinburgh University.

Whilst Robert was at Edinburgh, his father heard that a Yorkshire Quaker, Mr. Edward Pease, was thinking of making a railway between Stockton and Darlington, and he went off to Darlington at once to see whether he could not be employed in the work. Mr. Pease was delighted with the good sense and ingenuity of Stephenson. He had only meant to use horses to drag the waggons on his railway; but Stephenson made him come to Killingworth and see his locomotives. When Mr. Pease had once seen them at work he agreed with Stephenson in thinking that they were the right thing to use on his railway. He had Stephenson appointed engineer of the new railway with a salary of £300 a year. The railway was begun in 1823, and the next year, with the help of Mr. Pease, Stephenson started a locomotive factory in Newcastle.

Stephenson perhaps alone in England understood the

change that locomotives would bring about. He said one day that he knew the time would come when railroads would become the great highway for the king and all his subjects, when it would be cheaper for a working man to travel upon a railway than to walk on foot.

In 1825 the Stockton and Darlington line was opened in the presence of an immense crowd of people, who watched with wonder and admiration the progress of a train which sometimes travelled as quickly as twelve miles an hour. The idea had been that the railway would chiefly be used for goods, but it was soon found that a great number of passengers wished to travel by the railway. They used at first to go in a wooden coach drawn along the lines by a horse.

For some time the manufacturers of Manchester had been very eager to have a railway laid down between Manchester and Liverpool, so that the cotton which came to Liverpool from America might quickly be brought to Manchester to be manufactured. But there were serious difficulties in laying this railway, as a great marsh, where no firm bottom could be found, called the Chat Moss, had to be passed over. Stephenson was at last consulted, and made engineer of the railway in 1824. He had great difficulties in surveying the land, for the country gentlemen and the farmers believed that the railway would do them all sorts of harm. Sometimes he and his men were driven off the ground by gamekeepers, and sometimes their only way was to take the survey by night.

The next difficulty was to get permission from Parliament for the railway to be made. There was an immense deal of

opposition. People treated Stephenson's views as sheer madness. It was said to be ridiculous to talk of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage coaches; no one was found to share Stephenson's belief in the locomotive. But at last the permission of Parliament was got, and Stephenson set to work on the railway. It was a difficult work. He had to make a sort of floating road over Chat Moss, to dig deep cuttings, to build bridges and viaducts, and bore tunnels, and, besides, to train his workmen, for there were none as yet who understood the work. He toiled on, fearing no difficulties, but believing that with perseverance he could overcome all.

During part of this time Robert had been in South America looking after the working of some mines; but he came back just when his father was needing him sorely. It was Stephenson's one wish to have locomotives used on the new railway. He never ceased urging his views upon the directors, and at last they gave way so far as to offer a prize for the best locomotive to be produced and tried on a fixed day. Robert had just got the locomotive works in Newcastle into good order again, and a locomotive called the "Rocket," with all the improvements invented by Stephenson, was speedily manufactured. On the day fixed for the trial a great number of people came together to see it, as if for a show. There was a grand stand erected, and carriages lined the railway. There were only three other engines besides the "Rocket," and it was the only one able to run on the first day. For six days the trial went on. The other engines either broke down or were unable to run; only the "Rocket" could do all that was wanted, and drew passengers in

a coach along the line at the rate of twenty-four to thirty miles an hour. There could be no doubt that George Stephenson's locomotive did as much and more than he had ever promised. Opposition was over, and every one was ready to praise him.

At last the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was ready. From all parts of the country distinguished persons came to be present at the opening. The Duke of Wellington was there ; and Mr. Huskisson, Member for Liverpool ; and Sir Robert Peel, and many others. Eight locomotives made at the Stephenson Works were on the line, and about 600 passengers were carried in the different trains. Thousands of spectators watched the trains as they sped along the lines at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. But a sad accident spoiled the success of the day. The engines stopped to take in water, and Mr. Huskisson got out of his carriage. He was not on friendly terms with the Duke of Wellington ; but the Duke, seeing him, made a sign as if he wished to speak to him, and Huskisson came up and shook hands. At that moment one of the other engines was coming up. The bystanders cried out, "Get in, get in." Mr. Huskisson was confused ; he stepped back, and was struck down by the engine, and his leg crushed. He was picked up dying. Stephenson himself drove him with one of his new locomotives, at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour, to a house, where he died that evening.

In spite of this sad accident the trains had to go on to Manchester to be greeted by vast crowds, who awaited them there. George Stephenson had triumphed at last, and slowly men began to understand the change which his locomotives must make. New railways were made, one after another, though for

some time many people objected to them very much, and towns even petitioned that the railways might not be allowed to pass through them. But in time they found out their mistake, when they saw how all classes of society gained by the new railways. It was some time, however, before people of rank would travel by railway; it was thought too common. Old families would send their servants and luggage by rail, and themselves travel by carriage. Not till 1842 did the Queen trust herself in a train.

For many years George Stephenson continued to work hard at making new railways, and travelled to Belgium and even to Spain. But little by little he left more and more to his son, who gained great reputation, not only by his railways, but by his circular bridge over the Menai Strait and by the High Level Bridge at Newcastle. George Stephenson had grown very rich, and bought a fine place called Tapton House. Here he lived happily with his second wife, and in his old age enjoyed all the pursuits of a country gentleman. He had always loved all kinds of animals, and now he delighted in his dogs and cows and horses. He even kept rabbits, and knew all the birds' nests in his grounds. He had splendid greenhouses, and delighted in growing the finest fruit in the neighbourhood. He never forgot those amongst whom he had lived and worked in Northumberland; he was always glad to see his old friends, however humble and poor they were, and rejoiced when he could do them a service. He died in the year 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, and his only son Robert died eleven years afterwards in 1859.

LIV.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW. .

1857.

IN the summer of 1857 England was horrified by hearing that the natives in India had risen against the English, and, taking them by surprise, had succeeded in murdering numbers of men, women, and children with the most horrible cruelties. The rebellion began with the mutiny of a regiment of sepoy, as the native soldiers were called. They murdered their English officers, and succeeded in escaping to Delhi, where in a vast palace lived the former King of Delhi, an old man of eighty. They asked the old man to protect them, and proclaimed him Emperor of India. This was a sign for the natives in other parts of India to rise also. They thought that now at last the opportunity was come for throwing off the yoke of the English, and their hatred of their conquerors showed itself by the most savage deeds. The terrified English, in every part of India, expected that it would be their turn next. At Lucknow, the chief town of Oudh, there were some English troops, as well as some sepoy who had not yet mutinied, under the command of Sir Henry Lawrence, Governor of Oudh, who was fortunately a very able man.

Lawrence hoped that his sepoy would be faithful; he

made all the English in the neighbourhood take refuge in Lucknow, and watched with anxious eyes the temper of his troops. Every day brought more alarming news to the terrified English in Lucknow of the progress of the mutiny in other places. After a few days anxious waiting, in the middle of the night orders were sent out that every European woman and child was to take refuge in the Residency, the abode of the Governor. The English officers were still to stay with the native regiments in the hopes of keeping them quiet. A troop of terrified women and children had to find quarters in the house of the Governor, and three other houses belonging to officials within the enclosure or compound of the Residency. The heat was awful, but in some cases as many as eight and nine ladies, with a dozen children, had to share a single room. Not many days had passed before their fears were realised, and the native soldiers rebelled. The English officers and soldiers, without much loss, succeeded in withdrawing to the forts round the Residency, but all their quarters were burned ; and if it had not been for the forethought of Lawrence in making the women and children come to the Residency in good time, they must all have been massacred. The only thing to be done was to hold out till help should come to them. Their fortifications were strong, and they had plenty of provisions. The whole number of Europeans was about 1600, including nearly 1000 fighting men.

For about a fortnight they were left in peace by the natives, though the heat caused much illness in their crowded quarters ; but the delay gave time for strengthening the fortifications.

On the 30th June a small body of English troops were sent out from Lucknow, in the hopes that they might meet and drive back the advance guard of the rebel army, which was known to be approaching. But they fell in with the whole army of about 12,000 rebels, and had to fly back to the city in disorder, the greater number of them being either killed or wounded. Then the rebel army advanced and entirely surrounded the city, and the siege began. The ladies and children were all hurried into the safest places in the different houses. In one case they all took refuge in an underground room,—dark, damp, and very dirty,—where they spent the day in silent terror. The hospital was so crowded with wounded and dying men that there was no room to move about, and everything was in the most terrible confusion.

On the 2d July Sir Henry Lawrence was lying on his bed, resting from his fatigues, when a great crash was heard, and the room was filled with smoke and dust. A shell had burst. An officer who was in the room was flung on the ground, but not wounded. He called out to Lawrence, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" At first there was silence, and then a weak voice said, "I am killed." He was found to be so terribly wounded in the thigh that no skill could save him. They carried him to another house, where in agonies of pain he awaited his end. But he was calm, and full of courage and submission to God's will. He took the Sacrament, and prayed with one of the two clergymen who were in Lucknow, and took leave of his officers with words of kindness and advice, telling them his last wishes

for his children. For two days he lingered in most terrible suffering, and quite conscious. But his end was peaceful and without pain, and after death an expression of happiness and rest came over his face. The men came to bear his body away, and one of them, as he took him up, lifted the sheet off his face and kissed him. He was beloved and honoured by all.

The native servants now all ran away from their English masters, and the ladies had to divide the work amongst them, besides nursing the sick and wounded, and caring for the children. Every day there were deaths—sometimes from wounds, sometimes from sickness. One of the two clergymen died of cholera, and the other had almost more to do than he could manage in ministering to the sick and burying the dead. The heat and confinement in close crowded rooms, without any chance of fresh air or exercise for the ladies and children, produced constant sickness. Fortunately, the ladies were so busy that they had little time to think of their terrible condition, and hard work kept up their spirits. In the midst of all this trouble several babies were born, and the care of them added to the anxieties of the ladies. The wife of one of the clergymen has left us her diary, kept during the siege, which tells us how their days were passed. Familiarity with danger made them, after a while, come out of the underground rooms to sleep in some of the safest rooms of the house, and sometimes sit on the verandah for a little air; but there were frequent alarms of shells, some dashing into the house or bursting close to the verandah.

Meanwhile hopes began to be cherished that relief was coming near. In the middle of the night a messenger managed to reach the garrison with letters, saying that an English force would be with them in four days. At last, on the eighty-eighth day of the siege, just as it was growing dark, the ladies had ventured into the portico to breathe the air, when suddenly they heard first a sharp fire, then a tremendous cheering, and finally the sound of bagpipes and men rushing up the road into the compound. It was a moment that none who were present could ever forget. Deliverers and delivered clasped one another's hands, exclaiming, "God bless you!" whilst the big rough soldiers took the little children in their arms and kissed them, with tears streaming down their cheeks, as they thanked God that they had come in time to save them from the terrible death that little children had met with in other parts of India. The ladies hastened to get drinks of water for the soldiers, who were quite exhausted, and one after another was rejoiced by finding out a friend amongst the deliverers. These gallant men were led by General Havelock, and had fought twelve battles with the rebels on their way. With them came Sir James Outram, who had been appointed to take the command in Oudh; but he would not rob his brave comrade of the honour of finishing the work which he had so bravely begun, and Havelock commanded the army till they reached Lucknow. They had got there after a thousand perils and terrible loss; they were in time to help the garrison, but unfortunately they were not strong enough to drive back the enemy. The first joyful excitement gave way to gloom and disappointment, when

the besieged found that they would still have to wait for more help, with the new difficulty of finding food and quarters for more soldiers.

Havelock's approach had at first scared the enemy ; but they soon came back to the attack with new ferocity, and had it not been for the increased strength of the garrison, Lucknow could not have held out against such great numbers. But whatever happened, the Englishmen had made up their minds that their wives and children should not fall into the hands of the fierce natives, and had calmly planned how, if there was no other hope left, they would all blow themselves up together. A new anxiety was now added to the daily terrors of shot and shells by the scarcity of provisions. Fortunately the weather grew cooler, and the health of the garrison was excellent. The soldiers bore their privations without grumbling, and kept in excellent spirits. The narrow escapes of some of the besieged seemed almost miraculous. Several times people were smothered with the dust and plaster, caused by a shell bursting in the room in which they were, and yet they escaped unhurt. A bullet even went through the leg of a chair on which a lady was sitting, and then glanced upwards and hit her on the side, but, having spent its force, did not hurt her.

At last, in the beginning of November, rumours were heard that an army was approaching under Sir Colin Campbell to relieve them. Constant firing was heard, telling of fighting between the advancing army and the natives. Day by day the relieving army drew nearer, whilst the besieged awaited the result of each day's fighting in terrible excitement. On

the 17th November Sir Colin Campbell and the besieged at last entered into communication. That morning, to the great surprise of everybody, the besieged were told that on the next night they were all to leave the Residency. Sir Colin Campbell did not think himself strong enough to hold Lucknow and drive back the rebels.

The departure was anxious work, when there were so many sick and wounded, besides ladies and little children, to be taken. With sad hearts they started, many of them leaving behind, in that crowded burial-ground, the bodies of those dearest to them—husbands, children, wives—to go out alone to meet new dangers. They had to pass along a road through fire at one place so hot that when the starved horses refused to go on, some of the English got from their carriages and ran for their lives. At another place they were bidden to bend low and run as fast as they could, and the shot whizzed over their heads and struck the wall on the other side of the road. But the whole garrison got safely out of the Residency without the loss of a single man. Two days after, worn out with the fatigue and anxiety he had undergone, General Havelock died, leaving a glorious name behind him.

The march of the retreating army went on along a frightful road; waggons, carts, camels, bullocks, elephants, loaded with baggage, with sick and wounded, with women and children, moved on through clouds of dust under the glare of the pitiless sun. But the officers did their utmost to care for the ladies, and provide them with good food and comfortable tents to pass the night in. The enemy hovered about them in great

strength, and there was constant fighting. But by degrees the enemy ceased the pursuit, and the open-air life and cooler weather refreshed the garrison after their long confinement. They reached Allahabad on December 7th, and were received with immense enthusiasm. Here at last they could rest in safety, and hardly knew how to enjoy enough the luxury of peace and quiet. To dine once more in comfort with a tablecloth on the table, to get letters from the dear ones in England, to be able to have clean clothes,—all this was joy and happiness ; but over all hung the deep and terrible sadness produced by the last months, which none could forget for a moment, when they looked at the sad faces of young widows and childless mothers.

THE END.

